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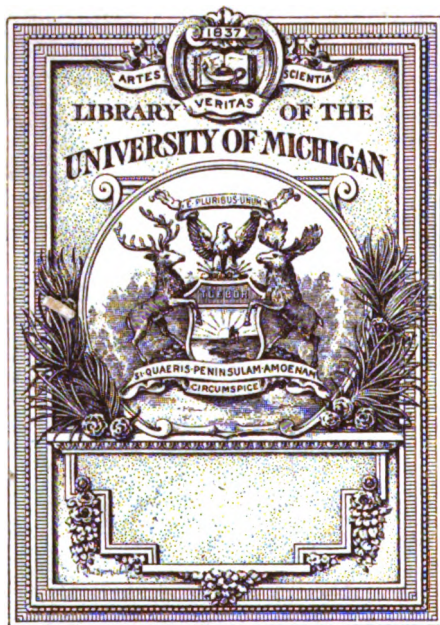
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6. *History of Spanish Literature.* By GEORGE TICKNOR. In Three Volumes. Corrected and Enlarged Edition. London: Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster-row. 1863.

IN considering the works of Calderon and their position in the literature of the world, it is more necessary than in the case of any other great dramatic genius to discard those realistic standards whereby we English, justly proud of our own magnificent realistic drama, are too prone to judge any candidate for dramatic honours who may come before our critical tribunal. Dramatic in the highest sense, even when most unmistakably didactic, Calderon certainly was; but realistic, never,—even when he was engaged in the creation of what might be termed the realistic division of his dramas; for even those that are truest to the homelier facts of human external existence, are too full of those “flowery and starry” impulses which ruled over the birth of his vast sacramental Autos and of his most highly imaginative Comedias, to come anywhere near the borders of realism, as we understand it in connection with our own noblest dramatic era.

“Flowery and starry!” How discouraging to the mere analytic and descriptive spirit of criticism are those few words in which the immortal lyrist Shelley made allusion to one main division of the work of his great predecessor in the realms of pure poesy,—“the light and odour of the flowery and starry autos.” In those few words, Shelley, who had been revelling in that odour and light, and had come back to the fields of his own not less flowery and starry work, has left an epigraph better calculated than pages of description and analysis to impress at once on the intelligence and the feelings what manner of poet Calderon was. And yet one must not be discouraged from the task of indicating in what way those who are unable to follow the English poet, in his experiences of the Spanish poet, may best become acquainted with Calderon in the leading aspects of his work, without departing from the not narrow ground of English literature.

Of Calderon, as of every other great foreign poet the ancient and modern world have produced, it were not difficult to find plenty of bad and mediocre translations into our language. But it is scarcely by means of translation either mediocre or bad that we should be guilty of recommending our readers to form the acquaintance of a foreign poet. No adequate transfusion of real poetic blood, from the veins of one literature into those of another, was ever accomplished by a mere translator, however learned. John Hookham Frere, whose Comedies of Aristophanes are among the noblest masterpieces of our exotic literature, was himself a consummate master of the technics of English song; and it was only his want of the higher creative imagination that prevented his contributing some memorable epic or dramatic work to our native literature. Bayard Taylor, who has produced the finest poetic translation of *Faust* ever yet issued, has also published much original verse of a decidedly poetic stamp, if not of the highest class. Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose exquisite Anthology of Early Italian Poetry we had the pleasure of noticing with praise some little time since, is, at the lowest possible computation, a genuine and strongly imaginative original poet. And Mr. Denis Florence MacCarthy, through whose series of translations we propose to look at the work of Calderon, has appeared before the public with considerable credit as a poet on his own account on more than one occasion. The same remark applies also to Archbishop Trench, of whose admirable little book, *Life's a Dream*,—the *Great Theatre of the World*, we do not avail ourselves, simply because the same Comedia of Calderon dealt with by His Grace, *La Vida es Sueño*, also comes into Mr. MacCarthy's series: moreover, of that series, it is one of the finest pieces of poetic transplantation, while the Archbishop's version is not, and does not profess to be, a complete rendering of the great original.

Leaving aside, then, the two volumes of "free translations," by Mr. Edward Fitzgerald, published some twenty years ago, and the numerous single pieces and fragments issued in various forms before and since, we shall illustrate such remarks as we have to make, from the seven volumes of Mr. MacCarthy, issued at intervals during the last twenty-one years, and whereof we have given the titles and particulars at the head of the present article. But, first, it will be well to recall to our readers the leading facts of

Calderon's life; and for this purpose we cannot do better than follow Mr. Ticknor, whose admirable and profoundly interesting *History of Spanish Literature* is a work to be consulted by every one who is studying any of the poets of Spain.

Born on the 17th of January, 1600, Calderon came of a good family; and the most curious circumstance connected with his origin is to be found in the fact that, while the two masters of the Spanish drama, Lope de Vega and Calderon, were both born in Madrid, the families of both are to be sought for, at an earlier period, in the same little rich and beautiful valley of Carriedo, where each possessed an ancestral fief. When nine years old Calderon was placed under the Jesuits, and from them received instructions, which, like those Corneille was receiving at the same moment, in the same way, on the other side of the Pyrenees, imparted their colouring to the whole of his life, and especially to its latter years. After leaving the Jesuits, he went to Salamanca, where he studied with distinction the scholastic theology and philosophy then in fashion, and the civil and canon law. But when he was graduated from that university, in 1619, he was already known as a writer for the theatre; and on his arrival at Madrid he seems to have been at once noticed by some of those persons about the Court who could best promote his advancement and success.

In 1620 he entered, with the leading spirits of his time, into the first poetical contest opened by the city of Madrid in honour of San Isidro, and was complimented by Lope de Vega. In 1622 he appeared at the second and greater contest proposed by the capital, on the canonisation of the same saint; and gained all that could be gained by one individual—a single prize, with still further and more emphatic praise from Lope. In the same year, too, when Lope published an account of all these ceremonies and rejoicings, the youthful Calderon approached him as a friend, with a few not ungraceful lines, which Lope, to show that he admitted the claim, prefixed to his book. But from that time the historian loses sight of Calderon as an author, or obtains only uncertain hints of him, for ten years, except that in 1630 he figures, in Lope's *Laurel of Apollo*, among the crowd of poets born in Madrid.

A part of this interval was filled with service in the armies of his country. He was in the Milanese in 1625,

and afterwards, as we are told, went to Flanders, where a disastrous war was still carried on. But he soon appears in the more appropriate career of letters. Montalvan tells us that, in 1632, Calderon was already the author of many dramas, which had been acted with applause; that he had gained many public prizes; that he had written a great deal of lyrical verse; and that he had begun a poem on the Deluge. A dramatic author of such promise could not be overlooked in the reign of Philip IV., especially when the death of Lope, in 1635, had left the theatre without a master. In 1636, therefore, Calderon was formally attached to the Court, for the purpose of furnishing dramas to be represented in the royal theatres; and in 1637 he was made a Knight of the Order of Santiago. When, however, he had just well entered on his brilliant career as a poet, the rebellion in Catalonia burst forth with great violence; and all the members of the four great military orders of the kingdom were required, in 1640, to appear in the field and sustain the royal authority. Calderon presented himself at once to fulfil his duty. But the king, anxious for his services in the palace, was willing to excuse him from the field, and asked him to write another drama. In great haste the poet finished his *Conquest of Love and Jealousy*, and then joined the army, serving loyally through the campaign.

After his return, the king gave him a pension of thirty gold crowns a month, and employed him in the arrangements for the festivities of the Court, when, in 1649, the new queen, Anna Maria of Austria, made her entrance into Madrid. From this period until the death of Philip IV., he had a controlling influence over whatever related to the drama, writing secular and religious plays for the theatres, and autos for the Church, with uninterrupted applause.

In 1651 he entered a religious brotherhood; and the king two years afterwards gave him the place of chaplain in a chapel consecrated to the new kings at Toledo. But his duties there kept him too much from the Court; and in 1663 he was created chaplain of honour to the king, who thus secured his regular presence at Madrid, though at the same time he was permitted to retain his former place, and even had a second added to it. In the same year he became a Priest of the Congregation of Saint Peter, and soon rose to be its head, an office of some importance,

which he held during the last fifteen years of his life, and exercised with great gentleness and dignity.

His fame was now so great, that the cathedrals of Toledo, Granada, and Seville, constantly solicited from him religious plays to be performed on the day of the Corpus Christi,—that great festival for which, during nearly thirty-seven years, he furnished similar entertainments regularly. For these services, as well as for his services at Court, he was richly rewarded, so that he accumulated an ample fortune.

After the death of Philip IV., in 1665, he enjoyed less of the royal patronage. Charles II. had a temper very different from that of his predecessor; and Solis, the historian, speaking of Calderon, with reference to these circumstances, says pointedly, "He died without a Mæcenas." But still he continued to write as before, for the Court, and for the churches; and he retained, through his whole life, the extraordinary general popularity of his best years. He died in 1681, on the 25th of May,—the Feast of the Pentecost,—while all Spain was ringing with the performance of his autos, in the composition of one more of which he was himself occupied almost to the last moment of his life.

The next day he was borne, as his will required, without any show, to his grave in the church of San Salvador, by the priests of the congregation over which he had so long presided, and to which he now left the whole of his fortune. But a gorgeous funeral ceremony followed a few days later, to satisfy the claims of the popular admiration; and even at Valencia, Naples, Lisbon, Milan, and Rome, public notice was taken of his death by his countrymen as of a national calamity. A monument to his memory was soon erected in the church where he was buried; but in 1840 his remains were removed to the more splendid church of the Atocha, where they now rest.

Calderon was remarkable for his personal beauty, which he long preserved by the serenity and cheerfulness of his spirit. His character throughout was benevolent and kindly. In his old age he used to collect his friends round him on his birthdays, and tell them amusing stories of his childhood; and during the whole of the active part of his life he enjoyed the regard of many distinguished persons, attracted to him quite as much by the gentleness of his nature as by his genius and fame. The poet published

hardly anything of what he wrote ; and yet, besides several longer works, he prepared for the academies of which he was a member, and for the poetical festivals and joustings then so common in Spain, a great number of odes, songs, ballads, and other poems, which gave him not a little of his fame with his contemporaries. His brother, indeed, printed some of his full-length dramas in 1635 and 1637 ; but we are expressly told, although the fact is doubtful, that Calderon himself never sent any of them to the press ; and even in the case of the autos, where he deviated from his established custom, he says he did it unwillingly, and only lest their sacred character should be impaired by imperfect and surreptitious publication.

For forty-eight years of his life, however, the press teemed with dramatic works bearing his name on their titles. As early as 1633, they began to appear in the popular collections : but many of them were not his ; and the rest were so disfigured by the imperfect manner in which they had been written down during their representation, that he says he could often hardly recognise them himself. His editor and friend, Vera Tassis, gives several lists of plays, amounting in all to a hundred and fifteen, printed by the cupidity of the booksellers as Calderon's without having any claim whatsoever to that honour ; and he adds that many others, which Calderon had never seen, were sent from Seville to the Spanish possessions in America. Thus the confusion became at last so great that the Duke of Veraguas wrote a letter to Calderon in 1680, asking for a list of his dramas, by which, as a friend and admirer, he might venture to make a collection of them for himself. The reply of the poet is accompanied by a list of one hundred and eleven full-length dramas and seventy sacramental autos, which he claims as his own. This catalogue constitutes the proper basis for a knowledge of Calderon's dramatic works down to the present day. All the plays mentioned in it have not, indeed, been found. Nine are not in the editions of Vera Tassis in 1682, of Apontes in 1760, or of Hartzenbusch in 1850, but, on the other hand, a few not in Calderon's list have been added to theirs upon what has seemed sufficient authority ; so that we have now seventy-three sacramental autos, with their introductory loas, and one hundred and eight comedies, or—including plays partly his—one hundred and twenty-

two on which his reputation as a dramatic poet is at present to rest.*

Of the vast array of something like two hundred comedias and autos mentioned by Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Mac-Carthy has translated, in all, fourteen, of which eleven are comedias and three are autos. But if we let the reader suppose that Calderon's dramatic works consisted of comedies and sacramental acts, we should be conveying an entirely false and depreciatory impression. "Comedia," with Calderon and his congeners, meant simply a secular drama, in contradistinction to "Auto," which meant a religious drama in one act; and in the *Teatro escogido de Don Pedro Calderon de la Basca*, a magnificent publication of the Royal Academy of Madrid, the editor divides the comedias into no less than eight distinct classes. Some of the divisions may perhaps be considered needlessly minute; but at all events the widest range of subjects is found in these dramas; and they vary from profound tragedy to light and spiritual comedy, with every imaginable intermediate grade.

The secular plays rendered by Mr. Mac-Carthy have been selected with an eye to variety; and they certainly represent very fairly, within their limits, the wide range of fancy and imagination wherewith the great Spaniard was endowed. Always thoughtful, even when at his lightest, the mode of Calderon's thought varied almost infinitely; and, apart from the entirely religious order of thought which is fundamental in the whole series of the autos, there is a large section of the professedly secular dramas wherein the basis is of a highly religious character. Some of these, again, are philosophic in basis, rather than religious; some are mystic and allegoric; and others, again, deal with Pagan myths in such a manner as to dye them through and through with the colour of modern European thought, and with the profoundly moral and reflective tone of the poet's mind.

It is the opinion of some critics that the division of secular drama in which Calderon was most successful is

* For a complete and detailed account of Calderon's life, and a valuable discussion on his works, accompanied by translations, see Vol. II. of Ticknor's *History of Spanish Literature*. It is from the London edition of 1863 of that highly valuable and interesting work that the foregoing biographical account has been condensed; and we have not pretended to the task (unnecessary as it seems to us) of going beyond Mr. Ticknor's work for any verification of the facts as he states them.

that of comedy, properly so called,—not comedy as we understand it in thinking of such rollicking pieces as *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, but comedy of a light, brilliant, intellectual, and marvellously ingenious character. To this preference for his comedies we can give no adherence. Delightful they are, it is true ; and nothing could be more exquisitely fairy-like than the tripping, elastic step with which the figures move through intricate plots, framed and carried out with the most consummate skill, and yet never for a moment becoming trivial. For, however light the touch of Calderon in these sprightlier emanations of his genius, there, ever and anon, is the impress of a burning finger, filled with the keen lightning of that blood which pulses from the profound depths of the truly poetic heart. There before our eyes, as heretofore before his, are the passions of the human soul, delineated in the sharpest lines, and rendered typical in many a finely-chiselled figure ; and ever present, regulating the sinuous course of the most complicated plot, is the wide knowledge of a vast and luminous intellect to which the secrets of the spiritual universe were as it were laid bare ; while the whole fabric is warmed into glowing life at the noble fire of a heart to which the facts of the material universe were as living things, lingered over and beloved.

But, delightful as these veritable comedies are, it is not in them that the poet reaches his highest flights ; and, while the best of them may be justly preferred to some of his tragic dramas worse than the best, such works as *Life's a Dream*, *The Wonder-Working Magician*, *The Devotion of the Cross*, and *The Constant Prince*, soar into a higher latitude of the poetic ether than even so delicate a work as *The Secret in Words*. Mr. Mac-Carthy's version of this charming drama appeared in the first collection he issued, that of 1853 ; and so fine an example is it of the spiritual social comedy of the poet, that we should have been truly pleased had the translator seen fit to do that afresh for his last collection, instead of making a second version of *The Purgatory of St. Patrick* : of that mystic drama, already done in the collection of 1853, he issued a second and infinitely better version in 1873, together with his beautiful rendering of *Life's a Dream* and *The Wonder-Working Magician*. One can readily understand how, to an Irishman and a Catholic, *The Purgatory of St. Patrick* should be of far greater importance than *The Secret in Words* :

but from a purely literary point of view we prefer the latter, though not as Mr. Mac-Carthy has rendered the two works.

Let us not be understood as complaining of the quality of these earliest translations: they are excellent, and full of life and spirit and poetic impulse; while, in grappling with some of the technical difficulties, Mr. Mac-Carthy showed the greatest taste and ingenuity, in this very *Secret in Words*. But the progress of years has added strength to his hand, increased his knowledge of the poet to whom he is so loyally devoted, and taught him how to meet certain difficulties which he did not, at starting, recognise sufficiently to attempt the encounter. Intending, from the first, to reproduce the form of Calderon's poetry as well as the spirit,—reproduce it, that is to say, as nearly as the divergent character of the English and Spanish tongues would admit,—Mr. Mac-Carthy had not in 1853 recognised the practicability of giving in the metre of the original those long scenes in trochaic assonant so characteristic of the Calderonic drama. Indeed, in his preface he explicitly disclaimed any wish to do so, and in effect pronounced the feat impracticable,—the game not worth the candle.* How

* "As I have endeavoured to be faithful to the spirit of my original, so have I been scrupulous in adhering to its form. Of every species of versification used by Calderon, that seemed capable of being reproduced in English with a sensible harmonious effect, I have thought it my duty to attempt the imitation, and I have, therefore, copied all of them but one, namely, the assonant or vowel rhyme. If this truly Castilian measure, which even in the original Spanish is scarcely perceptible to our northern ears, had any higher value in English than as a mere proof of verbal or literal dexterity, only to be detected by the eye, I would have been induced to try and carry out my idea of the closeness which should exist between the translation and the original to that extent also. The attempt (within certain limits, to be sure) has been found to be practicable, but the continuance of the same assonance through an entire scene, or even act, as is sometimes the case in the original, while greatly increasing the difficulties and labours of the translator, would, in most cases, be scarcely perceived by the reader; except, indeed, by an awkward stiffness in the versification, and an accumulation of ungrammatical inversions, the cause of which even would not be clearly understood. The rigid and inflexible assonance, therefore, I conceive to be nearly impracticable in English. At the same time, I feel convinced that an ear tolerably familiar with harmonious rhythmical combinations, and accustomed to preserve the recurring melody of versification, will unconsciously and unexpectedly produce this very effect, at irregular intervals no doubt, but with a frequency that appears to have its origin in something beyond mere accident. Thus, if I may be allowed to refer to my own imperfect attempts, I have not unfrequently been surprised to discover, on re-perusing some long passage of this work, that I had written assonant rhymes without intending to do so; and that, in more than one instance, the vowels *a e*, for instance, are found to recur in the terminating syllables of about twenty-five lines out of a hundred. This proves

differently he thinks and feels now on this subject, may be judged from the fact that, of nine translations which he has since issued, the whole adhere to the assonant measure wherever it is used by Calderon, and render it with a grace and ease that were not to be expected. Among these nine plays, is the second version of *The Purgatory of St. Patrick*, already alluded to, and of which the first version was published in that collection wherein the trochaic assonant, or vowel-rhymed metre, was pronounced impracticable. And this brings us back to the comedy of *The Secret in Words*, of which we would fain see a version preserving every feature of the form, of the original.

In this drama, Florida, Duchess of Parma, is enamoured of her secretary, Frederick, who, at the same time, loves and is beloved by Laura, one of the ladies of the Duchess. The plot turns on the complications which arise from Frederick's and Laura's need to conceal their attachment from Florida; and another series of difficulties arises from Frederick having harboured in his house the Duke of Mantua, who loves Florida, and has come, disguised as his own emissary, to urge his suit. The dexterity with which one difficulty and trying situation is evolved from another, throughout the three acts, is only surpassed, if surpassed at all, by the flower-like delicacy of the pencilling; and the metrical skill displayed in the secret conversations, carried on *aloud*, between Laura and Frederick in the presence of the jealous Duchess,—jealous, but of whom she knows not,—is only surpassed, if at all, by the lovely lyric impulse

how naturally and almost unavoidably the graceful effect of the assonance is produced in a language so flexible and rich in polysyllabic terminating words as the Spanish. In fact, it is this very artlessness and apparent impossibility of avoidance that constitutes its charm in the original, and which would totally destroy its effects in English if forced beyond those unpremeditated occurrences to which I have alluded. For this metre I have, in some instances, substituted the unrhymed trochaic of eight syllables, usually preserving it strictly, but often varying it with alternate monosyllabic terminating lines, and occasionally increasing the number of syllables when the measure became too monotonous, changing its beat and flow to a quicker time. In one play, *The Constant Prince*, I have alternated the unrhymed trochaics with rhymed lines; and in one scene of *The Purgatory of St. Patrick*, and for a brief dialogue in *The Secret in Words*, I have introduced blank verse. A noble measure truly, but, generally speaking, quite unsuited to the lyrical form and spirit of Calderon's poetry."—*Dramas of Calderon* (1853), Vol. I. pp. v. and vi. In the next volume of plays from Calderon issued by Mr. Mac-Carthy (*Love the Greatest Enchantment*, &c., 1861), the translator had conceived how to conquer the difficulty of the *asonante*, and had nearly mastered it, but not quite.

of some of those passages which do not tax, or need not have taxed, the ingenuity of the poet so closely as the secret conversations. Whether, indeed, anything ever *taxed* the ingenuity of Calderon at all, may be fairly questioned; for so vast was the sum of his work, and so imperious the apparent command over his materials, that no stress or strain is anywhere apparent; and it might well be assumed that all came to him as naturally as the wondrous singing of the lark. The little gush of lyrical music wherewith the piece opens, was caught by Mr. MacCarthy in one of his happiest early moods: indeed, but for the slight constraint of the participial rhyming terminals, "complaining," "paining," and "disdaining," this lovely little chorus and song could hardly find a better rendering than the following:—

"*Chorus of Musicians.*—Ah! my heart, in love's sweet season,
Thou hast reason for thy pain,
Reason for thy gentle treason
That has lured thee to love's chain;
But of what availeth reason,
Which for love itself is vain?

"*Flora sings.*—After all thy various trials,
Doubtings, dangers, and denials,
Rest at length, poor weary heart;
Or if thou, for thy confusion,
Must indulge some new illusion,—
Hopeful dreamer that thou art,—
Think not, with thy fond complaining,
Thou canst cure thy bosom's paining,
Change a bright eye's cold disdaining,
Calm thy heart and cool thy brain;
It were treason unto reason,
If love came but in love's season—

"*Chorus.*—Ah! but what availeth reason,
Which for love itself is vain?"—

Dramas of Calderon (1853), Vol. I. pp. 115, 116.

The way in which Laura and Frederick arrange to converse in the presence of the Duchess is thus described by the inventor, Frederick:—

"When you ever wish, Señora,
By your voice of aught to warn me,
You will make at the beginning
With your handkerchief a sign,

That I thus may be attentive ;—
 Then upon whatever matter
 You would speak, the words that open
 Lines that pauses follow quickly,
 Will be meant for me alone,
 And the rest for those about us ;—
 Then by joining in succession
 All these first words, one by one,
 I can know what you would tell me,
 And the same course you will follow
 When I make the sign in turn."—*Ibid.* p. 182.

As an example of the manner in which this plan is carried out, metrically, we cannot do better than give the following :—

- " *Laura* (*aside*).—I see he makes the signal,
 I must now observe his words.
- " *Frederick*.—My bliss—hath almost wholly faded ;
 My soul—is but the seat of pain ;
 My life—is but death's dreary prelude,
 Señora—since love's cruel reign.
- " *Laura* (*aside*).—' My bliss, my soul, my life, Señora '—
 These are the words that he has said.
- " *Frederick*.—This—tyrant love usurps each feeling,—
 Cruel—thus to pierce my heart,
 Enemy—of all my dreamings,
 Of mine—hopes and all my joys.
- " *Laura* (*aside*).—What he further says is plainly—
 ' This cruel enemy of mine.'
- " *Frederick*.—To-day—the anguish of my spirit
 Prevents—the tranquil flow of thought,
 My speaking—is with fear embarrass'd
 With thee—lest I failed in aught.
- " *Laura* (*aside*).—' To-day prevents my speaking with thee.'
- " *Frederick*.—Do not—blame me, do not leave me,
 To the—thought that thou'rt displeased ;
 Garden—that wilt be my grave-yard !
 Go—not, lady, angry forth.
- " *Flerida*.—Good—sufficient.
- " *Laura* (*aside*).— All he uttered
 Must I, if I can, repeat ;—
 ' My bliss, my soul, my life, Señora,
 This cruel enemy of mine,
 To-day prevents my speaking with thee ;
 Do not to the garden go.'"—*Ibid.* pp. 206, 207.

Extracts from a work such as *The Secret in Words* can

give but a faint notion of its general character, and cannot serve to indicate, for example, its superiority over a tragedy like *The Physician of his Own Honour*. Nevertheless, to that work we should unhesitatingly pronounce it greatly superior, while ranking it below the tragedy of *The Constant Prince*, which Mr. Mac-Carthy gives in the same volume. There is not, in *The Physician of his Own Honour*, as much talent displayed in the management of the plot, simply because it was not so difficult a plot to manage as that of *The Secret in Words*; and the Othello-like motive of the tragedy is not rendered grand by any depth of passion. The "physician" who cures his own wounded honour is a Spanish nobleman, whose wife loves a Spanish prince; and the "cure" is effected by getting the lady killed in a somewhat dastardly fashion, namely, by suborning a surgeon to bleed her to death. Being discovered, this blue-blooded don, who has got his murder done craftily, and with every arrangement for secrecy and future life,—not in a life-consuming torment of tragic passion,—is punished by the king in a somewhat over-lenient fashion: he is made to marry a charming señora to whom he has been false in marrying the murdered wife. We cannot but deem this conception a serious flaw in a work so full of fine passages and replete with admirably arranged situations.

Of *The Constant Prince*, no such depreciatory remarks could be fairly made: it is at the same time thoroughly poetic, thoroughly Spanish, and nobly tragic, and must be reckoned among the finest of the great poet's secular dramas. The characters are all far finer in conception than those of the last-named tragedy; and the best of them are of the heroic mould of the best in *Life's a Dream*, which last, on the whole, we should take to be Calderon's secular masterpiece. The constant, or inflexible prince, who gives the tragedy its name, is the Portuguese Infante, Don Ferdinand, a fifteenth-century hero of some note. The leading incidents of the plot appear to have been found by Calderon in the pages of an old Chronicle, according to which Don Ferdinand led an expedition against the Moors in 1438, was defeated before Tangiers, and, being taken captive, died in bondage and in misery in 1443,—even his bones being left for thirty years among the Moors, ere they were carried to Lisbon and buried as those of a saint and martyr. How much of the incentive to this expedition

was political, and how much religious, it is not now very easy, nor for our present purpose at all necessary, to determine : but Calderon not only makes it a genuine crusade against Paganism in the interests of the faith of Christ ; he further makes the Infante the perfect type of a Christian patriot, by depicting him with the most unbending determination to die in misery and squalor among the heathen, rather than be a party to the cession of one inch of soil gained by the Christians in former victories over the Pagans. Grouped around this inflexible Fernando, are numerous excellently imagined personages,—the most delightful being the Moorish general, Muley, and the Princess Phenix. Muley owes his life to Fernando in the first engagement between the Portuguese and Moorish troops ; and this incident supplies Calderon with one of those graceful motives so beautifully blended throughout many of his plays,—the motive of gratitude contending with a strict and honourable sense of duty. Another motive that lends an exquisite lyric grace to this play is the love of Muley and Phenix,—almost hopeless on both sides, as neither the General nor the Princess dare avow it to the king of Fez, who designs his daughter's hand for Tarudante, king of Morocco : this situation, throughout the piece, gives a sad delicacy to the speeches and soliloquies of Phenix, and a colour and passion to those of Muley, which stand in fine contrast with the stern religious devotion and inflexible patriotism of Don Fernando. The work, from a metrical point of view, is particularly melodious, and forms an unusually happy example of Calderon's way of fitting into a dramatic outline every available lyric form. In this play occur two sonnets, the one spoken by Fernando, the other by Phenix, both beautiful examples of the poet's almost mystic glow of imagery, and both beautifully rendered by the translator. Fernando's sonnet runs thus :—

"These flowers awoke in beauty and delight,
At early dawn, when stars began to set—
At eve they leave us but a fond regret—
Locked in the cold embraces of the night.
These shades that shame the rainbow's arch of light,
Where gold and snow in purple pomp are met,
All give a warning man should not forget,
When one brief day can darken things so bright ;
'Tis but to wither that the roses bloom—"

'Tis to grow old they bear their beauteous flowers,
 One crimson bud their cradle and their tomb.
 Such are man's fortunes in this world of ours ;
 They live, they die, one day doth end their doom ;
 For ages past but seem to us like hours !"—*Ibid.* p. 68.

After a brief dialogue in five-lined stanzas, Phenix utters this sonnet in reply :—

" These points of light, these sparkles of pure fire,
 Their twinkling splendours boldly torn away
 From the reluctant sun's departing ray,
 Live when the beams in mournful gloom retire.
 These are the flowers of night that glad Heaven's choir,
 And o'er the vault their transient odours play.
 For if the life of flowers is but a day,
 In one short night the brightest stars expire.
 But still we ask the fortunes of our lives
 Even from the flattering spring-tide of the skies,
 'Tis good or ill, as sun or stars survives.
 Oh ! what duration is there ? who relies
 Upon a star ? or hope from it derives,
 That every night is born again and dies ?"—*Ibid.* pp. 69, 70.

* The Spanish is as follows :—

" Estas, que fueron pompa y alegría,
 Despertando al amor de la mañana,
 A la tarde serán lastima vana,
 Damiendo en brazos de la noche fria.
 Este matiz que al ciclo desafia,
 Iris listado de oro, nieve y grana,
 Será escarmento de la vida humana :
 Tanto se emprende en termino de un dia !
 A florecer las rosas madrugaron,
 Y para envejecerse florecieron :
 Cuna y sepulcro en un boton hallaron.
 Tales los hombres sus fortunas vieron :
 En un dia nacieron y espiraron ;
 Que pasados los siglos, horas fueron."

† The original runs thus :—

" Esos rasgos de luz, esas centellas
 Que cobran con amagos superiores
 Alimentos del sol en resplandores,
 Aquello viven que se duelen dellas.
 Flores nocturnas son ; aunque tan bellas,
 Efimeras padecen sus ardores ;
 Pues si un dia es el siglo de las flores
 Una noche es la edad de las estrellas.
 Da esa pues primavera fugitiva
 Ya nuestro mal, ya nuestro bien se infiere :
 Registro es nuestro, ó muera el sol ó viva.
 Que duracion habrá, que el hombre espere ?
 O qué mudanza habrá que no reciba
 De astro, que cada noche nace y muere ?"

Analogous, in some respects, with *The Constant Prince* is the magnificent tragedy of *The Devotion of the Cross*, in the rendering of which, published eight years later than the other, Mr. Mac-Carthy showed a great advance in power. The analogy between the two works consists chiefly in their both being at once tragic and romantic, mainly possible and naturalistic, yet with closing incidents in each of a supernatural character, but such as would not, to Calderon, seem impossible. The fact that the "constant prince" appears upon the stage and takes part in the action after his death, does not remove that play from the category of realistic works (as far as Calderon was realistic at all); nor is *The Devotion of the Cross* removed from that category by the fact that a dead man rises up to be shriven, and a woman who clings to the Cross for protection is borne away through the air miraculously by the said Cross. The air of *quasi*-supernatural sentiment that overhangs the very realistic actions of the leading character is also quite natural to the time and genius of Calderon; and on the whole the play is more naturalistic in feeling and treatment than some wherein there are no marvels. Eusebio, the leading character in this great work, has been described by Sismondi as "an incestuous brigand," an epithet founded on a blunder which has been perpetuated by Mr. G. H. Lewes in his *Spanish Drama*; and it is more than ordinarily necessary that some fair account should be given of the story of this play.

Eusebio, then, is a young Italian of good fortune and unknown origin, having been found as an infant at the foot of a Cross in a desert place: he is enamoured of Julia, the daughter of Curcio; but his suit, acceptable to Julia, is opposed by her father and by her brother Lisardo. On this subject, Eusebio and Lisardo quarrel and fight, and Lisardo is slain; but Eusebio carries him dying in his arms to get shriven; and for this grace the dying man promises to intercede with the Almighty to the end that Eusebio also may not die unshriven. Curcio, being a powerful enemy, gets Eusebio outlawed and deprived of all his property; and Eusebio is almost forced into the life of a bandit. And here comes in one of those weird semi-religious conceptions of which Calderon was so fond. The baby found at the foot of the Cross had a curious mark in the form of a cross on its breast; and Eusebio, growing up with this mark, holds the symbol of his faith in a profound

reverence: this he carries into the very precincts of his lawless life after he is driven to brigandage; and every man killed by him or his followers he causes to be buried, and has a cross erected over the grave,—also, whenever he sees a cross he bows himself before it. At the same time he prosecutes his suit to Julia with unflagging energy and passion,—so far as to scale the walls of the convent, to which her father consigns her as a nun. There he finds her cell, goes into it at twilight, and is shut up with her until the next morning; and the next we hear of him, he is rushing headlong from the convent, pursued by Julia, who, after protracted resistance, has consented to yield herself up to him, and is now upbraiding him for suddenly abandoning his love-quest.

In the meantime the story of Julia's origin has been delicately allowed to leak out little by little. It transpires that Curcio, as a young man, had doubted his wife's fidelity, and had, when she was near her first parturition, taken her into a desert place, and abandoned her at the foot of a Cross: from that place she and an infant daughter to whom she had given birth were mysteriously conveyed home in safety. Curcio had taken this as a proof of her innocence; but the wife had ever maintained that she had been delivered of twins. On Julia's breast is the same mystic symbol as on Eusebio's; and from this and other circumstances the reader is soon led to suspect that the two are brother and sister. Meantime, Curcio carries about his own punishment in the pang of regret for a lost son.

Now the principal grandeur of the conception is dependent on the one fact, made most abundantly evident in the play, that Eusebio, though a brigand, is *not* "an incestuous brigand." So powerful is his awe for the mystic symbol of his faith (the faith of Calderon), that, where moral motive is lacking, this sufficed to keep him, as it were intuitively, from a deadly crime. He has sworn to respect the Cross; and, though in some respects a most desperate character, he keeps that oath under circumstances of extreme temptation. For when Julia has yielded to his passionate entreaties, he suddenly becomes aware that on her breast is the same mysterious signature as on his: he does not say formally, or, it should seem, even think, "This is my sister;" but something tells him that he is about to violate, as it

were, God's sanctuary, and he tears himself away in profound horror. His passion for Julia is unchanged; but he abandons his suit once for all,—a broken and almost reckless man. In the end, he is hunted down by Curcio, and is hurled, wounded to the death, down a precipice, falling to die at the foot of the same Cross where he was originally found, and where Curcio had abandoned his wife; and it then comes out that Curcio has hunted his own son to death. To make up the frightful tale of the old man's griefs, Julia, who has fled from her convent and disguised herself as a man, rallies the scattered banditti with the fury of a fiend, and leads them against her father, who is about to kill her when she throws herself at the foot of the Cross, and is miraculously rescued as already stated. It is right to add that her horror is as great as her father's when she learns the frightful character of the abyss of sin into which her headlong passion has almost hurled her.

This terrible tragedy is pitched throughout in the highest key, although there are fewer passages that tempt us to detach them than in some other works of Calderon's. One brief speech of Curcio, who has at last a feeling towards Eusebio that leads him to try to save the young man's life, we cannot resist quoting: when pressed by one of his followers to have the dead man buried in the desert, he says:—

"O vengeance of a vulgar breast!
Has thy rude anger then no bounds, no rest?
Must thy coarse appetite insatiate crave
For food beyond the threshold of the grave?"*
Love the Greatest Enchantment, &c., p. 310.

Among the plays of Calderon rendered by Mr. Mac-Carthy, there are yet three that come into the same wide division of realistic,—*Love after Death, The Scarf and the Flower, and Life's a Dream.* Of these the last only is, in our opinion, comparable to *The Devotion of the Cross*, as a work of art; and, on the whole, *Life's a Dream* must be regarded as the finer of the two, because, quite equal to it artistically, it is more universal in motive, and more pro-

* Here we have a capital rendering of the original:—

"¡O villana venganza!
¿Tanto poder en tí la ofensa alcanza,
Que pasas desta suerte
Los últimos umbrales de la Muerte?"

found. It is, in fact, a grand philosophic poem, while the other, though it almost passes into universality by virtue of its breadth of treatment, is still, formally, Romanistic in its central conception. *Life's a Dream* is so widely known throughout Europe, both as a stage piece and as a chamber piece, and so much has been written about it in England by Archbishop Trench and others, that we shall not devote much space to it. In it, a large and profound conception is magnificently wrought out; and, strange to say, looking at the character of the work, this conception is similar in basis to that of the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. Instead, however, of the drunken tinker incident, which "Ross Neil" has so admirably worked out in his play, *Duke for a Day; or, the Tailor of Bruges*, we have here a prince born under evil stellar prognostications, kept by his father, fearfully, in a lonely tower, and brought out on trial when grown to manhood. His conduct (like that of a chained dog suddenly let loose) seems to justify the prognostics, and he is taken back to his prison, from all the grand surroundings of the Court seen by him transiently, to be told on awakening that he has merely dreamed of being a prince. But the populace, learning of the existence of such a prince, revolt, set him at their head, and, under his generalship, rout the king's forces. Schooled by his strange conviction (most exquisitely developed in the drama), that life is but a dream, from which any violence or evil doing may at a moment arouse us, he has in the meantime conquered the savage instincts developed in him by his imprisonment; and the drama closes with evidences of his clemency. The following soliloquy of the prince is given both as a beautiful example of Calderon in his higher moods, and as a choice piece of translation:—

"That is true: then let's restrain
 This wild rage, this fierce condition
 Of the mind, this proud ambition,
 Should we ever dream again:
 And we'll do so since 'tis plain,
 In this world's uncertain gleam,
 That to live is but to dream:
 Man dreams what he is, and wakes
 Only when upon him breaks
 Death's mysterious morning beam.
 The king dreams he is a king,

And in this delusive way
Lives and rules with sovereign sway ;
All the cheers that round him ring,
Born of air, on air take wing.
And in ashes (mournful fate !)
Death dissolves his pride and state :
Who would wish a crown to take,
Seeing that he must awake,
In the dream beyond death's gate ?
And the rich man dreams of gold,
Gilding cares it scarce conceals,
And the poor man dreams he feels
Want and misery and cold.
Dreams he too who rank would hold,
Dreams who bears toil's rough-ribbed hands,
Dreams who wrong for wrong demands,
And in fine, throughout the earth,
All men dream, whate'er their birth,
And yet no one understands.
'Tis a dream that I in sadness
Here am bound, the scorn of fate ;
'Twas a dream that once a state
I enjoyed of light and gladness.
What is life ? 'Tis but a madness.
What is life ? A thing that seems,
A mirage that falsely gleams,
Phantom joy, delusive rest,
Since is life a dream at best,
And even dreams themselves are dreams."

Calderon's Dramas (1873), pp. 78, 79.

Of *Love after Death* we entertain by no means the high opinion that has been expressed by some writers ; and of Mr. Mac-Carthy's version of that tragedy we can but say that it is the worst Calderonic translation he has published,—the rough jolting metre in which a great deal of the serious dialogue is written being essentially undignified. The story on which the tragedy is founded is beautiful and pathetic : it is that of a Moor whose betrothed is killed wantonly by a soldier at the siege of the Alpujarra, and who thenceforward gives up his existence to finding the murderer, and executing judgment upon him. This incident, or chain of incidents, is told with charming simplicity by Gines Perez de Hyta in his *History of the Civil Wars of Granada* ; but Calderon, in dramatising the story, lowered the key by introducing an

element of gallantry into it. With all due respect to so great a genius as Calderon, we must say that the tone of the following speech, in which the Moorish heroine rejects the suit of her Moorish lover on the ground that her father has had a disgrace put upon him, is not in keeping with what is, in essence, a profoundly tragic action, however much it may be in keeping with Spanish blue-blooded traditions :—

“Don Alvaro, neither shall I
 Recall how long has been, and true
 My firm devotion unto you—
 How I loved you faithfully ;
 Nor attempt to say I die
 Stricken to-day by a double knife,
 Nor, how duty and love, at strife,
 Seek in this fleeting calm to control
 My heart : for thou art the life of my soul,
 Thou, indeed, art the soul of my life ;—
 This alone I wish to say,
 In all this trouble, that she who would crave
 But yesterday to be thy slave,
 Will not become thy wife to-day ;
 For if through diffidence yesterday
 You asked me not, and to-day you do,
 I to-day but owe it to you
 To refuse thee, lest the malign
 Breath of time could say, to be thine
 I needed some attraction new.
 Rich and honoured, once I thought
 I was unworthy of thy love,
 Happily as the event doth prove
 That unhappy feeling was nought
 But a suspicion. Think now, ought
 I to-day to give to thee
 Instead of happiness, misery,
 Punishment instead of reward ?
 As if I should be disgraced, my lord,
 Ere you would think to wed with me.”

Dramas of Calderon (1853), Vol. II. pp. 16, 17.

It is also to be remarked that the anapæstic element in the measure has not been wrought by the translator so as to make the metre either dignified or artistic.

The Scarf and the Flower, a comedy of the same class as *The Secret in Words*, is a better piece of translation than

Love after Death, and it is a charmingly fresh and graceful work, in the region of Court life. The heroine gives the hero a *flower*, and, subsequently, finding him adorned with a *scarf* belonging to her rival, upbraids him as one who loves her rival rather than herself. He defends himself in a dialogue which Mr. Ticknor well describes as "extremely characteristic of the gallant style of the Spanish drama, especially in that ingenious turn and repetition of the same idea in different figures of speech which grows more and more condensed as it approaches its conclusion." We take occasion to quote from this play another beautiful sonnet, beautifully rendered :—

"A frozen mountain on my bosom lay,
Round which time twined a coronal of snow,
While the warm heart fed fondly far below
The ashes of a fire that burned away.
A beauteous beam—the wonder of the day—
Down to that mine with kindling torch did go,
The snow encircled by the fire did glow,
The fire by snow congealed to ice straightway.
Etna at once of love and anguish deep—
The ashes of my heart ascending higher,—
Burning my heart, compelled my eyes to weep.
O living mountain ! blind volcanic pyre !
If thou art flame—how canst thou water keep ?
Alas ! the tears of love themselves are fire."

Ibid. pp. 280—1.

Of the four remaining comedias (or secular dramas as distinguished from autos or sacramental acts) rendered by Mr. Mac-Carthy,—the four which we separate as not realistic from those already discussed,—one is an example of the poet's treatment of Pagan mythology, and the other three are founded on legends of the Catholic Church.

Love the Greatest Enchantment is the one specimen of the Pagan division which Mr. Mac-Carthy has given us ; and of course the treatment of the subject—that of Circe and Ulysses—is not by any means Pagan. This drama, in which Calderon was associated with an incomparable machinist, Cosmo Lotti, appears to have been one of the grandest spectacular entertainments ever devised for the amusement of a "monarch and his minions, and his dames." The written plan of Cosmo Lotti, on which Calderon wrote the drama, is fortunately preserved ; and it has been translated by Mr. Mac-Carthy in his introduction

to the play, where it forms a most interesting document. We should imagine that this spectacle must have exceeded in magnificence any of those masques produced in the palmy days of our own drama, and set on under the direction of Inigo Jones (such as *The Masque of the Middle Temple*, by Chapman); and if we had the space we would gladly give the entire description, instead of merely referring the reader to it; but we must confine ourselves strictly to Calderon. He, in the construction of this fine work, founded upon Books X. and XII. of the *Odyssey*, taking hints also from Tasso and Ariosto, and thus producing a very different Circe from the enchantress of the Pagan myth. Indeed, his Ulysses, Circe, Florida, Lysidas, and the rest, are a trifle too Spanish; and, on the whole, there is too much of the grotesque in the treatment of the men transformed to beasts, to admit of the work being ranked as one of Calderon's finest dramas.

No such thing, however, is to be said of *The Wonder-Working Magician*, which is certainly a noble work. Instead of being full of the supernatural as conceived in Pagan mythology, this play, like *The Purgatory of St. Patrick* and *The Two Lovers of Heaven*, deals with supernatural conceptions of the Middle Ages. Notwithstanding the fact that Cyprian and Justina, in the *Magico Prodigioso*, are both personages drawn from the long roll of Christian martyrs, the framework of the play is essentially like that of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* and Goethe's *Faust*,—not, indeed, that there is much resemblance in treatment between any of these three works; but looking at the absurd pretensions sometimes advanced in favour of Goethe, it is just as well to mark, whenever observed, his sources of inspiration. Certainly he was considerably indebted to Calderon, not merely on the score of the Demon and Cyprian in the *Magico Prodigioso*, but also on the score of the first scene in *Los dos Amantes del Cielo* (*The Two Lovers of Heaven*). In that scene we are introduced to Chrysanthus reading a volume of the New Testament, and trying to understand it. He argues the question raised in his mind in a long speech, of which the following is the opening:—

“ Ah ! how shallow is my mind !
 How confined ! and how restricted !
 Ah ! how driftless are my words !
 And my thoughts themselves how driftless !

Since I cannot comprehend,
 Cannot pierce the secrets hidden
 In this little book that I
 Found by chance with others mingled ;
 I its meaning cannot reach,
 Howsoe'er my mind I rivet,
 Though to this, and this alone,
 Many a day has now been given.
 But I cannot therefore yield,
 Must not own myself outwitted.—
 No ; a studious toil so great
 Should not end in aught so little ;
 O'er this book my whole life long
 Shall I brood until the riddle
 Is made plain, or till some sage
 Simplifies what here is written,
 For which end I'll read once more
 Its beginning. How my instinct
 Uses the same word with which
 Even the book itself beginneth !—
 ' In the beginning was the Word.'
 If in language plain and simple
 Word means speech, how then was it
 In the beginning ? Since a whisper
 Presupposes power to breathe it,
 Proves an earlier existence,
 And to that anterior Power
 Here the book doth not bear witness.
 Then this follows : ' And the Word
 Was with God '—nay more, 'tis written,
 ' And the Word was God, was with Him
 In the beginning, and by Him then
 All created things were made,
 And without Him nought was finished.'
 Oh what mysteries, what wonders,
 In this tangled labyrinthine
 Maze lie hid ! "

The Two Lovers of Heaven, pp. 11, 12.

This line of thought, very elaborately worked out from the point at which we leave it, is not followed closely by Goethe ; but there is, as Mr. Mac-Carthy points out, considerable resemblance between this and the brief speech made by Faust in his study, while the situation is identical : Faust also is studying the New Testament, and trying to unriddle the very same passage that Chrysanthus is engaged on. The passage in *Faust* (Mr. Bayard Taylor's

version, which we consider better than any other) runs thus :—

“’Tis written : ‘In the Beginning was the WORD.’
 Here am I balked ; who, now, can help afford ?
 The *Word* ?—impossible so high to rate it ;
 And otherwise must I translate it,
 If by the Spirit I am truly taught.
 Then thus : In the Beginning was the *Thought*.’
 This first line let me weigh completely,
 Lest my impatient pen proceed too fleetly.
 Is it the *Thought* which works, creates, indeed ?
 ‘In the Beginning was the *Power*,’ I read ;
 Yet as I write, a warning is suggested,
 That I the sense may not have fairly tested.
 The Spirit aids me : now I see the light !
 ‘In the Beginning was the *Act*,’ I write.”

The conversion of Chrysanthus to Christianity and his martyrdom with Daria, they two being “the two lovers of heaven,” are dramatised with exquisite grace and tenderness, and the wood-scene in which the influences adverse to the Christian interest are introduced is full of Pagan beauty, subdued under the profoundly religious light of Calderon’s mind. *The Wonder-Working Magician* is, however, to our thinking, a far higher flight of genius ; and the vigorous passionate character of the magician himself yields a higher triumph of good over evil than the character of Chrysanthus. Justina, through whose agency the tragic triumph is brought about, recalls Massinger’s *Virgin-Martyr*, but is a far finer character ; and it is not surprising that Shelley should have been so irresistibly attracted by this play as to leave behind him those priceless scenes which are the despair, almost, of all intending translators of the work.

The Purgatory of St. Patrick has no fascination for us, except in isolated passages ; but we must admit that the second of Mr. Mac-Carthy’s two versions, already alluded to, is as good an example of his art of transplantation as any to be found in the several volumes under notice. Mr. Ticknor ranks this play above *The Devotion of the Cross*, a critical verdict to which we can give in no adherence : it is far wilder, and less regulated by human impulse than *The Devotion of the Cross* ; the incidents derived from Montalvan’s *Life and Purgatory of St. Patrick* are of an interest

almost restricted to the Catholic world; and the characters are not so greatly imagined and drawn as those of the other plays, the arch-villain of the piece, Luis Enius, being unnaturally wanton, which Eusebio is not.

We now come to the three autos which Mr. Mac-Carthy has put before the public,—as far as we are aware the only attempt to give the English reader an opportunity of judging fairly of a vast class of works, perhaps more characteristic of the era in Spanish history which they represent than aught else that has come down to us. These autos are also of high importance in the general history of art; for they form the principal connecting link between the great Greek drama and that national and humanistic musical drama which Richard Wagner is endeavouring, with an almost Titanic hand, to establish in Germany, and of the magnitude of which it is not yet possible to form an adequate judgment. The sacramental autos are at the same time far more ambitious and important artistically, and far more closely knit-up with national thought and feeling, than anything analogous to them in modern art. The mysteries and moralities of our own early stage are child's play compared with them; and it was not until the drama had become thoroughly secularised in England that it brought forth any fruit comparable to the autos of Calderon, Lope de Vega, or even some lesser poets,—the fact being that the drama remained religious in Spain late enough to benefit by the example of the full-fledged secular drama in England and elsewhere, and (more notably still) by the advance of intellectual culture that had taken place in Europe in the meantime.

At the time when the great autos were produced, Spain was as fully in earnest about her religion as ever: it was thoroughly a part of her national life; and that national life being of the luxurious, holiday-making South, dyed of a deeper and more gorgeous colour by the eastern Moorish blood, the popular taste made common cause with the spectacular system of the Romish Church to produce a religious drama that should at the same time please the senses and celebrate the central mystery of the faith. Thus crowds of earnest people, untroubled by any doubt in the affairs of the soul,—crowds consisting of little less than the whole nation,—came trooping to every city and large town at Corpus Christi festival time, to witness the dramatic pageants designed by the greatest poets of the

land, to celebrate the mystery of the Eucharist. The Spanish nature has in it so little of the austerity of our own puritans that it was no stretch of tolerance in the people of Calderon's age to see the most gorgeous theatrical machinery intermingled with the most profoundly religious ceremony; and so wide was the field embraced in the Corpus Christi drama, that not only were all the fine arts brought to bear on the spectacle, but the intellectual and religious efforts of all antecedent time were recognised as fair and proper material for the warp and woof of the complex web. And while the crowds who came to witness a profoundly religious spectacle expected to be regaled with the choicest efforts of music and mimetics, and all those eye-pleasing details wherein the stage-manager draws upon the resources of painting, sculpture, and architecture, they were also prepared to find the supreme poetic intelligence, which shaped all for the glory of the Church, dealing with the characters of Pagan mythology, and setting them on the stage side by side with the holiest characters of Holy Writ. Indeed it was the highest duty and privilege of the poets of the autos to take up any product of human intellect, however unclean, and, by the flaming touch of pure genius, regulated by beauty of soul, render it clean and white enough to enter, so to speak, within the holy of holies.

"To the pure all things are pure;" and so absolutely pure was the great religious mind of Calderon, that nothing tainted ever passed through his hand without leaving every trace of taint behind; and just as, in his secular drama, he could tread right up to the very borders of the hideous crime of incest, and still produce so spotless and beautiful a work as *The Devotion of the Cross*,* so in his autos he can go into the den of lewd loves and strange crimes occupied by the gods and goddesses, heroes and enchantresses, of Greek mythology, seize what personage best suits his purpose, and strip him bare of every rag of uncleanness, leaving him fit to act upon the same stage with the holiest personages, and with

* It is to be noted, in passing, that this absolute cleanness is not among the qualities of a work in our own dramatic literature analogous in subject and even greater in power than *The Devotion of the Cross*: we refer to Ford's wonderful and awful tragedy *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, wherein the incestuous motive is shameless and avowed, however horrible the final retribution. But there is a brutality in some of our most powerful dramas quite foreign to the genius of Calderon.

those strange beings of his own creation who bear the names of high qualities of the soul, and act the parts of such qualities in an embodied and personal form. It is the most noteworthy characteristic of the autos that they ignore in their action not only time and space, but the relations between the abstract and the concrete, and the walls that separate the animate from the inanimate. On the subject of those works of religious art generally, and in particular of those of Calderon, Mr. Mac-Carthy has given us an invaluable contribution in his *Mysteries of Corpus Christi*,—in which he has translated a most instructive essay by Dr. Lorinser (somewhat too narrowly Romanistic, by the bye), and a still better essay by Don E. G. Pedroso. Lorinser quotes several fine passages from Schack, a German Protestant author, who writes a good deal more intelligently than even Lorinser himself, on the same subject; and from Schack we quote the following passage, as giving a good idea of the poetic enthusiasm that was brought to bear upon the autos:—

“He who first treads within the magic circle of these poems, feels himself blown upon by a strange spirit, and beholds another heaven outspread over another earth; it is as if, through demoniac power, we were whirled away in a darksome tempest; depths of thought, the contemplation of which makes the mind dizzy, spread out before us, wonderful enigmatical figures rise up from the abyss, and the dark red flames of mysticism shine into the mysterious fountain from which all things flow. But the clouds disappear, and we see ourselves above the limits of the terrestrial, beyond the bounds of space and time, lifted up into the kingdom of the immeasurable and the eternal. Here every dissonance ceases; up here the voices from the world of men rise only like festal hymns, upborne by the swelling peal of the organ. A gigantic dome of spiritual architecture receives us, in whose awe-inspiring halls no profane sound is permitted to be heard, and on the altar, surrounded by magic light, the mystery of the Trinity is enthroned; a dazzling splendour of rays, which human sense can scarcely endure, spreads out and illuminates the mighty pillar-hall with unspeakable glory; here all beings are lost in the contemplation of the Eternal, and look with astonished eyes on the unfathomable depths of Divine love. The whole creation joins together in one joyful chorus to the glorification of the source of all life; even that which has no being speaks and feels; even that which is dead is given a language and a living expression of thought; stars and elements, stones and plants, exhibit a self-consciousness and a soul; the most hidden thoughts and

feelings of men spring into light, and heaven and earth radiate in symbolic transfiguration."—*Mysteries of Corpus Christi*, pp. 23, 24.

Although this passage might be regarded by some purists as a little high-flown, we should not ourselves lay any such charge against it; and its imagery well expresses the plain facts of that man's case who really takes up the works in the spirit of large-hearted acceptance with which men of culture and feeling receive other great foreign poems. These autos are in fact quite another world from the ordinary world even of poetry. As poems they have more in common with Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound* than with anything else in English literature; for the phrases with which the foregoing passage from Schack ends express an actual fact. Shelley, however, only takes into the category of his ideal *dramatis personæ* symbolic personages of the vastest character; while Calderon does the like in much greater detail. In the auto of *The Sorceries of Sin*, the first which Mr. Mac-Carthy translated, and indeed the first that ever appeared in English, we have the senses playing the twofold part of abstract qualities and the companions of Ulysses. Mr. Mac-Carthy selected that particular auto for his first venture in this wide field, because it was particularly suitable for companionship with *Love the Greatest Enchantment*. In that, the Circe legend received a secular and highly concrete treatment: in the auto, as if to show the unlimited scope of the poet's genius, the same legend is dealt with as a great human allegory. Ulysses represents man struggling between good and evil; Circe is Sin; and while she is assisted by Voluptuousness and Flattery, the other side is represented by the Understanding and Penance (who is also the Pagan Iris). The Smell, the Taste, the Hearing, the Touch, and the Sight, as the companions of Ulysses, go through the regular transformation and release, when Ulysses ("the Man"), having submitted to the slavery of Circe ("Sin"), is finally succoured by Penance and the Understanding, and goes off safely in the boat of the Church, leaving the baffled enchantress in despair.

In *The Divine Philothea* the five senses and the understanding are likewise among the persons of the drama, which include also Paganism, Judaism, Heresy, Atheism, Faith, Hope, Charity, the Prince of Light and the Demon. This great auto, which was the last produced by Calderon, opens with the regular military

operations of the Demon in besieging Philothea, who is finally rescued by the Prince of Light, who is Christ. In *Belshazzar's Feast*, supposed to be Calderon's earliest auto, there is a much more limited list of characters. Belshazzar has his two wives, Idolatry and Vanity, and his court fool, the Thought (playing the threefold part of court fool, human thought in the abstract, and Belshazzar's intelligent being in particular); and besides these, there are but two leading characters, Daniel and Death. It would be unfair to these works to attempt to give any idea of them either by quotation or by description. They are wonderful examples of Calderon's dexterity in working the most complex and various materials to a given end; they teem with profound thoughts and noble sentiments in the highest poetic strain; and they are all framed to throw a thousand various lights upon the mysteries of transubstantiation. At the same time they breathe throughout the spirit of broad religious feeling, and are, before all things, instructive. But they must be read as they stand, with a full preliminary understanding of their history and meaning; and when so read, although there is not of course one of them but upholds a given dogma of the Romish Church entirely repugnant to us and the majority of English people, they are yet so buoyed up by the noble genius of the poet, that they have less of a local and more of a universal character than could be suspected by any one knowing them only by hearsay.

We have said a good deal in praise of Calderon as a poet, and Mr. Mac-Carthy as a translator; and of the latter we must say one thing more in commendation before we conclude with a few deductions,—namely, that he shows a great forbearance in the matter of his religion, not obtruding, as Lorinser does, the fact that he and his poet are both Catholic, and not assuming, as Lorinser also does, that one must be of that faith to appreciate Calderon. The chief deduction we should feel bound to make from the general terms in which we have spoken of Calderon, is on the score of his somewhat tedious *gracioso*. The *gracioso*, corresponding with the clown of our Elizabethan drama, plays his part in even the autos; and in some of the secular tragic dramas he is a real annoyance,—as real as the ordinary run of English clowndom,—while at other times he is as appropriate and amusing as some of Shakespeare's clowns. The chief faults we have to find

with the translator are (1) that he has left every one of his versions of Calderon disfigured by a provincial element, writing frequently Irish for English, (2) that he makes 'a great number of faults in concord, and (3) that he is utterly careless whether his characters address each other in the singular or in the plural. These are minor faults; and it is a matter for much congratulation that we have not to put to the translator's account the literary sin of misrepresenting or wantonly degrading his original. In the main, his metrical instincts and poetic perceptions are unusually high; he has a really profound sympathy with the great poet he has set himself to render; and it is an unfortunate but not irremediable flaw in his tribute to that poet's memory, that he writes in some hundreds of instances "would" and "will" for "should" and "shall," occasionally leaves a monosyllable to do duty for a dissyllable because it happens to have an "r" in it, has the utmost disregard for the right of the word "thou" to be followed by "canst," "wouldst," "didst," &c., instead of "can," "would," "did," &c., and does not seem to see any incongruity in a person passing from "you" to "thou" in the course of a couple of lines, and back again in the course of another couple. The whole of these faults are of a little less frequent occurrence in the volume of 1873 than in the two volumes of 1853; but they might be remedied easily with a very slight amount of care; and we trust that, if new editions of the books be called for, that care will not be withheld. We shall not attempt to specify the "woulds" and "wills:" they are of too constant occurrence; but we may note that even in the last and most careful of the volumes (that of 1873) Mr. Mac-Carthy found it possible to pass several phrases, such as "Thou, my heart, her charms adoreth" (p. 105), such an Irishism as "*on* to-morrow" (p. 33), and such a rapid transition from "you" to "thou" as "What do you wish I do for thee?" (p. 191.) In the beautiful volume of 1861, with the Spanish text, we note the erroneous use of "cared" instead of "cared for" in "To be rear'd and cared, and christen'd (p. 225), and on the same page the regular "Irish bull," "I a *natural* cross had fashion'd,"—at page 271, "Honour would prefer the feign'd false Eusebio, *than* the true," and at page 303 the couplet—

"Were the blood not mine own, that voice so clear
Then had not power to call, nor I have power to hear,"—

in which both wording and metre are enlarged, and at the expense of grammar, the original being—

“Que sangre, que no fuera
Propia, ni me llamara, ni la oyera.”

We have not quoted here one-twentieth of the small faults of a similar character which we have marked in Mr. MacCarthy's volumes; nor do we feel called upon to note any further examples of the flaws in what is, after all deductions, an admirable series of translations, at once enjoyable and instructive.



ART. II.—*The Last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, from 1865 to his Death; continued by a Narrative of his Last Moments and Sufferings, obtained from his Faithful Servants Chuma and Susi.* By HORACE WALLER, F.R.G.S. Two Vols. London: John Murray. 1874.

SCARCELY a year has elapsed since the doors of Westminster Abbey were opened to receive the remains of England's greatest traveller. For a time popular feeling had hoped the story of his death to be a fabrication, but at length the intelligence was so strongly confirmed, that the last ray of hope died, and no ground whatever was left for doubting the fact, that one of the noblest of Englishmen was no more. At once the propriety was recognised of paying the illustrious deceased national homage; and accordingly, at the expense of the Treasury, under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, David Livingstone was carried to his last resting place; religious Associations and learned societies vying with each other in their testimonies of respect and sorrow, and all agreeing with the utterance of Sir Bartle Frere: "It will be long ere we see received within those walls one of our time and race worthier to rest among the greatest men of these islands."

It was in 1849 that Livingstone began his explorations. These may be considered as forming three great journeys: the first when he crossed the Kalahari desert, discovered Lake Ngami, and twice traversed from east to west, along the line of the Zambesi, the whole African continent; the second, when, in company with Dr. Kirk and the Rev. Horace Wallace, he discovered the great lakes Nyassa and Shirwa; the third, of which we have an account in these *Journals*, and which was left incomplete, and yet how complete, by his death.

These volumes contain a record of seven years' continuous work and new discovery, no break whatever occurring. For the clear consecutive manner in which that record is presented to us we are indebted to the Editor, the Rev. Horace Waller, an old friend and, for a time, a fellow traveller of Livingstone. Nevertheless, he has shown considerable carelessness in the nomenclature of many of the places referred to; and in not supplying an index has un-

doubtedly failed in such a way as greatly to take from the value of the work. But we would not be too hard, for his task must have been a most laborious one, and, on the whole, he has done it well. The journalist used up his note-books to their utmost extent,—not a single inch of paper was left unwritten upon. In some cases lunar observations and notes concerning physical geography begin at one end; the course of the itinerary, with maps, drawings, and botanical notes, is carried on from the other; whilst in the middle are calculations, private memoranda, words intended for vocabularies, and extracts from books. Fortunately his careful insertion of the day of the month and year saves the journal from being a mass of entanglement. When his stock of note-books was exhausted, he cut up old newspapers, many of them yellow with African damp, and using the juice of a tree in place of ink, he wrote across the type. One of the most interesting illustrations in the published work is a fac-simile of a portion of the journal at the time when writing paper and ink had failed him. Fortunately, Livingstone's handwriting was always very clear, otherwise it would have been impossible to have deciphered this part of his diary.

In connection with the *Journals* there is a very superior map, compiled from Livingstone's drawings and notes, by Mr. John Bolton. As to this, however, it must be borne in mind that Livingstone specially desired it to be known that no positions gathered from his observations for latitude and longitude, nor for the levels of the lakes, should be considered correct until examined by Sir Thomas Maclear, and therefore the map is still open to correction. The difference between the spelling of the map and that adopted in the *Journals* is much to be regretted.

These volumes do not contain all the notes that Livingstone sent home. On this point the editor writes:—

"It has been thought advisable to retain all the strictly scientific matter found in Dr. Livingstone's Journals for future publication. When one sees that a register of the daily rainfall was kept throughout, that the temperature was continually recorded, and that barometrical and hypsometrical observations were made with unflagging thoroughness of purpose year in and year out, it is obvious that an accumulated mass of information remains for the meteorologist to deal with separately, which alone must engross many months of labour."—Vol. I. Intro. x.

At the same time, however, there is so much that is both new and interesting, and so concisely stated, that it is a matter of great difficulty, in the limited space at our command, to confine attention to that which is most important.

The course of travel may be briefly stated. He arrived at Zanzibar on the 28th January, 1866, in the *Shule*, which he had been commissioned to present to the Sultan from the Government of Bombay, at the same time bearing a commendatory letter from Sir Bartle Frere to Sejuel Majid. The Sultan was apparently delighted with the gift, and promised to do his utmost to assist the traveller in carrying out his purposes. Nor was this a vain promise, as the *Journals* frequently testify. On the 19th of March he started for the Rovuma river, in H.M.S. the *Penguin*. Thus starting, he writes:—

“I trust that the Most High may prosper me in this work, granting me influence in the eyes of the heathen, and helping me to make my intercourse beneficial to them.”—Vol. I. p. 9.

He took with him thirteen Sepoys, ten Johanna men, nine Nassick boys, two Shupunga men, and two Wayaus. The Sepoys were an unmitigated evil from the beginning. He had travelled but a little time before he was obliged to write: “Sepoys are a mistake.” They were intolerably lazy. They were filthy in their habits. They cruelly ill-treated the animals, and were the cause of the death of most of them. They were destitute of courage, and were disobedient to orders. At one time, when Livingstone was in advance, they sent to him, declaring they would go no further, and they tried to bargain with their guide to take them back to the coast. At length the traveller’s much enduring spirit would bear no more, and, after suffering them for four months, he sent them home. Three of the Johanna men had been associated with him on a former journey. They had no heart in their work, and many times played the doctor falsely. On the shores of the Nyassa, moved by fear of the predatory bands of the Mazitu which were about, they left their goods and walked away. This was the origin of the story of Livingstone’s death, which led to the Government Search Expedition, the conduct of which reflected such high credit upon its leader, Lieutenant Edward Young, R.N. The Nassick boys were formerly slaves; but having been rescued and educated by

the Governor of Bombay, had been sent back to their native land. Of these, one died almost at the commencement of the journey. The two Wayaus, Wekatani and Chuma, had been liberated from the slavers by Dr. Livingstone and Bishop Mackenzie in 1861, and had lived for three years with the mission party at Chibasa's. Reaching the Nyassa districts, Wekatani met his own relatives, and, being anxious to remain with them, he left the Doctor. Chuma was faithful to the last, and accompanied the traveller's remains to England. These were the men who started with Livingstone on his last great journey. Of them only five could answer to their names, after eight years' desperate service, when they handed over the dead body of their leader to his own countrymen. All honour to them. Their names were Chuma, the Wayau, and Susi, Amoda, Abram, and Mabruki, of the Indian Nassick school.

Landing at the Bay of Mikindany, the party cut its way through the dense coast jungle; and on the 18th April struck the Rovuma, near to the spot where the *Pioneer* turned back in 1861. Now skirting the spurs of hills, now climbing their steep sides, and always cutting the jungle, steady advance was made. Soon the hills on the north side disappeared, and a country was passed through comparatively free of wood. On the 19th of May, the Loendi was reached. This river, which flows from the south-west, the Doctor considers to be decidedly the parent stream of the Rovuma. After a weary trudge, and considerable suffering from scarcity of food, they came to Mataka's town, which consisted of more than a thousand houses, and was surrounded by populous villages. There they received a hearty welcome and plentiful supplies. Obtaining guides for Nyassa, they travelled through an elevated region, in many parts attaining a height of 3,400 feet. Villages were everywhere, and springs forming the sources of the Loendi and Rovuma were innumerable. From hence there was a gradual descent to the lake, which being reached, Livingstone wrote:—

"We came to the lake at the confluence of the Misinjé, and felt grateful to that Hand which had protected us thus far on our journey. It was as if I had come back to an old home I never expected to see again, and pleasant to bathe in the delicious waters again, hear the roar of the sea, and dash in the rollers. Temp. 71° at 8 a.m., while the air was 65°. I feel quite exhilarated."—Vol. I. pp. 90, 91.

Unable to cross, the Doctor resolved to round the southern end. Reaching the spot where first he saw the Shiré emerge, he seems to have been deeply moved.

"Many hopes have been disappointed here. Far down on the right bank of the Zambesi lies the dust of her whose death changed all my future prospects; and now, instead of a check being given to the slave trade by lawful commerce on the lake, slave-dhows prosper.

"It is impossible not to regret the loss of good Bishop Mackenzie, who sleeps far down the Shiré, and with him all hope of the Gospel being introduced into Central Africa. The silly abandonment of all the advantages of the Shiré route by the Bishop's successor, I shall ever bitterly deplore; but all will come right some day, though I may not live to participate in the joy, or even see the commencement of better times."—Vol. I. pp. 100, 101.

The editor, here, adds a grateful note to the effect that Bishop Steere is fully determined to re-occupy the district in which fell his predecessor, Bishop Mackenzie, and others attached to the Universities' Mission. In addition to this, we learn with satisfaction that the Free and Reformed Presbyterian Churches of Scotland have resolved, as a memorial of David Livingstone, to form an industrial mission settlement at the south end of Nyassa, under the charge of Mr. E. D. Young, who commanded the "Search Expedition."

In these parts are to be found "sponges" similar to those which are so abundant in Central Africa, and through which Livingstone had to wade, along the shores of Bangweolo, during those weary weeks immediately preceding his death. Duly to appreciate the way they obstruct travel, their nature must be understood. The Doctor thus described them:—

"The bogs or earthen sponges of this country occupy a most important part in its physical geography, and probably explain the annual inundations of most of the rivers. Wherever a plain sloping towards a narrow opening in hills or higher ground exists, there we have the conditions requisite for the formation of an African sponge. The vegetation not being of a heathy or peat-forming kind, falls down, rots, and then forms a rich black loam. In many cases a mass of this loam, two or three feet thick, rests on a bed of pure river sand, which is revealed by crabs and other aquatic animals bringing it to the service. At present, in the dry season, the black loam is cracked in all directions, and

the cracks are often as much as three inches wide, and very deep. The whole surface has now fallen down, and rests on the sand; but when the rains come, the first supply is nearly all absorbed in the sand. The black loam forms soft slush, and floats on the sand. The narrow opening prevents it from moving off in a landslip, but an oozing spring rises at that spot. All the pools in the lower portion of this spring course are filled by the first rains which happen south of the equator, when the sun goes vertically over any spot. The second or greater rains happen in his course north again, when all the bogs and river-courses being wet, the supply runs off and forms the inundation. This was certainly the case as observed on the Zambesi and Shiré, and taking the different times for the sun's passage north of the equator, it explains the inundation of the Nile."—Vol. I. pp. 113, 114.

Rounding the heel of Nyassa, Livingstone for a while pursued his way along the watershed between the Loangwa and the Nyassa. Then crossing the river he traversed the ridge forming the watershed between streams going to the Chambezé and those going to the northern rivers, and on the 1st April reached Liemba, which at first he thought a lake separate and distinct from Tanganyika, but afterwards found to be its southern extremity.

It was during this part of his journeyings that a disaster took place, the after ill effects of which cannot be exaggerated. Two free Wayau men had joined the party, and, having shown themselves very faithful and useful, they were trusted more than otherwise they would have been. Coming to a forest, they suddenly deserted, and a heavy rain falling obliterated their footmarks, so that they could not be traced. In itself such a desertion would not have been much thought of, but they took with them that which the little party could least spare—the medicine-box. In addition they took all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour, which had been very dearly purchased and which was to keep the travellers as far as the Chambezé, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge pouch; but these were nothing compared to the medicine-chest. The discouraged traveller wrote:—

"I feel as if I had now received the sentence of death like poor Bishop Mackenzie.

"All the other goods I had divided, in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of losing the precious quinine and other remedies; other losses and annoyances I felt as just parts of

that under-current of vexations which is not wanting in even the smoothest life, and certainly not worthy of being moaned over in the experience of an explorer anxious to benefit a country and people,—but this loss I feel most keenly.”—Vol. I. pp. 177, 178.

No doubt the severity of his subsequent illness resulted from this dire misfortune. Destitute of quinine, he was powerless to counteract the effects of the fever-poison, and from this sad time his constitution was gradually undermined.

It was not long before the ill effects of this disaster were experienced. On the shores of Liemba Livingstone was dangerously attacked. The power of the fever, unallayed by medicine, took a full hold of him. He thus describes one of his fits of insensibility.

“I found myself floundering outside my hut and unable to get in; I tried to lift myself from my back, by laying hold of two posts at the entrance, but when I got nearly upright, I let them go and fell back heavily, on my head, on a box. The boys had seen the wretched state I was in, and hung a blanket at the entrance of the hut, that no stranger might see my helplessness; some hours elapsed before I could recognise where I was.”—Vol. I. p. 205.

A day or two after he had another fit. The muscles of his back lost all their power, and there was a constant singing in the head. These are common symptoms connected with this African fever. Sometimes the whole of a man's lower extremities will become powerless, and he falls helpless to the ground.

After being detained three months and ten days by the disturbed state of the country, he continued his march along the northern slope of the watershed, finding undulating districts, with alternate forests and glades, and many watercourses, along the sides of which fine trees grew, until he came to a new stockade built by the chief Nsama. This Nsama had been hitherto looked upon as invincible. He was the Napoleon of the country. No one could stand before him; but he had been routed by a company of Arabs armed with twenty muskets. Matters having been arranged, Nsama gave one of his daughters to the chief of the Arabs for a wife, as a pledge of peace. She was brought to the encampment in grand state, riding “pickaback” on a man's shoulders, but, after staying two days, she decamped with her

attendants. In unwilling company the Doctor continued his journey with these Arabs; but depressing news coming from head-quarters, the Arabs resolved to alter their course. Accordingly Livingstone left them and made for Lake Moero, which he reached in two days. Crossing various rivers, he came to Casembe's Town where he had a grand reception. This town covered a mile square of cassava plantations, the huts being irregularly dotted over that space. The Casembe himself sat before his hut on a square seat placed on lion and leopard skins, attired in true barbaric splendour. The power of this king seems very much to have diminished since the time of Pereira's visit to the first Casembe, but very little credit can be attached to the Portuguese statements. Livingstone doubted whether a thousand stragglers could in his time be brought into the field, the monarch having conducted himself with such severity towards his subjects that they had gradually dispersed themselves in the neighbouring countries beyond his power.

The country between Moero and Tanganyika being impassable through floods, Livingstone resolved to visit the Lualaba; but a chief living on the banks of that river proving unfriendly, he turned towards Lake Bemba or Bangweolo. Dissuaded by the Arabs, his servants refused to accompany him, and he started with only five attendants, one of whom left him the next morning. The whole country was unpleasantly flooded. At times the water was half-chest and whole-chest deep, and all perishable articles had to be put upon the head. On the 18th July, 1868, he discovered Bangweolo, one of the largest of the Central African lakes. Here he was detained by disturbances and complications between the Arabs and the natives; but on the 16th of December he started, in company with an Arab party, for Ujiji. The flooded state of the country told severely on Livingstone. The year 1869 opened with the following entries:—

"1st January, 1869.—I have been wet times without number, but the wetting of yesterday was once too often: I felt very ill, but fearing the Lofuka might flood, I resolved to cross it. Cold up to the waist, which made me worse, but I went on for two and a half hours east.

"3rd January.—I marched one hour, but found I was too ill to go further. Moving is always good in fever; now I had a pain in my chest, and rust of iron sputa: my lungs, my strongest

part, were thus affected. We crossed a rill, and built sheds, but I lost count of the days of the week and month after this. Very ill all over.

"*About 7th January.*—Cannot walk : pneumonia of right lung, and I cough all day and all night : sputa rust of iron and bloody : distressing weakness. Ideas flow through the mind with great rapidity and vividness, in groups of twos and threes : if I look at any piece of wood, the bark seems covered over with figures and faces of men, and they remain, though I look away and turn to the same spot again. I saw myself lying dead in the way to Ujiji, and all the letters I expected there useless. When I think of my children and friends, the lines ring through my head perpetually :—

" " I shall look into your faces,
And listen to what you say,
And be often very near you,
When you think I'm far away."

Mohamad Bogharib came up, and I have got a cupper, who cupped my chest."—Vol. II. pp. 1, 2.

Too ill to walk, the Doctor, for the first time in any illness, was carried to M'Parra, quite unable to raise himself from a sitting posture ; and evils appear to have been left behind from which he never recovered. Coasting along the Tanganyika, the great Arab settlement of Ujiji was reached on the 14th of February. This was his first visit to the place. He expected to have found a large supply of goods awaiting him, but to his great disappointment almost all that had been forwarded had been made away with by plunderers. He soon began to improve with rest and food, and as he improved, so his desire grew to continue his great work.

Reports of vast stores of ivory being obtainable in the Manyema country, which is situated to the west of Tanganyika, in the very heart of Africa, some of the Ujijian traders resolved to enter those parts. Livingstone determined to accompany the foremost of the hordes. Accordingly he started on the 11th July, 1869. Crossing the lake, though in a very weak state, he travelled on until a broad range of high mountains of light grey granite was reached. Here the face of the country essentially differed from all the other regions nearer the east coast. On the top were deep dells, filled with gigantic trees, and having running rills in their bottoms. On either side was a deep valley. The left one was filled with primeval forests, forming a dense mass without a bit of ground to be seen, excepting a patch

to the south-west; the bottom of it being fully 2,000 feet below where they stood; whilst beyond ranges of mountains, with valleys at their bases, rose as far as the eye could reach. The right valley was a deep but narrow gorge, and on the other side mountains rose much higher than the ridge on which they stood. Midst forests and hills the journey was pursued, the people, though inquisitive, nevertheless showing themselves friendly. Nearing the Lualaba, the friendliness changed into hostility, through the misconduct of the Arabs, and the traveller found his purposes continually thwarted. In addition to these disappointments, he suffered from severe choleraic symptoms, which greatly reduced him, brought on by incessant wettings through the heavy rains and the drippings of the overhanging grass, the country being absolutely covered with vegetation. At length he was obliged to go into winter quarters. On the 26th of June he commenced another effort to reach the Lualaba. His men failed to support him, but he started with three attendants. The country was exceedingly trying. Rivulets were innumerable. Fourteen were crossed in one day, some of them thigh deep, whilst their banks were a mass of mud. Soon his feet began to fail. Irritable eating ulcers fastened on both of them, and finally completely laid him aside. The following entry is under the 23rd July:—

“The sores on my feet now laid me up as irritable eating ulcers. If the foot were put to the ground, a discharge of bloody ichor flowed, and the same discharge happened every night, with considerable pain, that prevented sleep: the wailing of the slaves, tortured with these sores, is one of the night sounds of a slave camp: they eat through everything—muscle, tendon and bone, and often lame permanently, if they do not kill the poor things. Medicines have very little effect upon such wounds: their periodicity seems to say that they are allied to fever. The Arabs make a salve of beeswax and sulphate of copper, and this, applied hot, and held on by a bandage, affords support, but the necessity of letting the ichor escape renders it a painful remedy: I had three ulcers and no medicine. The native plan of support by means of a stiff leaf or bit of calabash was too irritating, and so they continued to eat in and enlarge, in spite of everything: the vicinity was hot, and the pain increased with the size of the wound.”—Vol. II. pp. 47, 48.

For eighty days was he thus compelled to desist from travel, at the end of which time he wrote: “it will be

long ere the lost substance will be replaced." At this time he received intelligence from friends. On the 4th February, 1871, ten men arrived from Ujiji, bringing the Doctor one letter out of forty which had been forwarded. They were all slaves of the Banians, and a thoroughly worthless set. Their two head men refused to advance beyond Ujiji, so they remained there and revelled on the Doctor's goods. Again he started for the Lualaba, and after traversing grassy plains and crossing innumerable streams, with tree-covered hills all around and villages thickly scattered in all directions, the longed-for river was at last reached. His disappointments, however, were far from over. In vain did he try to obtain a canoe. The traders thwarted him, and his servants opposed him, and he found himself quite at the mercy of the Banian slaves. They continually rebelled, and at length plotted against his life. Worried in his feelings, and baffled in his purposes, he was obliged to return, although it threw him out of the chance of discovering the fourth great lake in the Lualaba line of drainage. The return journey began on the 20th July, 1871. After several very narrow escapes, he reached Ujiji on the 23rd October, sorely knocked up. He wrote:—

"I was sorely knocked up by this march from Nyañgwé back to Ujiji. In the latter part of it I felt as if dying on my feet. Almost every step was in pain; the appetite failed, and a little bit of meat caused violent diarrhoea, whilst the mind, sorely depressed, acted on the body. All the traders were returning successful: I alone had failed, and experienced worry, thwarting, baffling, when almost in sight of the end towards which I strained."—Vol. II. pp. 153, 154.

To his great annoyance he found that all the goods which had been sent up for him had been sold, or made away with, by those to whose care they had been committed.

Four days after his arrival at Ujiji, Stanley reached the settlement. Right warmly did the old traveller welcome him, and in association with him received new life. Readily can we understand Livingstone's remark, that the news he had to tell to one who had been two full years without any tidings from Europe made his whole frame thrill. Appetite and strength rapidly returned. At the suggestion of Mr. Stanley, an exploration was made of the northern end of Tanganyika, to see whether there was any connection

between it and Baker's lake. This expedition settled the question, that there was no such connection, at any rate in that direction, all the rivers flowing into, and not out of the lake. Stanley having to return, Livingstone accompanied him as far as Unyanyembé. There they parted, after the young *Herald* correspondent had vainly tried to induce the old traveller to return home. He could not forego the carrying out of his plans.

"I propose to go from Unyanyembé to Fipa; then round the southern end of Tanganyika, Tambeté, or Mbeté; then across the Chambezé, and round south of Lake Bangweolo, and due west to the ancient fountains, leaving the underground excavations till after visiting Katanga. This route will serve to certify that no other sources of the Nile can come from the south, without being seen by me. No one will cut me but after this exploration is accomplished; and may the good Lord of all help me to show myself one of His stout-hearted servants, an honour to my children, and, perhaps, to my country and race."—Vol. II. p. 170.

So the old traveller remained, and the young one went on his way, bearing the precious notes of the great journeys already accomplished by the wearied, worn, but still courageous Livingstone.

Now came long, tiresome days of waiting, during which he calculated his distances, made arrangements for his journey, set his apparatus in order, copied out his astronomical observations, wrote a sketch of the geological conformation of Central Africa, and penned his thoughts on missions. At length reinforcements arrived. Amongst them we find the names of John and Jacob Wainwright. It was to the superior education of the latter that we were indebted for the earliest account of the eventful eighteen months during which he was attached to the party.

On the 25th of August a start was effected. It was resolved first to make for Tanganyika. On the 18th and 19th September, we find this significant entry:—

"18th September.—Remain at Méréra's to prepare food.

"19th September.—Ditto, ditto, because I am ill with bowels, having eaten nothing for eight days."—Vol. II. p. 234.

From this time, his men say, he had but few periods of even comparative health. On the 8th of October the lake was sighted. The route along the eastern shore was then taken, and found very rough and troublesome. Reaching the lower end, the traveller journeyed south by

west, until the neighbourhood of Bangweolo was reached. Here the whole region was found to be flooded. From this time his march seems to have been a continual series of plunging in and out of morass, and through rivers, only distinguishable from the surrounding waters by their deep currents, and the necessity of using canoes. The effect on the traveller's system, reduced in strength, and chronically affected by dysentery, may well be conceived. At length he found himself unable to manage the wading, and so he was generally carried; but this was no easy business.

Instead of improving, matters seem to get worse. Constantly do you come on the entry: "Rain, rain, rain, as if it never tired on this watershed." The land around the lake was very level, and the rivers spread out into broad friths or sponges, whilst the inhabitants were scattered in consequence of the wars. Through the unfriendliness in some cases, and fearfulness in others, of the natives, Livingstone became entangled in the Bangweolo marshes, and lost half a month in unfortunate wanderings. Meanwhile his sufferings were very severe, and he was subject to frequent and excessive hæmorrhagic discharges. At this time he wrote:—

"If the good Lord gives me favour, and permits me to finish my work, I shall thank and bless Him, though it has cost me untold toil, pain, and travel. This trip has made my hair all grey."—Vol. II. p. 276.

The water was prodigious. Plains extending further than the eye could reach were covered with it to the depth of four or five feet, and the lake and adjacent lands, for twenty or thirty miles, were level. In spite of every effort, he was unable to get a canoe with which to cross to the other side. At length, after fearful difficulties, the Chambezé was reached, and the head of the lake was rounded. Livingstone then punted as near to the edge of the lake as possible, keeping a land party marching parallel to him. The whole country to the south of the lake was also found covered with water, thickly dotted over with lotus leaves and rushes, so that it was quite impossible to tell where the land ended and where the lake began. The constant exertion required, together with the exposure and anxiety, brought on a severe attack. On the 10th of April, he wrote:—

"I am pale, bloodless, and weak from bleeding profusely ever since the 31st of March last. An artery gives off a copious stream, and takes away my strength. Oh, how I long to be permitted by the Over Power to finish my work."—Vol. II. p. 294.

Evidently the end was approaching. So weak did he become as to be quite unable to make observations. He could scarcely hold his pencil, and his stick was a burden. In order to carry him, his servants made a kitanda of wood, consisting of two side pieces of seven feet in length, crossed with rails of three feet long, placed about four inches apart. The framework they covered with grass, on which they laid a blanket. They then slung it from a pole, and, borne between two, it made a tolerable palanquin. Thus carrying their leader, the party advanced through the same expanse of flooded, treeless waste. On the 27th of April his diary closes. For some days he had entered scarcely anything, and that day he wrote for the last time. The entry runs:—

"Knocked up quite, and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goats. We are on the banks of the Molilamo."—Vol. II. p. 303.

It is a most affecting thing to look at the autograph fac-simile of this last entry in Dr. Livingstone's note-book, which is inserted in Vol. II. of the *Journals*, pp. 298, 299. From this time we have to trust to the statements of Chuma and Susi. On the 29th, as they were about to start from Kalunganjovus town, the Doctor found himself quite unable to walk to the door of his hut to reach the kitanda. Accordingly, they were obliged to break down one side that it might be brought in, and gently placing him upon it, they bore him away. Coming to a river which had to be crossed, it was found that the canoes were not wide enough to allow the kitanda to be deposited in the bottom of either of them.

"Hitherto, no matter how weak, Livingstone had always been able to sit in the various canoes they had used on like occasions, but now he had no power to do so. Taking his bed off the kitanda, they placed it in the bottom of the strongest canoe and tried to lift him; but he could not bear the pain of a hand being passed under his back. Beckoning to Chuma, in a faint voice he asked him to stoop down over him as low as possible, so that he might clasp his hands together behind his head, directing him at the same time how to avoid putting any pressure on the lumbar region of the back. In this way he was

deposited in the bottom of the canoe, and quickly ferried across.”
—Vol. II. pp. 304, 305.

An effort was now made to reach Chitambo's village.

“It would seem that his strength was here at its very lowest ebb. Chuma, one of his bearers, on these, the last weary miles the great traveller was destined to accomplish, says that they were every now and then implored to stop and place their burden on the ground. So great were the pangs of his disease during this day that he could make no attempt to stand, and if lifted for a few yards a drowsiness came over him, which alarmed them all excessively. This was specially the case at one spot where a tree stood in the path. Here one of his attendants was called to speak to him, and on stooping down he found him unable to speak from faintness. They replaced him in the kitanda, and made the best of their way on the journey. Some distance further on great thirst oppressed him; he asked them if they had any water, but, unfortunately, for once not a drop was to be procured.”—Vol. II. p. 305.

Thus they went on. A hut having been built, he was placed in it, and the boy Majwara was told off to attend to his master's wants during the night. The next day Chitambo came to see the Doctor, but he was too weak to speak with him. The melancholy history will now best be told in the words of the editor:—

“About 11 p.m. Susi, whose hut was close by, was told to go to his master. At the time there were loud shouts in the distance, and on entering Dr. Livingstone said, ‘Are our men making that noise?’ ‘No,’ replied Susi; ‘I can hear from the cries that the people are scaring away a buffalo from their dura fields.’ A few minutes afterwards he said slowly, and evidently wandering, ‘Is this the Luapula?’ Susi told him that they were in Chitambo's village, near the Mulilamo, when he was silent for awhile. Again, speaking to Susi, in Suaheli this time, he said, ‘Sikun'gapi kuenda Luapula?’ (How many days is it to the Luapula?)

“‘Na zani zikutatu Bwana’ (I think it is three days, master), replied Susi.

“A few seconds after, as if in great pain, he half-sighed, half-said, ‘O dear, dear!’ and then dozed off again.

“It was about an hour later that Susi heard Majwara again outside the door, ‘Bwana wants you, Susi.’ On reaching the bed, the Doctor told him he wished him to boil some water, and for this purpose he went to the fire outside, and soon returned with the copper kettle full. Calling him close, he asked him to

bring his medicine chest, and to hold the candle near him, for the man noticed he could hardly see. With great difficulty Dr. Livingstone selected the calomel, which he told him to place by his side; then directing him to pour a little water into a cup, and to put another empty one by it, he said, in a low, feeble voice, 'All right; you can go out now.' These were the last words he was ever heard to speak.

"It must have been about 4 a.m. when Susi heard Majwara's step once more. 'Come to Bwana, I am afraid; I don't know if he is alive.' The lad's evident alarm made Susi run to arouse Chuma, Chowperé, Matthew, and Muanyaséré, and the six men went immediately to the hut.

"Passing inside, they looked towards the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it, but appeared to be engaged in prayer, and they instinctively drew backwards for the instant. Pointing to him, Majwara said, 'When I lay down he was just as he is now, and it is because I find that he does not move that I fear he is dead.' They asked the lad how long he had slept. Majwara said he could not tell, but he was sure it was some considerable time. The men drew nearer.

"A candle, stuck by its own wax to the top of the box, shed a light sufficient for them to see his form. Dr. Livingstone was kneeling by the side of his bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands upon the pillow. For a minute they watched him: he did not stir, there was no sign of breathing; then one of them, Matthew, advanced softly to him, and placed his hands to his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold. Livingstone was dead."—Vol. II. pp. 307, 308.

In the attitude of prayer he passed away. The end, expected and prepared for, had come at last. He had passed through deep suffering, and had been perfected by it. In the midst of an awful loneliness, on the very borders of that "land which is afar off," his last supplication arose, and then, like one of old, "having served his own generation according to the will of God, he fell on sleep." It was early on the 1st of May, 1873, that the great traveller passed to where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

His sad-hearted followers gathered together before daylight, and Jacob Wainwright made a rough inventory of the remaining goods, and then carefully put all the papers and instruments into his boxes. Susi and Chuma, who had accompanied the Doctor from the beginning, were appointed chiefs, and it was resolved that, come what

might, the body should be borne to Zanzibar. The chief, Chitambo, sympathised with them in their loss, but sought to dissuade them from taking the body to the coast. They, however, held to their resolution, and Chitambo helped them so far as he could. Then there came a special mourner, who wore anklets composed of rows of hollow reed vessels, filled with rattling pebbles, and in a low, monotonous chant sang, whilst he danced, as follows:—

“Lélo kwa Engéresé,
Muana sisi oa konda :
Tu kamb ‘tamb’ Engéresé.”

Which translated, is—

“To-day the Englishman is dead,
Who has different hair from ours :
Come round to see the Englishman.”—Vol. II. p. 316.

One of the men named Farijala, who had been a servant to a doctor at Zanzibar, and who had picked up some knowledge of the method in making *post-mortem* examinations, took the poor emaciated body, which, indeed, was little more than skin and bone, and carefully making an incision, removed the viscera, and placed a quantity of salt in the trunk. A clot of coagulated blood, as large as a man's hand, was found on the left side, and the lungs are described as dried up, and covered with black and white patches. From a footnote it would appear (Vol. II. p. 316) that one who professionally attended Dr. Livingstone in several dangerous illnesses in Africa, considers that the ultimate cause of his death was *acute splenitis*. The parts removed were placed in a tin box, and a hole four feet deep having been dug, they were reverently buried, and Jacob Wainwright, in the presence of them all, read the Burial Service. The body, after brandy had been placed in the mouth and on the hair, was fully exposed to the sun for fourteen days, by which time it was tolerably dried. It was then wrapped round in some calico, the legs being put inwards at the knees, to shorten the package. Enough bark was stripped from a Myonga tree, and in it, as in a cylinder, the body was laid. Over this a piece of sail-cloth was sewn, which afterwards was tarred, and the whole was lashed securely to a pole, so as to be carried by two men. On a Mvula tree, standing by the place where the body rested, Jacob Wainwright carved

an inscription, stating the name of Dr. Livingstone, and the date of his death. Besides which, there was erected close by two high thick posts, with an equally strong cross piece, which was painted all over with tar, as a further memorial of him who had been taken away from them.

Then began the homeward march. Skirting the southern shore of the lake, the mournful cortége pursued its way. Soon, however, the effects of their last terrible journey with their lamented master began to show themselves, and, for a month, almost all were laid aside, and one man and two women died. Fortunately, during this interval, the rain ceased, and the natives supplied them abundantly with food. At length the Luapula was reached. Its distance from where the Doctor died, in rough reckoning, was from 120 to 150 miles. Crossing this wonderful river, progress was made along the northern shore for more than half the length of the lake, until Chawendé's Town was reached. Here, unfortunately, the party came in serious collision with the natives, and a severe fight was the result, the natives being driven out of the place. Turning to the north, the old path was hit upon, and many of the places noted in Livingstone's diary were passed through. Rounding the southern end of Tanganyika, they resolved to strike right across the plain for Unyanyembé, remembering how difficult the way along the heights bordering on the lake, which they had travelled with the Doctor, was. This route was found incomparably better. They quickly reached the Arab settlement, where they found Lieutenant Cameron and his party. The Lieutenant had serious doubts as to the advisability of running the risk of taking the body through the Ugogo country, but the men steadily adhered to their purpose; so they were no more urged to bury the carried corpse. The English party at once examined all the Doctor's goods which had been brought up, and it is a source of regret that the chief part of his instruments were taken out and appropriated for personal use. The natives at Kasekéra being disinclined to allow the body to enter into their village, and threatening hostilities, the corpse was removed from its covering, and, packed like a bale of cloth, was deposited with the rest of the goods, the natives being led to suppose, by a clever stratagem, that it had been sent back to Unyanyembé. At last the coast was reached, and the brave servants handed over their dead master to his own countrymen. They had

performed a marvellous feat; and the more one knows of Africa, the more marvellous does it seem. It was a worthy sequel to the history of the great traveller, and is an evidence of the respect and affection with which he ever inspired those with whom he was brought into association.

After the foregoing detailed account of his journeyings, we may sum up his geographical discoveries in a brief space. Everything is subordinate to his demonstration that Lake Nyassa belongs to a totally distinct system of waters to that to which Lake Tanganyika belongs, and his making known to us the waterway of the Lualaba. He has shown, very conclusively, that between the parallels 11° and 8° S. and meridians 28° and 33° E. was an elevated region, from 4,000 to 6,000 feet above the level of the sea, generally covered with forest, well watered by numerous rivulets, and comparatively cold; and that this upland constituted the watershed between the Loangwa on the west, Nyassa on the east, and several rivers flowing towards the north, of which the most remarkable was the Chambezé.

Misled by the Portuguese statements and by a map made in England by Cooley,* he confounded the Chambezé with the Zambesi. The chief Casembe was the first to lead him to see his mistake. The error, however, cost him twenty-two months of journeying and toil. The Chambezé rose in a long, low range of hills called Mambwé, at about 10° N. and 32° E. Flowing south-west, it entered the great Lake Bangweolo. Livingstone crossed it on his last journey, near its mouth, and found it 400 yards wide and 18 feet deep, with a clear current of two knots. Leaving Bangweolo, Livingstone's servants found it, when they crossed it, nearly four miles broad. This mouth, however, must be regarded as an arm of the lake. Turning to the north, it ran into another lake called Moero. Issuing from this, it took a wide sweep, still bearing to the north, and entered, so Livingstone was told, a long lake, reported about 25 miles broad, in which were large inhabited islands. After another wide sweep, he came upon it in the Manyema country, and found it about 3,000 yards broad, and in the middle 20 feet deep, and running at about two miles an hour. He was told that, higher up, another river

* This must have been the first map made by Mr. Cooley in 1845, which afterwards he materially altered.

joined it called the Lomame, which also issued out of a lake, and that these two rivers, flowing together in a northerly direction, entered another vast lake.

Of the two great lakes which Livingstone visited he has left several descriptive notes.

Bangweolo, or Bemba, was discovered by him on the 18th July, 1868. He records the fact almost parenthetically. This is only a fair specimen of the freedom from bombast and self-exaltation manifest throughout his career. He found that Bemba was really a country on the borders of the lake, giving its name to only a small part of it; whilst the great mass of the water was called Bangweolo. The old traveller jocosely recorded his fear that English people would terribly boggle at the word, or else call it "Bungyhollow." Always afraid of exaggeration, after a most careful estimate, the Doctor thought himself considerably within the mark by setting it down at 150 miles long and 80 miles broad. Four large islands do not in any way seem to dwarf its enormous mass of water. From the colour, which was of a deep sea green, he judged it was not very deep, but, having lost his line, he was unable to sound. Fish were very abundant in it, and the bottom, apparently, consisted of fine white sand. Many rivers flowed into it from the north and the south. The country around the lake was all flat, and very much denuded of trees, and, as may be seen from the account of Livingstone's last journey, was fearfully flooded during the rainy season.

Moero was of a goodly size. Its banks were of a coarse sand, sloping gradually down to the water. Beyond was a thick bank of vegetation, in which fishermen built their huts. To the west was the Rua country, seen as a lofty range of dark mountains. To the east was another range, of less height, but more broken. The northern shore had a fine sweep, like an unbent bow. The south end he understood to be very marshy, so that oftentimes the mud was knee deep. The natives called Moero greater than Tanganyika, but that was readily explained. The latter lake lay in a comparatively narrow trough, with high land on each side, which was always visible; but Moero, looked at to the south of the mountains of Rua, presented nothing but an apparently boundless sea horizon. This lake Livingstone estimated at about 50 miles long, and from 40 to 60 miles broad, in its widest part. Its altitude was about

3,000 feet above the sea; but he found the level to alter, according to the season, as much as 20 feet.

He also makes many references to Tanganyika, which lake he crossed several times, and also traversed from end to end. He was the first to come upon Liemba, and took it to be absolutely separate from Tanganyika, but, in time, found it to be its southern heel. Into this deep basin four considerable streams flowed.

But though he was thus better acquainted with Tanganyika than any other of the great African travellers, and added much to our knowledge of its conformation, yet he failed to solve the problem, which for sixteen years so puzzled geographers, as to the river system to which this great lake belonged. Probably this was due to the fact of his prostration from fever when he reached Liemba in April, 1867, and his absolute physical helplessness when, in 1869, he passed along the west coast of the lake. True he suggested an ingenious and plausible solution to the much-vexed question (Vol. II. p. 145), but Lieutenant Cameron has since shown its fallacy. After devoting two months to the survey of the great inland sea, this patient explorer has found its outlet in the river Lukuga, which flows out of the lake, with a current of 1·2 knots an hour, about twenty-five miles to the south of the Kasenge islands, which both Speke and Livingstone visited.

Livingstone does not appear to have been a great student of the fauna and flora. His references to the "natural history" of the countries through which he passed are but few. His chief discovery in that domain was "the soko," a kind of gorilla, or rather chimpanzee, found in Manyema land. It appears to have been very ungainly: with a light yellow face, ugly whiskers, a faint apology for a beard, a villainously low forehead, well in the background of a great dog mouth, high ears, and large teeth, slightly human, but with the canines specially developed. The hands were very much like those of the natives. It often walked erect, and was so cunning that it was quite impossible, at any time, to stalk it from the front. It was very strong; feared guns, but not spears. Its food consisted of wild fruits. The sokos lived in communities of about ten, and each male had his own female. The females brought forth at times twins. The natives were very fond of the flesh, and perhaps eating sokos was the first stage by which they arrived at being cannibals.

The ethnographical contributions of Livingstone are full of interest. He brings before us tribes of whose existence we had before no knowledge. Of these the most important are the inhabitants of the Manyema country. Up to the time of the great traveller's visit these had lived completely isolated from other races, and so, in many things, showed a wonderful simplicity and innocence. The population was exceedingly dense, but the great want was cohesion. Each village was separate from its neighbour village, having its own head man, who considered himself supreme. Consequently, the country was in a chronic state of warfare. Whilst excessively honest, Livingstone found them excessively untruthful, and the callousness and cruelty of their nature was continually manifesting itself, whilst evidences of cannibalism were unquestionable. No doubt, as Winwood Reade supposes, the typical negro is to be found in the ancient Egyptian, and certainly the Central African races more nearly approach it, than the ungainly form to be found on the West Coast. These races do not greatly vary, and, from careful observation, Livingstone came to the conclusion that those about the Tanganyika and the Nyassa and those on the Shiré and Zambesi are of one stock. His conclusion was, to a considerable extent, based on the similarity of the dialects. This, however, had been anticipated by the learned senior secretary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, who found out the euphonic concord existing among all the tribes south of the equator, and produced a grammar, which affords the key of intercourse to them all.

There was one subject to which Livingstone seems to have paid considerable attention, and that was the general religious notions entertained by the negroes in those parts untouched by European intercourse. On this subject we are glad to read the statements of so reliable an observer, and strikingly do they contrast with the hasty judgments which have been made by others. In 1866 Sir Samuel Baker read a paper before the Ethnological Society of London, in which he said: "The most northern tribes of the White Nile are the Dinkas, Shillooks, Nuehr, Kytch, Bohr, Aliab, and Shir. A general description will suffice for the whole, excepting the Kytch. Without any exception, they are without any belief in a Supreme Being, neither have they any form of worship or idolatry, nor is the darkness of their minds enlightened by even a ray of

superstition." This is, perhaps, the most striking negation of the religion of barbaric peoples which has been given in modern times, and it has been disproved again and again. It is refreshing to turn from such statements to Livingstone's careful observations. He found everywhere a general belief in a Supreme Being, and, in many cases, observed a deep reverence for Him. Nor were the people without notions of right and wrong. Although told by the Arabs that the negroes had no idea of prayer, his own observations led him to a different conclusion, and, in the Manyema country, he heard a man, after dark, make a long, loud prayer to "Mulungu" for rain. Idols, which are not worshipped at all on the East Coast, he found on the borders of Moero and in Manyema. Their notion of death, so far as hinted, was very interesting. In the Maganga country he was told concerning one that died, "God took him." In passing the sepulchral grove of Chisumpi, his guide remarked: "Chisumpi's forefathers sleep there." And everywhere he found traces of a belief in the continued existence of departed spirits. Of course all this is very general, nevertheless, it is indicative of a certain religious development; and in forming our conclusions, we must not forget the difficulty there is for a passing traveller to draw out from savage tribes their religious notions. Conscious of inferiority, they shrink from the white man, nor will they bring their gods into competition with his mightier Deity.

The great hindrance to Livingstone in his work, and the cause of his deepest sorrows, was the slave trade. Continually was he brought into contact with the slavers, and beheld their most horrible atrocities. No words can exaggerate their cruel, reckless conduct. Villages were destroyed by them, and whole countries depopulated. The Doctor has told us, in one part, of the manner in which one of the great Manyema markets was attacked by a slaving party:—

"When I went into the market I saw Adie and Manilla, and three of the men who had lately come with Dugumbé. I was surprised to see these three with their guns, and felt inclined to reprove them, as one of my men did, for bringing weapons into the market, but I attributed it to their ignorance, and, it being very hot, I was walking away to go out of the market, when I saw one of the fellows haggling about a fowl, and seizing hold of it. Before I had got thirty yards out, the discharge of two

guns in the middle of the crowd told me that slaughter had begun: crowds dashed off from the place, and threw down their wares in confusion and ran. At the same time that the three opened fire on the mass of people near the upper end of the market-place, volleys were discharged from a party down near the creek on the panic-stricken women, who dashed at the canoes. These, some fifty or more, were jammed in the creek, and the men forgot their paddles in the terror that seized all. The canoes were not to be got out, for the creek was too small for so many; men and women, wounded by the balls poured into them, leaped and scrambled into the water, shrieking. A long line of heads in the river showed that great numbers struck out for an island full a mile off. . . . Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly, whilst other poor creatures threw their arms on high, as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank. . . . By-and-by all the heads disappeared; some had turned down stream towards the bank, and escaped. . . . The Arabs themselves estimated the loss of life at between 330 and 400 souls. . . .

"After the terrible affair in the water, the party of Tagamoio, who was the chief perpetrator, continued to fire on the people there and fire their villages. As I write I hear the loud wails, on the left bank, over those who are there slain, ignorant of their many friends now in the depths of the Lualaba. Oh, let Thy kingdom come! No one will ever know the exact loss on this bright sultry summer morning; it gave me the impression of being in hell.

* * * * *

"I counted twelve villages burning this morning."—Vol. II. pp. 133—135.

Nor were the sights which he beheld on the march less heart-rending. Each slave, for a considerable time, at any rate, marched in a heavy yoke, or "taming stick," weighing from thirty to forty pounds, and, in addition, was required to carry a load on the head. Often did he come across slaves tied by the neck to trees, and dead, having been thus left by their masters, because unable to keep up in the march; and, at other times, he found them dead in the path, having been killed for the same reason, whilst, when on the great slave routes, he was continually wearied with the sight of skulls and bones scattered about everywhere. Almost do tears unbidden flow when we read a statement like the following:—

"The strangest disease I have seen in this country seems really

to be broken-heartedness, and it attacks free men who have been captured and made slaves. My attention was drawn to it when the elder brother of Syde bin Habil was killed in Rua by a night attack, from a spear being pitched through his tent into his side. Syde then vowed vengeance for the blood of his brother, and assaulted all he could find, killing the elders, and making the young men captives. He had secured a very large number, and they endured the chains until they saw the broad River Lualaba flow between them and their free homes; they then lost heart. Twenty-one were now unchained as being safe; however, all ran away at once; but eight, with many others still in chains, died in three days after crossing. They ascribed their only pain to the heart, and placed the hand correctly on the spot, though many think that the organ stands high up under the breast-bone. Some slaves expressed surprise to me that they should die, seeing they had plenty to eat and no work. One fine boy, of about twelve years, was carried, and when about to expire was kindly laid down on the side of the path, and a hole dug to deposit the body in. He, too, said he had nothing the matter with him, except pain in his heart: as it attacks only the free (who are captured and never slaves), it seems to be really broken hearts of which they die."—Vol. II. p. 93.

Who can wonder that the survivors should cherish feelings of revenge against those who thus made their lives worse than death? There is a fearful, ghastly weirdness in the following incident:—

"Six men came singing, as if they did not feel the weight and degradation of the slave-sticks. I asked the cause of their mirth, and was told that they rejoiced at the idea 'of coming back after death and haunting and killing those who had sold them.' Some of the words I had to inquire about; for instance, the meaning of the words 'to haunt and kill by spirit power;' then it was, 'Oh, you sent me off to Manga (sea-coast), but the yoke is off when I die, and back I shall come to haunt and to kill you.' Then all joined in the chorus, which was the name of each vendor. It told not of fun, but of the bitterness and tears of such as were oppressed, and on the side of the oppressors there was a power: there be higher than they!"—Vol. I. pp. 306, 307.

The effect of all this upon the soul of the great philanthropist was depressing in the extreme. He sought to drive it from his memory, but in vain. The slaving scenes would come up unbidden, and in the dead of night he would start up, horrified by their vividness. His only

refuge was in God. "He that is higher than the highest regardeth." No wonder that, with deepest feeling, he wrote in a letter to the *New York Herald*—and the quotation has been inscribed on the tablet to his memory near his grave in Westminster Abbey:—"All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down on every one—American, English, or Turk—who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

The intense religiousness of Livingstone manifests itself throughout the whole of the "journals." He was not a mere scientific geographer. There was a noble spiritual purpose ever animating his soul, and leading him out to the great work of his life. Of course, as in the case of all men, there were subsidiary influences, but they were all subordinate to the highest. The Sabbath he carefully observed, and always conducted Divine worship with his party. On all special occasions he appears to have looked into his heart and life, and to have re-dedicated himself to God. Though one of the last of men to parade his feelings, he nevertheless made many indicative entries. The following are samples:—

"We now end 1866. It has not been so fruitful or useful as I intended. Will try to do better in 1867, and be better—more gentle and loving; and may the Almighty, to whom I commit my way, bring my desires to pass, and prosper me! Let all the sins of '66 be blotted out for Jesus' sake.

"1st January, 1867.—May He who was full of truth and grace impress His character on mine. Grace—eagerness to show favour; truth—truthfulness, sincerity, honour,—for His mercy's sake."—Vol. I. pp. 168, 169.

"1st January, 1868.—Almighty Father, forgive the sins of the past year, for Thy Son's sake. Help me to be more profitable during this year. If I am to die this year, prepare me for it."—Vol. I. p. 268.

"19th March, 1868. (His birthday.)—Grant, Lord, grace to love Thee more and serve Thee better."—Vol. I. p. 283.

"1st January, 1870.—May the Almighty help me to finish the work in hand, and retire through the Basango before the year is out. Thanks for all last year's loving kindness."—Vol. II. p. 38.

"1st January, 1871.—O Father, help me to finish this work to Thy honour!"—Vol. II. p. 95.

"19th March, 1872.—Birthday. My Jesus, my King, my life, my all; I again dedicate my whole self to Thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that, ere this year is gone, I

may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be. David Livingstone."—Vol. II. p. 174.

"25th December, 1872. (Christmas-day.)—I thank the good Lord for the good gift of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord."—Vol. II. p. 258.

"19th March, 1873. (His last birthday.)—Thanks to the Almighty Preserver of men for sparing me thus far on the journey of life. Can I hope for ultimate success? So many obstacles have arisen. Let not Satan prevail over me, O my good Lord Jesus."—Vol. II. p. 287.

He appears to have cherished an unbroken confidence in God's providential over-ruling, and a submission to all the Divine appointments, though oftentimes he found himself sorely tried. One entry indicates the faith which he apparently cherished throughout the whole of his life.

"We have the protection of an all-embracing Providence, and trust that He, whose care of His people exceeds all that our utmost self-love can attain, will shield us and make our way prosperous."—Vol. I. p. 147.

Nor was the thankfulness of his heart less remarkable than this faith. Like Job of old, he could call God "blessed" even in the midst of direst sorrow and most pinching need. No doubt the secret of all this was a constant study of the Word of God. A brief statement that, when in the Manyema country, he read the Bible through four times, lets in a flood of light on the reality and strength of his religious life. It is a very delightful thing to come across these utterances, after having heard so many fears expressed lest Livingstone should have lost his "first love." No doubt these fears originated in his having exchanged, as many good people thought, the exalted position of a missionary for the far inferior one of a mere explorer. Such a notion is, however, based on a misconception. To use his own words, he resolved, from the very time of his conversion, to devote his life to the alleviation of human misery. This led him to offer himself as a regular missionary. But routine mission work was not that for which he was fitted. He saw he could do better things by opening up the country to Christianity and civilisation; so he resolved to do it. And quite right, too. With the intensest religious spirit, and with a specially religious object, did he serve the tribes of Africa. Making known the degraded children of Ham to the possessors of the Gospel,—advo-

cating the claims of the oppressed,—waging an unceasing war against the oppressor, he exhibited the true mission spirit, and nobly followed the Lord Christ. The deep reverence and affection shown for his memory by the people at large is a striking testimony. Never does the world reverence any man who is unworthy of such reverence. The instinct of the people is always just; and Livingstone, by his unshaken fortitude, his unwavering determination, his lofty purpose, and his deep religiousness, has gathered about his name a high honour and a true affection; and the results of his work are powerfully telling for the good of the sons of Africa, whom he loved so well. Through his efforts the slave trade has received a heavy blow, and right jealously will British people see to it that the treaties which have been entered into shall be kept. So shall the greatest barrier to missionary work be put down, and “the good news” of God shall be diffused throughout a continent blighted by the curse of ages.

ART. III.—*Mémoires pour servir à l'Histoire de mon Temps.*
Par M. Guizot. Paris. 1858—1867.

IN 1805, just seventy years ago, when Napoleon was in the height of his power, there came to Paris a law student of very slender means and modest expectations. He was still indeed but a youth, having been born (at Nîmes) on the 4th of October, 1787; and his hopes, for such is the privilege of boyhood, probably rose higher than his fortunes, and the possibilities of life too were all before him. But hopes and possibilities are not sterling coin, far from it; and an indifferent spectator, judging merely from antecedent circumstance and the average of chances, would have been justified in discounting them at a not very high rate. For the young man had no powerful connections. His family, though respectable, belonged essentially to the middle class. There was no paternal hand to guide and protect him in the outset of his career, as his father, an advocate of repute, had died on the scaffold in the Reign of Terror. He had been educated—excellently, it is true, owing in the main to his own industry,—away from his native country, in Geneva, under foreign influence. And, above all, he was a Protestant, a child of that Reformed Church which, after suffering many things for conscience' sake, had only recently obtained the rights of citizenship in France, and was still an object of dislike both with the sceptical sons of the eighteenth century and the advocates of the Roman Catholic revival. All these things were undoubtedly against him. And yet, notwithstanding every disadvantage, that same student fought his way in after life into the very first rank among his countrymen, both as a writer, an orator, and a statesman. For eighteen years, he, more than any other man, swayed the destinies of France. Even after his fall, his austere confidence in the ultimate triumph of the principles he had advocated remained a power and a standing protest. And when he died, on the 12th of last September, he had indeed “sounded all the depths and shoals of greatness.” It is a career worth studying.

It is a career, we may add, of singular consistency. What M. Guizot was as a young man, that he remained, with but slight modification, as a middle-aged professor

and politician and an aged autobiographer engaged in retrospective vindication of the past. There was never any marked break in the continuity of his opinions; and though, in the strain of party polemics, his conduct may, on one or two occasions, have deviated from the strict line of what in calmer times he would have recognised as his principles, yet the principles themselves remained unchanged. Nor is there, or so it seems to us, any very great difficulty in tracing those principles to their source. The main influences by which his mind was moulded, and the general character of his opinions determined, are not far to seek. Of course there is in all men, and will probably continue to be until positivism has succeeded in deducing every individual from his surroundings and antecedents with the rigour of a syllogism,—there is, we say, a certain something, and often indeed many somethings, that defy critical analysis. The “jungle” of each human soul has unexplored and unexplorable recesses. Even in tracing social phenomena and developments to their causes—as we shall have to repeat when speaking of M. Guizot’s own historical works—it is necessary to take a large element of uncertainty into account: but still there are some men whose character, after every deduction has been made, seems specially referable to ascertainable influences. They may have followed the stream of their own time, or fought against it, but they bear its marks. Their training and the facts of their early life have left indelible traces,—traces sometimes in sculpturesque beauty, and sometimes, it may be, in scars,—but of a general shape and purport easily discernible. And such a man, as we take it, was M. Guizot.

He was born just before the outbreak of the great Revolution. One of his earliest recollections—he was then a lad of six—must have been his father’s death; another his widowed mother’s flight to Geneva. Of her he says incidentally, in one of those rare passages in his *Memoirs* that relate to any family matters, that “a combination of southern vivacity and of a gravity instinct with fervour and piety, constituted the charm as well as the power of her nature.” His education was austere and religious, as befitted his parentage and the genius of the city in which Calvin had lived and taught. Among his peaceful studies must often have re-echoed the murmurs of France against the anarchy of the Revolution, and later, the louder sounds

of Napoleon's cannon. When he began to take part in the intellectual life of Paris, that reaction of the 19th century against the 18th, which is characterised so well in Mr. Mill's autobiography, had already begun. The theories, philosophical, religious, and political, that had led to the immense disasters of the last few years were discredited. Under the powerful influence of Chateaubriand, one of those great writers who seem sometimes to appear on the world's stage with an opportuneness almost dramatic, people were learning to look back at the old historic past and the multifarious beauties of Christianity, and to see that the age of reason was not alone worthy of regard and study. There was a growing distrust of doctrines evolved, like those of Rousseau, for instance, by logical process from a few postulates, and unverified by experience. One of the first literary societies into which the young man obtained a kindly welcome, when, after having tried student life for a short time, and then a private tutorship, he finally, as would appear, devoted himself entirely to writing for the press, was the *salon* of M. Suard. Here the old and the new were agreeably blended. The *salon* itself was a reminiscence of the century that had just expired, of those great *salons* which had played so important a part under the old régime; or perhaps it may be more accurately described as the same institution in a green old age, but fallen upon uncongenial days. M. Suard was an old man, a *littérateur* of the cultivated antique type, delicate and refined in taste, careless of fortune, and almost of fame, tolerant in his judgments, and kind in the courtly old fashion to young aspirants; an intellectual epicurean. And the older *habitués* were like him. The younger, of course, were younger. But why use our own words, when we can see the whole scene through the eyes of a contemporary witness, and so appreciate its humours, as it were, at first hand? The Duc de Broglie—father of the present duke who holds so prominent a place in the French Assembly—was a frequenter of the *salon* at about the same time as M. Guizot, and thus speaks of it:—

“I was introduced to the house of M. Suard, then perpetual secretary of the Academy, where I met the remnants of the society of the eighteenth century, the Abbé Morellet, M. de Boufflers, Garat, M. de Lally Tollendal. It was the time when the crusade against the philosophy of that century was beginning, and when M. de Chateaubriand, M. de Fontanes, M. Joubert, were

inaugurating the era of the literature of the nineteenth. Nothing, considered from this point of view, could be more curiously interesting than the salon of M. and Madame Suard. Influences of a somewhat contradictory nature prevailed, but without any very active explosion. There reigned simultaneously a certain spirit of hostility to the Revolution, and, as it were, the last reverberation of the philosophical spirit of which the Revolution had in certain respects been only the very sad result and fatal consequence. M. Suard was a very amiable old man, of a fine and delicate intellect, liberal and moderate in his views, and open to the new ideas which the reaction was unfolding; but his principal concern was to reproduce in his house one of those brilliant salons in which his own youth had been formed, and in which elegance and politeness went hand in hand with complete liberty of thought and speech."

Long afterwards, when more than thirty years had passed, and M. Guizot was a prominent and very active public man, he still looked back with pleasure to these gatherings of his youth, and spoke cordially and kindly of the pure intellectual spirit, the social amenity and charm that had reigned among the guests.

Of politics there was no very decided colour in the salon of M. Suard. Indeed, under the iron rule of Napoleon, that subject, when broached at all, was generally treated with bated breath, and little birds were much in the habit of carrying the matter. And though, as M. Suard was well known to be a pure dilettante in his interest in public affairs, and quite guiltless of any desire to influence them, he and his friends were allowed to retain something of that old liberty of speech which had tempered the *ancien régime* with epigrams, yet they exercised their freedom with perfect moderation and good taste. If the salon had a political character at all, it was that of constitutionalism; and the traditions of the party who in 1789 would have wished to reform the monarchy, and not to overthrow it, were most prevalent. It was here that M. Guizot made the acquaintance of a lady, Mademoiselle Pauline de Meulan, some fourteen years his senior, whose views were decidedly royalist, and who was an authoress of note. The story goes that once, while she was ill, an unknown benefactor penned the articles which she was incapable of writing,—sending them to her for signature as required,—and that when she recovered, and found out to whom she was indebted for this kindly help—it was of course M. Guizot—she rewarded him with her hand. They were

married in 1812, and though he nowhere in his *Memoirs* speaks of her with the same fervour of love as of her niece, his later wife, and though the venomous press of the Opposition did not in later years spare so goodly a theme as his relations with a wife so much older than himself, yet all evidence shows that the union was one of affection and respect, and blessed with happiness.*

In the same year he was appointed by M. de Fontanes, then Grand Master of the University, to the Assistant Professorship of History in the Academy of Paris, and shortly afterwards to the Professorship of Modern History, a post created expressly for him. To this honour—and considering his years, and comparative political independence, it was a great honour—he was indebted to his literary labours of the last four or five years, comprising a good deal of journalism, some art criticism, a dictionary of synonyms, and, above all, his critical notes on Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, notes which are still republished with English editions of that work, and some papers on education. His first lecture, delivered on the 11th of December, 1812, is curious as containing the germ of the historical method which he afterwards cultivated to the bringing forth of such good fruit. In it he endeavours to show that there is one branch of historical research which is quite sterile; that, as regards individual facts, actions, and characters, it is almost impossible to arrive at the truth, and that, even if we could arrive at any degree of certainty, the result might at best satisfy our curiosity, but would be useless for any other purpose. What therefore he proposes to consider is not this "dead past," as he calls it, but the history "in every age, and at every stage of civilisation, of the leading ideas and of the principles generally accepted, ideas and principles which influenced the generations submitted to their sway either for weal or woe, and then further affected the fate of the generations that came afterwards." If to "ideas" and "principles" be added institutions, we may see in these words the rough sketch, or perhaps, rather, to speak more accurately, the embryo of the *History of Civilisation in Europe and in France*.

Two circumstances deserve to be noticed in connection with M. Guizot's appointment to the chair of history.

* This lady died on the 1st of August, 1827; and in the following year M. Guizot married Mademoiselle Elise Dillon, who died suddenly in 1833.

The first, which, to use his own distinction, as just indicated, is curious merely, and does no more than illustrate his character at the time, was his refusal to comply with M. de Fontanes' suggestion that he should insert a eulogy of the Emperor in his first discourse, a refusal of which M. de Fontanes, be it said to his honour, accepted the responsibility with the best grace in the world. The second, which cannot but have greatly contributed to the definite formation of his opinions, and determined his political relations for life, was his introduction to M. Royer-Collard, then Professor of the History of Philosophy and Dean of the Faculty of Arts. The two men were in many respects very similar in character and intellect, M. Royer-Collard being perhaps more original and profound, as M. Guizot was unquestionably more versatile, active, and ambitious.

"I was much younger than he," says the latter; "he lived in great retirement, and saw only a few intimate friends; we were something new each for the other, and felt a mutual attraction. He was a man who belonged not to the old *régime* but to the old times, and on whose mind the Revolution had exercised an educational but not overmastering influence. He judged it, its principles, its acts, and its actors, with severe independence, though without deserting the national cause. An admirably free and elevated spirit, full of firm good sense, rather original than inventive, rather deep than broad, rather qualified to carry out one idea perfectly than to combine many: too full of himself, and yet exercising singular influence over others by the imperious gravity of his reasoning, and his skill in irradiating forms of speech which were sometimes a little too solemn with the sudden flashes of a powerful imagination habitually excited by very strong impressions. Before being called to teach philosophy, he had never made it his special study, or the chief object of his attention, neither had he played any important part in our political vicissitudes from 1789 to 1814, or openly espoused the cause of any party. But he had in his youth, under the influence of the traditions of Port Royal, received a strong classical and Christian education; and under the Directory, after the Reign of Terror, he had joined the small Royalist Committee which corresponded with Louis XVIII., not for the purpose of conspiring, but in order to enlighten that prince as regards the true state of the country, and to give him advice that should be as salutary for France as for the house of Bourbon, if ever it so happened that France and the house of Bourbon were one day to be reunited. He was a spiritualist in philosophy, and a royalist in politics. To restore the soul in man, and the reign of right in

the Government, such was the great thought and object of his modestly spent life."

This leads us, in our sketch of the earlier part of M. Guizot's career, to the year 1814, and the first fall of Napoleon. That event opened to him the doors of public life; and if to the influences already enumerated we add the anguish caused in any Frenchman's breast by the sight of the occupation of French soil by the allies, a keen appreciation of the blessings of peace, and a strong feeling of repugnance for the Imperial despotism, we shall be in a position to form some estimate both of the man himself, and of the part he was likely to play in the great drama of French history during the next thirty-two years.

To recapitulate: The new Secretary-General in the Ministry for Home Affairs—for such was the appointment conferred upon him on the restoration of the Bourbons—was essentially a member of the middle-class, the old "third estate." He had inherited none of that wild hatred for the nobility, and in a less degree for the monarchy, which many generations of oppression and wrong had developed among the people. He had felt, through those dearest to him, the worst tyranny of the multitude when its passions were unchained; and the hideous spectre of anarchy haunted him continually. The direction of his studies, and the spirit of the time, had led him to look into the past for the roots of the present, to distrust all mushroom growths, all political institutions founded merely on reason, and to desire strongly to re-establish the continuity of French history. On the other hand, the great and pure conquests of the Revolution—liberty of conscience, toleration in religious matters, the equality of all citizens before the law, the abolition of feudal privileges and monopolies, the principle that the country should, in some manner, have a voice in the management of its own affairs—these were dear to his heart. He was a royalist, therefore, both by tradition and conviction, but a constitutional royalist, whose essential desire was to pursue a *via media* between despotism and democracy. And looked at in this light, his political career becomes greatly simplified. The first part, from 1814 to 1830, was a long battle against the absolutist reaction, against the influence of the old *noblesse*,—who, in too many cases, had neither forgotten nor learnt anything during their years of exile, and confounded all the works

of the Revolution, good and bad, in one common execration,—against the poor schemes of that weak, ill-advised monarch, Charles X. The second part, from 1830 to 1848, was a fierce struggle against the democratic and republican traditions of that same Revolution. In both campaigns—in the first, in which he was popular and disastrously successful, as in the second, in which he was hated and disastrously defeated—he occupied exactly the same ground. The enemy had changed, but his position remained unaltered. From the same entrenchments he fought either foe.

One word more as to the man himself. From his Huguenot forefathers, and his Protestant education, he had derived—if such a conclusion be not too fanciful—an austere earnestness of spirit, a gravity of mind not characteristic of his countrymen. His tenacity of purpose would have seemed characteristic rather of the northern than of the southern races, to which, however, he of course belonged. His energy was very great, his industry enormous. He had a confidence in himself, born not of vanity, but of great self-respect, which was almost unbounded. “I scarcely know what it is to be in doubt,” he somewhere remarks, “and do not fear responsibility.” “I am by nature an optimist,” he says again; “strife has no terrors for me, and I easily hope for victory.” It was not that he was incapable of seeing any side of a question except his own, and even, in a measure, of doing justice to it. A stolid, narrow-mindedness could never be imputed to him. But though he followed his opponents’ meaning far enough to understand their point of view, it was almost always rather with a polemical purpose than for his own instruction and guidance. His own opinions were too closely welded together, too homogeneous, to lose many chance splinters in their collision with the opinions of others. And such was the man who definitely accepted office—a subordinate one, it is true—under the restored Bourbons.

From the first the service cannot have been altogether pleasant, and it was certainly, as events proved, precarious. Louis XVIII. entered his capital on the 4th of May, 1814, and when he left it again, on the 20th of the following March, fleeing like a shadow at the mere approach of his rival, it was after a course of government pre-eminently unpopular. Even making every allowance for the enormous difficulty of holding the scales of justice evenly

between the old France and the new, then first re-united, it cannot be said that all had been done that could be done. Nevertheless, M. Guizot did not retain his office under Napoleon, though anyone less scrupulous might fairly have regarded his functions as rather administrative than political. He returned to the duties of his professorship; but did not long remain a mere passive spectator of events. The European powers, assembled in congress at Vienna, had had enough of the Empire, and were determined to make no terms with the usurper; but there was some danger lest, judging from the experience of the last few months, they should lose all confidence in the capacity of the Bourbons for governing France. This was a danger which the little group of constitutional royalists, assembled under the leadership of M. Royer-Collard, could not but anticipate with very great alarm. They determined to send one of their number to Ghent, where Louis XVIII. was then holding his exiled but expectant court, in order to urge on him the necessity of frankly accepting the position of a liberal and constitutional monarch, and dismissing his unpopular favourite, M. de Blacas. M. Guizot was the youngest of the band, and the most readily available for the service, and he accepted the mission, though, as he says, it was not desirable in itself, and though he had sufficient foresight to perceive what a terrible weapon he was placing in the hands of any political enemy in the future.

He left Paris on the 23rd of May, 1815, less than a month before Waterloo, and reached Ghent without difficulty. Here he found the court in much the same condition as most exiled courts have appeared in the eyes of moderate spectators. The King, indeed, was himself reasonably disposed; and Chateaubriand advocated a sane and liberal policy, with his usual eloquence. But the absolutist party, headed by the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X., were greatly in the ascendant, and gave themselves up to the idlest dreaming and the most pernicious of intrigues. M. Guizot had a long interview with the King, who left upon his mind the impression that "he was almost equally incapable of the mistakes that ruin, and of the successes that found, the future of royal races." He had also a very frank interview with M. de Blacas. And then he waited in sorrow and bitterness of spirit for the issue of the great conflict engaged in between Napoleon and the European powers.

"It was a situation that was full of anguish," he says in a very characteristic passage of his autobiography, "and one which I accepted to serve the cause I then thought, and still think, to be the right one, but of which all the sadness was present with me at every hour of the day. I shall not stop to describe my feelings; nothing is more foreign to my nature than to make a show of my own heart, especially when I know that many of those who hear me will be either unwilling or unable to understand or to believe me. I entertain no feeling of resentment against mankind, either on account of their misapprehensions or their invectives. These are the conditions of public life; but I do not feel it any part of my duty to enter into any vain controversies respecting myself, and I know how to wait for justice without asking for it."

The battle of Waterloo put an end to this season of terrible expectancy, and on the 23rd of June he followed the King back to Paris.

We cannot, of course, follow the history of the Restoration in all its phases. The first Chamber elected after the King's return was, like Charles the Second's first House of Commons, very monarchical and very reactionary. It was, indeed, more monarchical than the King; and the Duc de Richelieu's cabinet, after striving vainly, with the help of the moderate section, led chiefly by M. Royer-Collard, to stem the flow of the tide, appealed to the country on the 5th September, 1816. The new Chamber, though possessing a strong fanatical party, was decidedly more liberal; and for some time the Government, first under the Duke, and then, when he himself had grown terrified at the advance of liberalism, under M. Decazes, succeeded in pursuing a course which, considering the very great difficulties of the time, was creditable and conciliatory. But in 1819 two events came to fan the spirit of reaction, and blow moderation to the winds. On the 11th of September a regicide, or quasi-regicide, M. Grégoire, who had approved of the death of Louis XVI., was elected for Grenoble; and on the 13th of February, 1820, the Duc de Berri, the son of the King's brother, and next to his father in the line of succession, was assassinated as he was leaving the opera. A new electoral law, circumscribing the suffrage, was the result. The partisans of the old *régime* were triumphant. M. Guizot's friends, who had opposed the law, were relegated to the cold shade of the Opposition, and he, at the same time (17th June, 1820), lost the post of "Councillor

of State," which he had hitherto held, and which he says that he would, in any case, have resigned. Henceforward, except during the short ministry of M. de Martignac, the government remained entirely in the hands of the reactionary party, but with this difference in the earlier and later stages—that so long as Louis XVIII. lived, that government was strictly constitutional, while under Charles X. it sank deeper and deeper into arbitrariness and illegality. For the former, though not a great king or statesman, was a man of sense, and anything but a fanatic in politics or religion; while the latter was a bigot in both. When M. de Martignac's cabinet was defeated in 1829, because, while going too far for the King and the reactionists, it did not sufficiently satisfy the aspirations of a liberal majority, he delegated the task of forming a new ministry to a man well known for his anti-popular opinions, M. de Polignac. Another parliamentary defeat, and then a dissolution, was the result. The members of the Opposition were all re-elected, and the liberal party had gained many seats besides. Then came the famous *Ordonnances* of the 25th of July, 1830, by which the King set himself above the constitution, and France was thrown once more into the furnace of revolution. On the 16th of the following month, Charles X., deposed and an exile, embarked at Cherbourg for England.

In the earlier of these events, M. de Guizot had taken no very active public part. The office of "Councillor of State," which, as we have seen, he held up to June, 1820, was one for which there is no precise equivalent in England. Perhaps a Privy Councillorship would approach most near to it, but with these differences, that the Privy Councillor is unpaid, and is not habitually called upon to take part in framing and debating projected measures. Indeed, in addition to such duties, it had occasionally devolved on M. Guizot, though not himself a member, to support the proposals of the Government in the Chamber—an arrangement which, as he truly remarks, denoted the infancy of representative institutions. But if such functions were onerous and important, and formed a most fitting introduction to a knowledge of the mechanism of politics, they were of a somewhat subordinate nature. They might lead to much—they might also lead to nothing; and little as M. de Serre, the then minister, intended it, he did M. Guizot a good turn when he re-

warded his independence in the Council by dismissal. Freed from the necessity of spending daily time and thought in administrative and legislative details, spurred onward by the necessities of life, the future historian had both leisure to collect himself together for great and enduring work, and, even apart from native energy, a ready stimulus for his toil. Without this enforced rest, the *History of Civilisation in Europe and in France* would, probably, never have been written.

Leaving Paris almost immediately, M. Guizot retired to a country house at Meulan, kindly placed at his disposal by a friend, and there, happy in the society of his wife and child, and the surroundings of a peaceful country life, he recommenced his literary labours. The first-fruits of his leisure was a book *On the Government of France since the Restoration, and on the Present Ministry*, in which he advocated the liberal cause with great energy, attacking the pretensions of the nobility, and advocating the claim of the middle-class to a fair share of power. His maturer judgment on this work, given when he had himself held the difficult reins of government, was that it was crude and too absolute in tone, but not untrue. Then, at the end of the same year, 1820, he took up again the duties of his professorship, and gave a course of lectures on the *History of the Origins of Representative Governments in Europe*.* While this course was in progress, he published a work in the following year (1821), on the *Means of Government and of Opposition in the Present Condition of France*, a work not of mere partisanship, but designed to show that the existing institutions, if properly applied, offered to the Government the necessary means of repressing anarchy, and to the Opposition the legitimate means of resisting oppression. This was followed, at short intervals, by two pamphlets, one on *Conspiracies, and the Penal Law in Political Matters*, and another on *Capital Punishment in Political Matters*, both advocating the cause of moderation and mercy. At this point the Government was roused to retaliation; and though M. Guizot, in his lectures, had studiously avoided all allusions to current political questions, justly considering that they would have been out of place in the halls of a university, yet his course was suspended on the 12th of October, 1822; nor was it resumed till

* Published by M. Guizot in 1851.

six years later, under the milder sway of M. de Martignac. Into the labours of these six years we will not enter particularly, save to say that he helped his friends at this time to found the *Globe*, a paper which exercised a very great influence during the last few years of the Restoration, occupying much the same position in literature between the contending classical and romantic factions, that the *doctrinaires* themselves, as M. Royer-Collard's adherents were called, occupied between the radicals and aristocrats. Among the editors and contributors were Guizot himself, Cousin, Jouffroy, and De Broglie. Its pages were the arena in which Sainte-Beuve first began to acquire his admirable skill in pen-fence. Goethe, the old sage of Weimar, in one of his interviews with Eckermann, said of its literary staff: "They are men of the world, lively, clear-witted, and bold to a very high degree. They have a manner of expressing disapprobation, which is fine and courteous. Our learned men in Germany always consider it quite indispensable to hate a person if they don't happen to agree with him. I rank the *Globe* among the most interesting of newspapers, and could not now do without it."

But M. Guizot's great work, his *magnum opus*, the *History of Civilisation in Europe and in France*, was yet to come. That history formed the substance of the courses of lectures delivered in the years 1828, 1829, and 1830, when the Government interdict issued against the professor had been tardily withdrawn. M. Villemain was lecturing at the same time on literature, and M. Cousin on philosophy. A splendid intellectual enthusiasm prevailed. It was the birth-time of new schools in all the departments of letters. The lecture halls of the three professors were crowded with eager youths, and with interested listeners no longer young. M. Guizot might well retain ever afterwards a proud remembrance of these days. He was fully justified in saying that they formed a period in his life, and even, "if he might be allowed to say so," marked a moment when he had influenced the thought of his country.

Not that there is any sign of agitation, any disturbing wind of passion in the lectures themselves. They breathe a high philosophic calm, an austere impartiality that is far from being that of indifference. The grasp of the subject is wonderfully firm and comprehensive. We have already spoken of the spirit in which M. Guizot approached

the study of history. With knowledge larger and more matured, he here develops his theory. Discarding the narrative of events, and the merely chronological sequence of facts, he strives to unravel the tangled skein of modern civilisation, following the individual threads downward from antiquity and the Middle Ages. Why are our institutions, political and social, so complicated as compared with those of the ancient commonwealths? Whence are the various elements in those institutions derived? What do we owe to the Roman Empire, to the Church, to the Barbarians, to Feudalism, to the Monarchy, to the People—what to events of great and lasting importance, like the Crusades, the Renaissance, the Reformation? Such are a few of the questions raised, and discussed with a learning, temperance, and lucidity that are truly admirable. It is impossible not to admire the mind that has educed order from such a mighty chaos of facts, that has compelled the great Babel of the past to speak in clear and intelligible language. Of course we are quite prepared to admit that the method employed has its dangers—all methods have. God's chain of cause and effects is oftentimes too intricate for man's unravelling; and if in M. Guizot's innumerable explanations of the why and how, we come occasionally on one that seems doubtful and inconclusive,—that is almost inevitable. But hazardous hypothesis never takes the place of sound induction, as is occasionally the case with his followers. He never reminds us—and M. Taine sometimes does—that a taste and talent for explanation may degenerate into a mania. He never produces the familiar German impression that he is evolving all, causes and consequences together, from his own moral consciousness.

It has been objected to M. Guizot's historical works, and the remark applies equally to all his other works, that he is the least graphic of writers. He does not succeed, indeed he scarcely ever tries, to present to the eye a visible picture of any event or scene. For characteristic detail he cares not at all. Unlike the old chroniclers, such as Froissart, he sees no charm whatever in the pageantry of great events, their outward pomp and circumstance. Unlike M. Michelet and Mr. Carlyle, he has no eye for the play of strongly marked character, for the dramatic passionate aspect of the life of individual men or of multitudes, for the picturesquenesses and striking *chiaroscuro* of history. He does not paint in Lord Macaulay's

brilliant emphatic manner, or with his perfect knowledge of the art of scenic grouping. Take, for instance, a scene of which he had himself been a spectator,—one calculated to produce the strongest, most vivid impression upon his mind. The infernal attempt of Fieschi to assassinate Louis-Philippe during a review had just taken place :—

“The news,” says M. Guizot, “was brought to us at the *Chancellerie*, in the Place Vendôme, at the same time that it reached the Tuileries ; but the accounts of the attempted crime were still obscure, and the uncertain rumours already spread respecting the number of the victims, the prolonged absence of the King and his suite, entertained and redoubled the alarm ; the halls of the *Chancellerie* were full of women, the wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of those who accompanied the King ; on all sides people were hurrying to and fro, asking for news, or bringing it. Who was dead ? Who was wounded ? What had happened during the review, which had not been interrupted ? The Duchesse de Broglie arrived, seeking her husband ; the Queen threw herself into her arms, choking down her tears with great difficulty. That royal society was a prey to all the terrors, to all the anguish which the human heart can feel, and no one yet knew what would be the measure of his own sorrows. The whole truth in all its details—cruel for some, and comforting for others—was at last known. The review being ended, the King arrived at the *Chancellerie* with his escort. Around the royal family, reunited and reassured, people counted up the losses, and repeated the names of eighteen other families, some illustrious, others obscure, a marshal, generals, national guards, workmen, women, a young girl, all struck by the same blow, all a prey to the same misery. After a short interval of rest the King, and the princes his sons, remounted at the doors of the *Chancellerie*.”

Was ever situation more dramatic ? And this is one of M. Guizot's most graphic passages. And yet we have only to think what such a scene would have been in the hands of a writer who aimed at striking and pictorial effect, to see that M. Guizot had no such aim. If he thus describes what took place under his own eyes, it is no wonder that even when dealing with historical periods full of passion, and blood, and grotesque fanaticism—like the Great Rebellion in England for instance—he yet reproduces none of these characteristics in their crude picturesqueness and force, and remains himself calm and unmoved throughout the recital. His book on that subject is a great book, but it is great otherwise.

And here we are led to speak on a question much debated among critics, viz. M. Guizot's style.

"He has never been a writer," says M. Scherer, "or, if you like, he has never been but the first of writers who do not know French. . . . I do not deny that he often comes across some happy expression, that he here and there traces, with a firm hand and a large brush, some good and faithful portrait. But, great heavens! what a want of motion, of colour, of light,—and that even in the finest pages. How dull everything is, and how monotonous! And especially, what a profound want of intelligence of the language!"

And then follow a series of grammatical strictures. To which M. Sainte-Beuve, who seems to have retained, in a degree very unusual with him, something akin to awe before the intellect of his great senior, replies, almost with feeling:—

"What! is it now to be declared that he to whom, without going out of the confines of the *Memoirs*, we owe so many ingenious portraits, so many delicate sketches, is not a writer, nay more, a painter?"

And M. Taine goes very much farther, and becomes, indeed, almost lyrical in his praise. After quoting several passages from the *History of the Great Rebellion*, he says:—"Style and intellect of this temper are not to be met with now. To find his peers, we must go back to Thucydides or Machiavel." Again he calls him a "Protestant Bossuet"—than which there can be no higher praise in a Frenchman's mouth. And yet again he speaks of certain sentences as being like "a restrained and passionate hymn."

Of the style thus vaunted, and thus decried, what shall we venture to say in our turn? This: that just as in M. Guizot's general grouping of facts and events he never aims at the picturesque, so, in his method of writing, he is uniformly *abstract*. He very seldom uses the simple concrete term, the word that comes nearest to the actual fact. His language nearly always implies that a preliminary process of reasoning has been applied to those facts, a kind of deduction made from them. His language in truth consists of such deductions. Take the following passage for instance, selected quite at hap-hazard from the *History of Civilisation*:—

"It must not, however, be believed that a bad principle vitiates an institution radically, or even that it does all the harm

that it contains in its breast. Nothing falsifies history more than logic. When the human mind dwells on an idea, it follows that idea into all its possible consequences, and thinks of it as producing all that in fact it might produce, and then thinks of it in history as accompanied by all that escort of results. But things do not happen in this manner; events are not as rapid in their deductions as the human mind. There is in all things a mixture of good and evil so complete and so invincible, that, wherever you may go, when you penetrate into the deepest elements of society or the soul, you will still find there two orders of facts developing themselves side by side, and striving one against the other, but each unable to exterminate the other. Human nature never goes to the utmost limits either of good or evil."

How many abstract terms have we not here,—*principles, institutions, history, the human mind, good, evil, society, human nature*,—each susceptible of analysis and illustration, each requiring, indeed, a mental effort to decompose and completely follow. If you want to see the opposite method placed in most striking contrast, take any essay of Thackeray's,—how immediately any abstract idea or expression assumes a concrete shape,—what a profusion of fact, simile, illustration, anecdote! Not, of course, that this settles the matter; and we only mention Thackeray as a readily available measure of difference. The real question is whether M. Guizot's want of graphic power, or, at any rate, avoidance of graphic effect, and his use of an abstract phraseology, interfere with the results he wished to obtain; and this is a question that will be variously answered, according to individual bias. We strongly think they do not. His aims were habitually quite other than those of the narrative historian, the literary critic and essayist, or the dramatist and poet. He was emphatically the philosophical historian, grouping facts together merely that he might reduce them to system, and settle their places in the chain of causality. Influences, general laws, the large results of statesmanship, the lessons of time—these he unfolds with a master hand, so that it is a pleasure to follow him, and so that one feels that anecdote and narration would be out of place and an imper-tinence. And as regards language, why he was fairly entitled to take one step forward, as it were, into the terminology of philosophy, and take his stand at that point where the language of common use is nearest to the language of the philosopher. It is a style by no means

devoid of beauties of its own,—grave, pregnant, majestic, eloquent. A style, however, which, in its excellences as in its faults, is rather that of the orator than of the pure *littérateur*. And this, we think, serves to explain points on which M. Scherer's strictures fall heavily. He is, in fact, judging what was, in its essence, *speech*, as if it were pure writing. And this must be our conclusion : that much as M. Guizot wrote, he was really rather a great orator than a great writer, even in his books. The two methods are so different that it is very, very rare for the same man to achieve equal distinction in both—as he who runs may read in Mr. Gladstone's speeches and publications. Take M. Guizot's books for what several of them were, viz. the printed record of an oral delivery, and their seeming defects disappear. And now let us return to political matters.

It was not till the beginning of the year 1830 that the restrictions as to age then in force allowed M. Guizot to obtain a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. He was elected for Lisieux, in Normandy, on the 23rd of January, on the mere strength of his reputation and popularity, and without local connections or personal canvass ; and at the opening of the following session spoke and voted against the Government on the motion for the Address. When the Chamber was dissolved by Charles X., in consequence of its vote on that occasion, he was one of those who, as we have seen, were re-elected to form an increased majority against the unpopular Ministry of M. de Polignac. Then came the fatal *Ordonnances*—one of the most disastrous among the many disastrous governmental Acts in France since the beginning of this century, inasmuch as they at once placed the King outside the pale of law and the constitution, and therefore appeared to justify those who attacked him by unconstitutional means. The revolutionary spirit was quite strong enough without such show of legal colour. What chance had the Monarchy when opposed not only to popular democratic feeling, but also to constitutional right ? The political moderation and self-restraint, which, under such circumstances, would have rested content with legal and moral means of resistance, and have eschewed physical force—the foresight that would have seen that another revolution meant only an increase of the disintegrating force, the further adjournment of a definite polity—these were virtues not to be

expected from the multitude, and scarcely from the moderate liberal leaders. So for the great "three days," from the 27th to the 30th of July, war raged in the streets of Paris; and the chief deputies of the Opposition met, and met again, disorganised and uncertain, some wishing to go forward, some wishing to bring the King to terms, until, as the strife went on, it became evident that no reconciliation with the King was any longer possible, and so many of the members of both Houses as were forthcoming met in their respective Chambers, and requested the Duke of Orleans to assume the functions of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom. The constitutionalists had been powerless to prevent the revolution, or even to direct it in the attack. They proved strong enough to make it follow the precedent of the English Revolution of 1688, and accept as its leader the head of a younger branch of the reigning house, thus baffling the republicans.

In these transactions, M. Guizot took a great and prominent part, and the final result, when once it had become clear that a change of dynasty was inevitable, reflects his spirit and influence more, perhaps, than that of any other man. On the 1st of August he was provisionally appointed by the Duke of Orleans to the very difficult post of Home Minister, and on the 11th of the same month, when the Duke had consented to become Louis-Philippe the First, that appointment was confirmed. Henceforth M. Guizot became one of the best abused men in Europe. Let us examine his situation.

Almost from the beginning of the new reign France divided itself broadly into three political parties. The first corresponded to what we in England should call Conservatives. It was satisfied with the new *régime* and the existing distribution of power; sincerely hoped that the era of revolutions was closed; regarded with a mixture of indignation and alarm the efforts and machinations of those who "wished not well to their Zion;" and considered all liberal concessions merely as arms placed in the hands of their enemies, as mining tools for the destruction of their own strongholds. The second great party was, perhaps, as sincerely attached to the constitutional monarchy and to the King, but differed widely from the first as to the best means of meeting the revolutionary and democratic spirit then abroad. It trusted largely to reforms for the popularisation of the new institutions, would have

extended the suffrage, excluded placemen almost entirely from the Lower House, and, in fact, have desired either to gain the Republicans by such a course of policy, or at any rate to cut the ground from under their feet. The third party, which ceased not to dog the Monarchy of 1830 till its final overthrow, was the party of the irreconcilables, to whom the Government was a thing abominable, to be attacked by all means, constitutional and unconstitutional, peaceable and revolutionary. It consisted for the most part of Republicans and fanatical social dreamers of the democratic class; but to these were joined, for many purposes, the vanquished adherents of preceding forms of government, the Bonapartists and Legitimists. Of these three parties, the party of Resistance, the party of Concession, and the party of Destruction, M. Guizot, we need scarcely say, espoused the first. He followed its fortunes in various capacities, and under varying circumstances, and finally became its undoubted and accredited chief, leading it from parliamentary victory to victory—and ruin.

Into the details of the parliamentary campaigns, which occupy so great a place in the history of France at this time, we cannot enter. The laborious formation of ministries and their disintegration, the measures and counter-measures, the kaleidoscopic shiftings and changes of persons and situations, would require, not an article, but volumes, for their due elucidation. We can but indicate how the King's first Ministry, composed of the leading men who had taken part in the Revolution, came within a few weeks to be split into two opposing factions, between the advocates of concession and reaction; and how the latter, consisting of Casimir Périer, Molé, Dupin, the Duc de Broglie, and M. Guizot himself, retired in favour of Laffitte and the Marquis of Lafayette; how this second Ministry in turn proved powerless against popular disturbances and insurrection, and had to make place for a cabinet of "resistance," under the haughty and unflinching Casimir Périer—a name which recalls a great and noble figure, saddened by a grave mission of doubtful issue, and struck down by death in the very breach; how this event, which happened on the 16th March, 1832, proved the signal for Legitimist and Republican risings and intrigues, and was followed by a kind of ministerial interregnum till the 11th October in the same year, when Marshal Soult succeeded in forming a Government, in which

M. Thiers occupied the Ministry of the Interior, and M. Guizot, who had been giving only an independent support to Casimir Périer, the Ministry of Public Instruction.

It was a post for which he was pre-eminently fitted, both by previous training and habit of mind; and his labours during the next four years for the re-organisation of primary education, the development of secondary and superior education, the encouragement of literary and scientific societies throughout France, and for the furtherance of historical research, are among his purest and least contested titles to public gratitude. These, however, again are matters of which the importance resides chiefly in detail, and we will not enter into them. Nor yet shall we discuss that subsequent, most questioned, and indeed most questionable act of his parliamentary life, when he entered into a coalition with M. Thiers and M. Odilon-Barrot, the leaders of the liberal party, in order to overthrow the Government of M. Molé, his own motive being that that Government was not conservative enough. This was the occasion when the *Journal des Débats*, with which his relations had always been very friendly, said, "You may again have our co-operation—but our respect, never." *Never* is a long word, and it was as usual falsified in this case. But M. Guizot, even in after years, did not perhaps sufficiently understand how, in defeating his immediate adversaries on this occasion, he had contributed to discredit Parliamentary Government itself. Of course a man of his ability is seldom at a loss to find plausible reasons for any course of action. We can only presume that those reasons deceived himself.

In the Government formed by M. Thiers, on the 12th of May, 1839, after the defeat of M. Molé, M. Guizot had no place; but he was offered and accepted the English ambassadorship—then of unusual importance, owing to the troubles in the East, excited by the ambition of Mehemet Ali—and started for his new post on the 25th of the following February.

Here again, as in the Ministry of Public Instruction, M. Guizot was in a situation for which he had obvious qualifications. He had never, it is true, been in England before, but his fame as a historian, his Protestantism, his appreciative studies of English institutions, the zeal with which he was endeavouring to foster the growth of similar institutions in France, the distaste he was known to enter-

tain for a warlike policy, his affection for the English alliance—were so many titles to a cordial reception. Nor did that reception fail him; nor did he, on the other hand, fail to take a large and sympathetic view of the society into which he was thus suddenly introduced. Thirty-five years are a long time, more than the passing of a generation, and it is already with a feeling akin to the stirring of dead rose-leaves that one reads the pages in which his reminiscences are enshrined. For the Queen was then in the young days of her married life; the half political, half literary, and wholly charming hospitalities of Holland House, where host and hostess, the company and its surroundings, were all in such perfect harmony, had not yet become a far tradition. M. Guizot could still visit the Abbey under the guidance of Macaulay, and gather up that wealth of knowledge which a marvellous memory turned so readily into current coin. He could still meet Sidney Smith—with a little too much of the professional jester according to his taste—and Lord Jeffrey, at the same table; and enjoy, partly amused and partly edified, the sincere eccentricities of Archbishop Whately; and talk of old-world matters with the Miss Berrys; of philanthropy and religion with Mrs. Fry; of history with Grote and Milman, and his own fast friend Hallam; of politics with Lord Melbourne and Peel, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and Lord Lyndhurst—whose great legal knowledge is but now lost to us. What a past page of English life it all seems, and how times change.

We have purposely omitted to include M. Guizot's relations with Lord Palmerston under our image of the dead rose-leaves, for it is quite clear that neither then, nor at any future time, did there exist any cordial feeling between the ambassador and the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. It is true that Lord Palmerston was not in 1840 the genial old man, wielding his power with such a light and dexterous hand, whom we all know in later years, but a somewhat dogmatic and overbearing diplomatist. It is possible also that, in his chief negotiations with the French Government, he may have too easily jeopardised the French alliance, and not have acted quite openly. But in the Eastern question—in the main question, we mean—the French Government, Ministers, and ambassador together, were, as M. Guizot is constrained to admit, hopelessly in the wrong. Both France and England, and indeed all the

European powers, with the presumable exception of Russia, wished to maintain the Ottoman Empire. For this purpose they all, excepting France, thought it necessary that the Porte's turbulent vassal, Mehemet Ali, should be driven out of Syria, into which he had advanced. The French, however, moved in part no doubt by a desire of influence in Egypt, considered that he was too strong to be dispossessed without such a struggle as would crumble up the Sultan's decaying empire. Events completely falsified this view. Mehemet Ali's power collapsed almost at the first blow. A great explosion of warlike feeling in France was the result. The Ministry of M. Thiers proposed for the King's acceptance a royal speech which had in it the perspective of war. The King, whose early experience had taught him a lesson of peace—for which the world has not, perhaps, been sufficiently grateful to him—refused his consent; and on the 29th of October, 1840, M. Guizot came into power, at the head of a strong Conservative Ministry, which fell only with the monarchy itself.

As that Ministry was established on a question of foreign policy, we will say a word of its relations with foreign powers, and especially with England, before we pass on to the more engrossing topic of internal administration. The chief questions of foreign politics with which M. Guizot had to deal, were the Eastern question, the question of the Right of Search, as an instrument for the repression of the slave trade, the Pritchard affair, the Spanish marriages, and the liberal reforms in the Papal States. In all these matters, except the last, England was very greatly interested, and, considering the amount of exasperated feeling excited on both sides of the Channel with respect to the four first, it was greatly to the credit of M. Guizot and of Louis-Philippe, that they steered clear of war; greatly to the credit also of Lord Aberdeen, then Foreign Secretary;—and considering further how terribly the pacific tendencies of the French Government were turned into a weapon of offence against them, not only then, but in after times, and by men who ought to have been superior to national jealousy; and also how that conciliatoriness of spirit which enabled Lord Aberdeen to enter into the difficulties of the French position served only at a future time to encourage the Emperor Nicolas to undertake the Russian war—it is enough to make one despair of moderation and good sense

in international matters. But this by the way. The Spanish marriages stand on a different footing. We will not discuss them, because the time has even yet scarcely arrived when they can be discussed with full knowledge and perfect propriety, without prejudice; but we will, at any rate, say this, that, even on M. Guizot's own showing, the game was by no means worth the candle. The marriage of the two Bourbon princes with the Spanish queen and her sister has done nothing to secure the influence of France in Spain. And the amount of odium which the transaction excited, and the utter sacrifice of the cordial alliance with England it entailed, would have outweighed the benefit of any such influence a thousand times. Even excluding the idea of wrong, it was a great blunder. As regards the reform of the Papacy, we seem, indeed, far removed from the time when Pius IX. was looked upon at Rome as a dangerous liberal innovator. But so it was, and the impulse he then followed was that of M. Guizot, the Protestant Prime Minister of France. For M. Guizot then, and afterwards, took a politician's view of the Papacy rather than a theologian's, and wished to reform the temporal power, for the purpose of preserving it. He seems to have considered its existence as a guarantee of moderation in the exercise of the Pope's spiritual functions.

And now of the last act in the drama of Louis-Philippe's reign, what shall we say? M. Guizot's Ministry was formed, as we have seen, on the 29th of October, 1840. It fell on the 23rd of February, 1848. If we listen to the utterances of its opponents at the time, whether of those who hated the monarchy itself, or of those who hated the Minister, it lived during those seven years by a system of organised corruption, by appealing exclusively to the basest, most selfish feelings of a limited body of electors, by exercising the most unblushing influence over their representatives. It sapped the political morality of the country. It steadfastly refused to consider every reform, however salutary and seemingly imperative. It did absolutely nothing for the general good. It was overbearing, tyrannical, in all but the name a despotism of the worst sort. And to these party amenities—of which we are quoting only the more respectable, which do not bear upon some point of personal morality—the Republicans added that the King was a monster of duplicity, and his Minister a willing tool. All these things one may read in the litera-

ture of the time. They found an English voice in the *Westminster Review* for April, 1849; and the article may be found in Mr. Mill's *Dissertations and Discussions*. It is in that somewhat thin and querulous manner which characterised his utterances when he spoke as a partisan.

Is this all quite true? We trow not. Some, indeed, of the men who held such language, and those not the least respectable, came in later years, under the different rule of Louis Napoleon, to acknowledge how exaggerated it had been. And it is sadly instructive to see, in a man like Lacordaire for instance, what a revulsion of feeling there afterwards was in favour of the older Government.

Let us examine the attitude of M. Guizot's Ministry, remembering what we have already said of his previous career, and especially of the bent of his earlier life.

When he assumed the reins of government in 1840, the constant popular risings and attempts at assassination that had marked the earlier years of Louis-Philippe's reign had well-nigh come to an end. But the revolutionary spirit was far from dead. It was couchant and perfectly ready for a spring. And he knew this, knew it as a man whose father had perished on the scaffold, whose hatred of all the doctrines of pure democracy has a lifelong feeling, knows such things. He knew that behind the Constitutional opposition there was a Republican opposition, and behind that again, wave on wave, all kinds of oppositions—Legitimist, anarchical, Socialist, full of the wildest aspirations and deadliest nostrums for the regeneration of mankind. Now in order to meet these disintegrating forces, and to do it by constitutional means, which alone he was willing to employ, what resources had he? He had, of course, the support of the King—which, however, from the very nature of the case, and from the imprudence with which the monarch, and, alas, the Minister also, made a show of uniting their interests, was perhaps a source of weakness rather than of strength. But he had above all the support of the middle classes as represented in the quarter of a million electors who exercised the suffrage, and in the majority of the 459 members returned by them. Doubtless that electoral body was small as compared with the population of France. Doubtless, also, the proportion of members who in one form or another received emoluments from the public purse—there were at one time as many as 149—was enormous. Perfectly incorruptible himself, M. Guizot may

not always have been sufficiently scrupulous as regards the character of his instruments. But what wonder if in view of the difficulties against which he had to contend, and the dangers he saw looming in the future, he hesitated to disorganise the only Conservative force he had under his hand, and trust to a new electoral body of unknown tendencies? *That*, at any rate, he thought was not the time for radical change.

Of course it is a ready answer that his system failed. But would the system of the Constitutional opposition have succeeded better? Mrs. Oliphant, in her *Life of Montalembert*—a life written with that genial clear-sightedness which belongs to Charity in the Scriptural sense—speaks of her hero as opposing the Government like an English statesman or party leader. He may have meant to adopt this attitude. Circumstances rendered it impossible. Opposition in the English sense can only be of value when there is not only a common basis of agreement underlying superficial differences, but also when the essential institutions of the Government are practically beyond discussion. Otherwise systematic opposition tells against those institutions themselves. We venture to doubt whether the reforms demanded by M. Thiers and Odilon-Barrot would have succeeded in doing anything more than alienating and disorganising the Conservatives.

Whatever be the judgment on this point, there is no room for question as regards the oratorical power and skill as a mere party leader displayed by M. Guizot during his seven years of office. Here the testimony is unimpeachable. M. Victor Hugo, an arch democrat, in one of the most splendidly rhetorical of his splendid passages speaks of him and his great rival Thiers, as representing "strength" and "skill" respectively. M. Sainte-Beuve, even when holding a brief for the Empire, could not, as the great critic that he was, forbear to give his tribute of admiration to that puissant eloquence. It is said of Madame Rachel, the actress, that once after hearing him speak, she exclaimed that she should like to take part in a tragedy with him. Nor do his published speeches belie these contemporary impressions. We have already said that his style, even in his books, is oratorical rather than literary; his oratory is natural and singularly powerful. It is massive and ready—neither imaginative, pathetic, nor winning, but cogent, felicitous in its marshalling of

fact and argument, and full of a kind of austere moral grandeur. As we read the records of those stormy scenes in the French Assembly, we cannot but appreciate the power of the man; we cannot but understand how his enemies feared and hated him. He scathes them with his haughty scorn. "It has been said," he observes, "that I took pleasure in braving unpopularity. That is a mistake; I never gave it a thought." And one feels how his excited and angry opponents, when baiting him at tribune,* must have writhed before such shafts of flame as his declaration that "they might heap together as they would their wrath, their insults, and their calumnies; they would never raise them to the level of his contempt."

Yes, in the Chambers he was master of the situation. Each debate was a victory. But outside the walls the tempest muttered louder and louder. Every form of discontent had a voice. Reform banquets were held all over the country—then in Paris. The Government questioned their legality. Then came popular risings. The King, at the instigation of the Queen, requested M. Guizot to resign, though his parliamentary majority was untouched. But it was too late. No change of Ministry could then avail, if it could ever have availed, to save the Monarchy. "Blood and iron," and not a Ministerial crisis, were the required weapons against such a revolution. M. Thiers and M. Odilon-Barrot failed; and within a very few days of the 23rd of February, 1848, when he resigned, M. Guizot and his royal master were compelled to seek a refuge in England.

He did not occupy it long. Before many months were over he was back in Paris, and even made some attempt to get re-elected for the National Assembly. But it was not to be. His active political career was at an end. The remaining six-and-twenty years of his long life were spent partly at his country house of Val Richer in Normandy, surrounded by children and grandchildren, amid those family pleasures that had always had so great a charm for him; partly in prolonged literary labours that would have daunted many younger men; partly in fighting the battles of orthodoxy in the French Reformed Church with tongue and pen; partly in uplifting the standard of Christianity before an unbelieving generation; and partly

* The stage from which French members speak.

in preparing for that hereafter to which no one ever looked forward with more firm and devout faith. On all these points there is much that might be said. We might show how the man who seemed to be, and indeed was, so stern and unbending in public life, was true and devoted in his friendships, and gentle and loving in all his family relationships, gathering the young ones around him to the last, and giving them, by word of mouth, from the rich stores of his knowledge, that history of France which is now being published as his last work. We might add to the catalogue, already very large, of his earlier writings, which comprises, besides those to which we have already referred, a laborious translation of Shakespeare into French prose, a life of Corneille, a long life of Washington undertaken at the request of the Americans, several books on English history, and many more—to these we might add a critical catalogue of his later productions—the *Memoirs*, from which we have so often quoted, the *Life of Sir Robert Peel*, the *Speeches at the French Academy*, the collected Political Speeches, numerous essays, political, historical, and biographical, the *Meditations on the Christian Religion*, and again many more. We might too—and surely the study would be most interesting—follow the various incidents in the struggle in the *Consistoire* of the Church of Paris against the Liberal party as represented by M. Athanase Coquerel—a struggle in which M. Guizot took so conspicuous a part; and listen to the grand old man's latest words in the Synod of 1872.

But this last subject has been recently treated in our columns, and we will not return to it. Nor will we dwell upon the other topics, however alluring. Though these later years formed a fitting crown to the career that had preceded them, it is that previous career which established M. Guizot's place among men, and our task is well-nigh ended.

For on the 12th of September last he died at Val Richer, surrounded by those he loved; and when, three days afterwards, the grave closed over all that was mortal of François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, a great figure certainly passed out of the nineteenth century. Yes, a great figure. There are many for whom a character, as viewed on its public side, so austere, so almost devoid of geniality and charm, so purely intellectual and moral, has little attraction, just as there are some critics, too devoted perhaps to the slighter graces of the modern muse, who do not care for

the naked grandeur of Milton's blank verse. We confess that we are not of these. The devotion of a life to a few great ideas, conscientiously believed to be of sovereign value; their pursuit through evil report and through good report; the serene spirit which, even after seeming defeat, and through long years of despotism, and notwithstanding the mining of extreme age, could remain full of hope and unruffled—never speaking but in words of confidence and strength—these are no small thing. It is easy to talk of *Doctrinairism*, of theories elaborated in the study, or crudely borrowed from the practice of foreign nations, and applied to circumstances to which they were inapplicable. The future of France belongs to God alone. Who shall declare it? Nor is that type of statesman so rare which follows the popular voice, and sails ever dexterously with the current, that we should refuse our meed of praise to one who took the trouble to have convictions, and acted upon them with undeviating consistency and courage.

- ART. IV.—1. *The Conscience. Lectures on Casuistry, Delivered in the University of Cambridge.* By F. D. MAURICE. Second Edition. London: Macmillan and Co. 1872.
2. *Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy.* By W. WHEWELL, D.D. A New Edition. Bell and Daldy.
3. *History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne.* By W. E. H. LECKY, M.A. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1869.
4. *Christian Ethics.* By Dr. G. C. ADOLPH VON HARLESS. Translated by the late Rev. A. W. MORRISON. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1868.
5. *Christian Ethics.* By Dr. ADOLF WUTKE, late Professor of Theology at Halle. Translated by JOHN P. LACROIX. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1873.
6. *Christian Ethics.* By H. MARTENSEN, D.D., Bishop of Zealand. Translated by C. SPENCE. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1873.
7. *The Descent of Man.* By C. DARWIN, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: Murray. 1871.

“ANY animal whatever,” says Dr. Darwin, “endowed with well-marked social instincts, would inevitably acquire a moral sense or conscience, as soon as its intellectual powers became as well developed, or nearly so, as in man.”

Now, while repudiating utterly the heresy which underlies this sentence, viz., that all our powers are self-acquired, and that conscience is a mere resultant of the spontaneous activities of the social instincts, we nevertheless believe, with Dr. Darwin, that such a creature as man must of necessity have a conscience. We can very clearly distinguish between pure intellect and emotional susceptibilities; as also between thought and the laws of thought; and between all these and conscience. But thought ungoverned by law would be madness; intellect unstimulated by emotion would be purposeless and dead; and a social intelligence without a conscience would be a contradiction. Its very constitution proclaims it not self-sufficient. It instinctively yearns for the society of beings like itself. Its good, its well-being, its possible contentment and bliss

are thus conditioned, and cannot otherwise be complete. It looks for, and is constantly receiving, help, succour, comfort, and gladness from others, and is prompted by its social nature to minister in its turn to them. But its interests and theirs, its preferences and theirs, its will and theirs, must, in the very nature of things, be perpetually coming into real or apparent collision. Therefore there must be of necessity, in order to preserve the social state, mutual forbearance and concession, and constant individual self-restraint and self-denial. The restraining and conceding power must be within; it must be an elemental law of the volitionating subject, not a constraining force which is exercised from without. Otherwise, all liberty must be destroyed, and the intelligent social state be crushed by external coercion; or a state of strife, conflict, and exterminating war must spring up from within. That is to say, the social life of free intelligent beings, like man, is impossible and inconceivable without conscience.

But to such a creature as man, conscience is also a necessity for internal self-government as well as for the regulation of social conduct. Dr. Darwin has indeed affirmed it to be "obvious that every one may, with an easy conscience, gratify his own desires, if they do not interfere with his social instincts, that is, with the good of others." But surely this overlooks the fact that man is in reality a self-contained microcosm, a little complex world of multitudinous and oftentimes mutually conflicting appetites, desires, and instincts, which, equally with the great social world without, needs the mediating, directing, restraining, and regulating power of conscience. For every one of these inner impulses has a right to a hearing and a response; every one its legitimate sphere of influence and activity; everyone its claim to indulgence and its right to contribute its proportion towards the perfect personal good; and no one of them can be either altogether suppressed or excessively indulged without resulting damage to the whole, though they do oftentimes impel in divergent and even opposite directions. Therefore, the absolute need, within the man himself, of some recognised governing authority.

Nor can there be any difficulty in deciding as to what that ruling power should be. For it is clear that the merely impulsive forces ought to be subject to the rational,

the animal to the spiritual. That in man which adapts him to conquer, subdue, and hold dominion over the whole animal kingdom, ought also of right to bear rule over the animal nature which pertains to himself. For by becoming associated with and subservient to the purposes of a rational and spiritual essence, the physical nature of man is elevated and glorified; whereas the whole person becomes not only debased into the brotherhood of brutes, but plunged into a depth of degradation and guilt, to which they cannot descend, if the intellectual and moral man is surrendered to the domination of the flesh. That, therefore, which in nature lifts man immeasurably above the whole animal kingdom, and which gives him the right and the power of dominion there, ought clearly to bear rule over all the appetites and desires which find a place within his own breast. And this is not a purely rational, but a moral power. It is a power which has to deal sympathetically with the right, and the good, and the true; which does not compel to a certain course of action and internal adjustment by overbearing force, but simply impels thereto by the force of indicated moral obligation; which does not eject liberty by an imperative *must*, but incite to the perfect assertion of liberty by obedience to the *ought*. It is the conscience, which being itself the authoritative indicator of what we ought to be and to do, ought also itself to bear supreme rule within the sphere of personal being.

We further maintain that men generally have an intuitive conviction that, just as the higher and spiritual nature in man, that is, the reason and conscience, ought to bear rule over all the complex interests and impulses which obtain within, securing due subordination of one to another, and so ordering and adjusting the activities of the whole as to secure its proper tribute from every part towards the perfection of the whole, so there is an external supreme Authority and Power, which is infinitely above man,—above the individual conscience, above the general social sentiment, above all human combinations and governments of whatever name,—to which all are under equal obligation, on which all are equally dependent, and from which all have equally derived their being, which has the right to interpose amongst all the complications of individual and social interests, in order to direct, control, regulate, and govern all. To that Power the conscience of every man bears witness as to the ultimate centre of appeal

and the source of final and universal adjudication. And that Power is God.

Our present purpose, however, is to deal with conscience itself, as with that principle, or power, or law in man in virtue of which he attains to a sympathetic perception of the beauty, befittingness, and binding force of the true, the right, and the good in personal activity. No one questions the fact of conscience. In its absence moral distinctions could have no significance. If apprehended at all, it must be with cold indifference. But men everywhere, and that whether they themselves are conformed to the image of righteousness or not, clearly perceive its surpassing excellence, and are deeply moved by its contemplation. Its reproving countenance may move them with a tumult of repelling remorse; or its smile of approbation may draw them nearer to itself by the cords of joyous love; but unmoved, in its unveiled presence, they cannot be; and that because there is in every one of them this power or faculty which we call conscience.

But what is this power? To this question so many, and such different, answers have been given by philosophers, as to tempt one to think that conscience, chameleon-like, must be ever changing its hue, so as to appear to be one thing to one man, but quite a different thing to another, or to question whether, after all, it may not be, as some have indeed maintained, a mere phantom or shadow, without any reality of underlying substance.

There are those who maintain that conscience is not an original faculty or law of the mind, but only an induced or acquired thing. "I know of no fact," says Prof. Bain, "that would prove the existence of any such sentiment (as the conscience, the moral sense, or the sentiment of obligation) in the primitive cast of our mental constitution." "An artificial system of controlling the actions is contrived, adapted to our volitional nature, the system of using pain to deter from particular sorts of conduct." "The feeling drawn out towards those who administer the pain is of the nature of dread; we term it usually the feeling of authority. From first to last this is the essential or defining quality of conscience." That is to say, the dread of punishment for doing certain prohibited things, which so impressed the mind of the child, being kept in habitual activity by, it may be, frequent sensitive experiences of the smart of a rod, takes, at length, such complete possession

of him as that he unconsciously rises from the conception of a human tutor, sharply surveying his school deportment, to that of a great, invisible, Almighty Ruler, who requires abstinence from certain courses of conduct, on pain of an unknown punishment. And this marvellous mental feat is achieved by every man, whether, as a child, he had, or had not, frequent experiences of punishment, and that, albeit, there was no original aptitude for such a conception in "the primitive cast of his mental constitution!" Thus conscience, which is one of the most remarkable possessions of the human mind, which, more than anything beside, distinguishes man from all other terrestrial creatures, and which probably, notwithstanding its many failures, exercises a greater authority in the regulation of human conduct than anything else, has no natural and rightful place in the mental constitution; does not indicate any pre-adjustment of the moral agent to its moral surroundings; has no original relationship to the qualities of right and wrong in moral activity, but is simply the creation of disciplinary education; has nothing more of rightful authority than that which pertains to dread of suffering, and is, therefore, only one particular phase of the sentiment of self-preservation! And so the excruciating remorse which impels the criminal to surrender himself to the officers of justice, is itself nothing more than a fascinating dread of the punishment which they are required by law to inflict! While the joy of a self-approving conscience is but the triumphant mental re-action at having, by self-restraint, escaped from a punishment which otherwise might have been endured! How obvious it is that this educationally-created dread of authority, not only does not serve to successfully explain all the emotional phenomena of conscience, but that it supplies a very halting and inadequate explanation of any of them.

A nearly-related school of philosophers maintains that conscience is not a distinct property or law of the mind, either original or acquired, but simply "an exercise of the judgment in the department of moral duty."* "Conscience," says Locke, "is nothing else but our own opinion, or judgment, of the moral rectitude or probity of our own actions;" and that judgment may proceed upon

* Wardlaw.

doctrines "that have been derived from no better original than the superstition of a nurse, and the authority of an old woman." Now, it is at once conceded that an exercise of judgment is essential to the activity of conscience; that conscience is popularly said to decide so and so, and that the consciences of different men are differently affected towards certain actions, or habits of action, because they judge differently in respect to their moral qualities. Hence, too, we speak of an ignorant, an erroneous, a weak, a scrupulous, and an enlightened conscience. But, notwithstanding all this, we maintain that conscience includes much more than a mere exercise of judgment in matters of morality; and that this is not the thing which men generally mean when they speak of conscience. By itself judgment might be perfectly capable of discriminating the moral qualities of actions; it might actually decide in any number of instances that this or that was right or wrong, and yet be as cold and indifferent, and as little affected by emotions of moral obligation, in respect to those qualities, as though it were deciding upon the height of a mountain or the tint of the sea. Besides, remorse of conscience is not remorse of judgment. Joy of conscience is not joy of judgment. The judgment has touched something else, some principle or law of the moral nature, by which remorse has been kindled or gladness evoked; and that something else, which is an essential constituent of the mind, and which occupies a mediating position between the judgment and the emotion, is the root and essence of conscience.

Again: it is affirmed that conscience is simply an "inherited and persistent instinct." As *inherited*, its special character has been determined by the particular line of descent or ascent by which man has been evolved from a marine ascidian, or something even lower than that, and might have been a very different thing had the line of evolution been different. "If," for instance, "men were reared under precisely the same conditions as hive-bees, there can hardly be a doubt that our unmarried females would, like the worker-bees, think it a sacred duty to kill their brothers, and mothers to kill their fertile daughters; and no one would think of interfering."* Then, as being a *persistent* instinct, that is to say, one which has always

* Darwin.

full and equal power of activity, as distinguished from those which act only periodically, and under special conditions, it produces a state of discomfort and distress when it has been overborne by some of its more transient but impetuous associates; just as a school-boy may feel depressed and disheartened when he has been worsted in either a mental or physical encounter with his fellows. But that does not and cannot account for the sense of guilt, of ill-desert, of just exposure to punishment, on account of yielding to the impulse of the one instinct rather than the other. That surely has its ground in something which is above instinct; unless indeed it be maintained, in opposition to the general sentiment of mankind, that all mental processes and intuitions are merely instinctive. By common consent, that is said to be done by instinct which, however truly rational in itself, is not the result of rational motive in the doer, but of the pressure of certain inherent laws which are stimulated into blind activity by certain physical conditions. Most certainly in that sense the phenomena of conscience are not instinctive.

Closely allied to these are the philosophers who maintain that conscience is "a moral sense," or a special sense for the moral, as there are special senses for touch, smell, taste, sight, and hearing. Thus the peculiar emotions of conscience are not the result of thought, or of a foregoing moral judgment, but are simply sensations produced by contact with moral qualities, which are developed by reflection into *consequent* moral judgments. Hence that in conduct which pleasantly excites this moral sense is thereby known to be right and good, whereas that which gives it pain or inconvenience is wrong. Hence also there can be no necessity to subject anyone to practical moral training, because the natural moral sense, by its own sensations, determines what is the moral quality of actions with unerring certainty. And hence, those who have followed out the theory to its ultimate logical consequences, have maintained openly that "all immorality springs simply from 'civilisation,' and from perverted education;" and that if "the child be simply let alone in its naturalness," and "be guarded against perverting influences, then it will spontaneously develop itself as normally as a tree in a good soil!"* It is true that few of the sensationalists

* Rousseau.

have carried out their moral theories to this extreme. Some have endeavoured to prove that the moral sense is not a sense for that which is pleasing to self (as was maintained by Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, and others), and therefore the centre of a purely selfish system of morality; but a sense for that which is conducive to the good of others, as opposed to mere self-interest (as Hutchinson); while others have apparently raised it into a higher and more spiritual sphere, by comparing it with taste, or the sense for the beautiful. But, not to insist upon a crowd of other fatal objections to this moral-sense theory of conscience,—as that it ought to be invariable, which it is not; to have most intense pain while in actual contact with sin, which it has not; and that the pain ought gradually to fade away with the lapse of time and become entirely obliterated, which it does not,—it is pertinent to inquire, Whence the consciousness of moral obligation? the intuitive conviction that the right and the good ought to be done, not simply because they are pleasant, but because they are right and good? and the peculiar emotions of joy or remorse when that has been done which ought, or ought not, to be done? These surely are things which are the distinguishing criteria of conscience, and which find nothing correspondent in any other sense. Besides, consciousness evinces that the emotional activities of conscience are not sensations; that we do not judge certain actions to be right because they furnish pleasant sensations; but they occasion pleasant emotions because we judge them to be right. A man is convinced, or judges, that he has done wrong, and thereupon suffers remorse; whereas, if the moral-sense theory were correct, he must first suffer remorse, and thence conclude that he must have done wrong.

Others again have maintained that conscience is the mind's "susceptibility of experiencing the emotions of remorse and self-approbation."* If that means simply the mind's susceptibility of experiencing these emotions just in the same sense in which it is susceptible of anger, compassion, or any other affection; if it means that the conscience "is made up of emotions" whose office it is to control or impel the will; then, we apprehend, the definition is both incorrect and inadequate.† It not only takes

* Payne.

† We say "If," because we think it possible that Dr. Payne may have meant something more. In Dr. Wardlaw's *Christian Ethics* (third edition,

no account of those emotional susceptibilities of the conscience which are prospective, and which act upon the will both as impulsive and restraining forces, but it confounds the affections of conscience with conscience itself. A man is susceptible of remorse or self-approbation because he has a conscience, but neither the latent nor the active emotions constitute the conscience. Remorse is not conscience, but *of* conscience; the gladness of self-approbation, for having achieved the good in spite of pressing temptation to evil, is not conscience, but *of* conscience; and other emotions there are which as truly pertain to conscience as these, but which do not, either by themselves, or in association with these, constitute that centre of the personal moral unity which is emphatically the conscience. This is the root out of which they grow; the centre around which they cluster; the cause of which they are but the manifold effects.

Nor do they succeed in bringing forth to light this world-restraining, world-impelling power, who think to reconcile all the varied phenomena of conscience by saying that both "the function of moral discrimination and the susceptibility of consequent emotion, belong to the province of conscience."* That which discriminates in morals must be either a sense, or an instinct, or an exercise of judgment. It is not, as we have seen, either of the former, and therefore must be the latter. But judgment, even when discriminating the qualities of moral actions, is not conscience, but only judgment still; the emotions consequent upon that discrimination are not conscience but remorse, self-approbation, or some kindred affection; and the judgment and emotion when all combined in one comprehensive bundle, do not constitute conscience, but only an array of moral and mental powers and susceptibilities which bear intimate relationship to conscience. Con-

1837), Dr. Payne is quoted as saying that "*by an original law of the mind, self-approbation or self-condemnation arises, as an individual conceives himself innocent or guilty, whether that conviction be well or ill-founded.*" In our copy of Dr. Payne's *Mental and Moral Science* (third edition, 1845), the above sentence reads that "*the mind has been so formed that remorse,*" &c. If Dr. Payne, by that "original law of the mind," meant that in which is given the consciousness of moral obligation; and if the same thing is intended by him in the statement that "conscience is the susceptibility of experiencing the emotions of remorse," &c., then the definition is so far right; but it is nevertheless defective in that it takes no account of the prospective action of this law in impelling to the right and restraining from the wrong.

* Harris.

science, properly so called, does not discriminate and judge,—that pertains to an intellectual power; nor does the judgment, by its own immediate action, evoke the moral emotion; but the judgment being formed and delivered, the conscience is thereby moved into activity, and the appropriate emotion follows. In other words, *conscience is that law of the mind which gives (or contains within itself) "the consciousness of obligation," in all our moral activities, to be loyal to truth, righteousness, and goodness.* Man has no intuitive and infallible power for the immediate perception of that which is right and good in any given case. His knowledge on moral subjects has to be acquired by observation, study, and instruction, just as on all other subjects. Hence he may, on these subjects also, be in ignorance and error, as well as on others. But the peculiarity of his mental constitution is this, that having ascertained the right and the good, his conscience binds him in allegiance to them.

It is in virtue of a law of the mind that we know that nothing can possibly begin to be without a cause; and "that causation includes something more than antecedence and consequence, a mere relation of time," though "causality itself cannot be detected," and "is not a thing to be seen." We do not know what it is; do not know why or how it operates in some given way, producing always, under like conditions, similar results. But we do know that it is there. And even when philosophers, with learned labour, strive to cast doubt upon the whole subject of causality, the utmost which they can possibly accomplish is to make manifest our ignorance as to what it is. Notwithstanding all the haze of sophistry in which they involve both themselves and others, they still believe, and cannot but believe, that every event must have a cause; and that a cause is not a mere unrelated antecedent to the effect, but a potency which produces the result, or upon the activity of which the event is conditioned. The mind is so constituted as to be necessitated to this conclusion; its laws of thought are such as that it cannot believe otherwise. It knows, by immediate intuition, that so it is, and so it must be, always and everywhere. It does not thus know of this and the other thing, first presented to its attention, whether or not they bear to each other the relation of cause and effect; nor, if so, which is cause and which effect. That is a knowledge to be arrived at by ob-

servation and inquiry. But what it does know, without any inquiry or instruction, is that everything which begins to be is a caused thing.

So, too, the mind does not perceive, by intuition, that this, that, or the other course of conduct is right and good, or the contrary; it has to arrive at that concrete knowledge by observation and instruction, or the intelligent application of the moral law; but it does know that, being right and good, it is bound in allegiance to it. It knows this by a law of its own constitution, which never can, by any subterfuge or sophistry, be obliterated or obscured. And this inherent and indestructible law of the mind, in respect to matters of morality and religion, is precisely that principle or power which is properly called conscience. Out of this law, which gives the immediate consciousness of being morally bound in loyalty to righteousness, all the emotional susceptibilities of conscience, both prospective and retrospective, naturally arise. That is their proper ground and cause. Mere discrimination of moral qualities is not their cause; nor is the actual moral judgment arrived at and delivered, their cause. The discriminating judgment is indeed a pre-requisite to the activity of that which is their cause; but, apart from that law of the mind in which the intuition is given that we are morally bound to be righteous and do righteously, the mere moral judgment would awaken none of these emotions.

There are some who have made the mistake of supposing that because conscience is the law of the mind in respect to matters of morality, "a law written on the heart," therefore it must, in its normal state, contain all moral knowledge; a mistake comparable to that of a man who, because the law of the mind, in respect to such matters, is that so soon as it understands mathematical axioms and demonstrations, it cannot but consent to them as true, should thence infer that every human mind contains all mathematical knowledge. Conscience is not the moral law which supplies a clear and authoritative rule of action, but it is the law of the mind in its relation to the moral law. It is not that in which is given the immediate revelation of the objectively right, but that in which is given the consciousness of our personal obligation to the right.

This account of conscience, and this alone, supplies the basis of a natural and consistent explanation of all the

facts involved. It avoids the incongruity of supposing that mankind have, without any concert, either agreed to speak of, and deal with, a whole bundle of diverse intellectual processes and emotional susceptibilities, as though they were only one; or to give to the mere functional exercise of one particular and well-defined intellectual faculty a distinct name, as though it had become a new and independent principle simply by dealing with a particular class of objective facts,—a case to which no parallel or analogy can be supplied. It also escapes from the perplexing difficulty, which presses equally upon those who regard the conscience as being rather a moral sense, or a moral instinct, or a moral law written on the heart, and supplying in itself a test and standard of all moral actions, viz. this: that the deliverances of conscience, in respect to objective moral facts are not uniform, as they surely must be if either of those theories were correct. While the fact that it is the law of the mind in respect to matters of morality and religion, out of which spring up spontaneously and perpetually the consciousness that we are morally bound both to be righteous and to do righteously, accounts for both its prospective restraining and impulsive influence on the will, and for the retrospective emotions of self-approbation and remorse; and also, for its upward reference and appeal to that invisible, all-seeing, all-mighty and absolutely righteous Being who is at once the Author of our constitution, the Lord of conscience, and the Judge of conduct.

And so it has been said, with equal beauty and depth of insight, that “in itself and according to its essence, conscience, as the consciousness of God, would be beyond contradiction the inbeing of God as the True and the Good, around which, as their centre, all the faculties of human nature would revolve in yearning love. It would be in its working on my self-consciousness, it is true, a consciousness of the dependence of my being and my will on a higher being and will; but there would be, as the bond of communion of our nature with God, a consciousness of the unison of my will with the Divine will standing above me. . Such, however, it no longer is.” For in our sinful state “conscience with its demanding ‘shall,’ does not portray to us a friendly light in whose glow we may disport ourselves, but it steps before us as a creditor before his debtor. It is a light that shineth in the darkness—not

perverted by the darkness into a 'shall,' but by this 'shall' (which pertained to it before the darkness was induced) asserting its form and authority against the darkness. For that which I might have felt as a higher relation of my spiritual nature created in me, so as to love and cherish it with the same natural affection as I love, nourish, and cherish my own flesh,—*that I now feel as a power standing over me, with a strange and ever-binding presence. Not, however, that conscience, whether the will of man be conceived of as in unison with God or in opposition to Him, explains to me the nature of the personal will of God, as of a will superior to man's will, in a series of requirements. Conscience is not such an interpreter of the personal will of God or of the Divine law. For this, God had already, before the fall, adopted other means (Gen. ii. 16, 17). But conscience really is the spirit of man, so shaped and organised that this higher relation, innate in the nature of the spirit—if I do not in my personal life allow myself to be carried along, swayed, and led by it—comes upon me as a spiritual power of nature, of unsatisfied hunger, of disappointed longing, of violated shame, subdues me by its power, and makes me to perceive the perverted emancipation of my personal life from the most peculiar and permanent ground of my nature in the consciousness of unsatisfied higher requirements, and accusations not to be gainsaid, and sorrowful condemnation.*"*

Though men may deny and deride the existence of a personal God, who is the Author and the Lord of conscience, if they will, they cannot, by any theory which they may invent and propound, whether that of an evolved instinct, or a subjective moral sense, or a sentiment produced by human authority inflicting punishments, escape from the fact that conscience in all its operations has respect to a superhuman power of some kind. "That which is not allowed a place in our inmost convictions will float about us in fantastic shapes of which we dare not ask whether they bring with them airs from heaven or blasts from hell. Conscience will make cowards of us all if it does not lead us to the source of courage."†

* Harless.

† Maurice.

ART. V.—*The Philosophy of Natural Theology: An Essay in Confutation of the Scepticism of the Present Day, which obtained a Prize at Oxford, Nov. 26th, 1872.* By the Rev. WILLIAM JACKSON, M.A., F.S.A., formerly Fellow of Worcester College, Author of "Positivism," "Right and Wrong," "The Golden Spell," &c. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. 1874.

NATURAL Theology has for its office to investigate "that which may be known of God" apart from Revelation. Like Revealed Theology, it starts from the notion of a God which has always been found among men, the possibility of a self-manifestation which that notion implies, and the distinction between the natural and the supernatural which draws the boundary line between these two provinces of thought. The fundamental axioms of each are therefore the same; so likewise are their processes, viewed in the primitive elements of inductive research and deductive inference. But there is the widest possible difference in the materials on which the labour is expended. Having discovered in actual human experience the notion of a God, Natural Theology pursues it to its origin, and examines its claims to be a native rather than an adventitious possession of the mind. It traces the influence of this notion upon human conduct, and considers how it fits in with the moral principles that regulate that conduct. Turning from the internal to the external world, it examines the frame of nature, to discover what indications it contains of the working of a Power distinct from itself, and what attributes may be predicated of such a Power, as manifested in His handiwork. It compares the results of the two sets of observations, and determines what conclusions may be drawn as to the unity of both internal and external worlds at their source. It professes that a rich measure of success rewards these inquiries, and that though working in entire independence of revelation, in the end it adds its proof to the proposition which revelation has all along assumed, that the Framer of nature and of the mind of man, is also the Fountain of inspiration. For Natural Theology does not

claim to have established a scheme of the Divine government so perfect that no light needs to be shed upon it from above, nor to have discovered such modes of access to the Universal Parent that a propitiation shall no longer be necessary, nor to have found such a remedy for man's woes that there is no longer any need to speak of grace, forgiveness, and eternal life. It may begin by ignoring revelation, but it ends by acknowledging its necessity. The light is clear enough to show man his transgression, but lacks the vivifying power that must transform him into a new creature; it is strong enough to set in bold relief his ruinous condition, but cannot bring health and cure.

The task of revealed theology is also to interpret voices, to collate testimonies, to establish doctrines; but the voices have been uttered through human lips, or, at least, in human speech, the testimonies have been borne to and by living men, the doctrines have been already defined with supernatural distinctness, and a truly human simplicity. The teachings of natural theology are penury itself, compared with the plenitude of truth unfolded by the science that is most truly called Divine. Glorious as are the evidences of the former, the positive results are small in the latter: with an abundance of confirmatory proof there comes a far wealthier abundance of actual manifestation. In the former the successive steps of the demonstration are arduous, and the conclusion imperfect: in the latter it is the affluence of the truth that is embarrassing, and the splendour of the illumination that overpowers the sight.

To speak of revealed theology, then, as founding upon natural, would be to use, to say the least, an inappropriate figure, for what superstructure can be wider or stronger than its base? As appealing to additional evidences, and communicating additional truths, revelation cannot be supposed in any sense dependent on natural theology. So far as the latter can proceed, it coincides with the former; but it would more clearly mark the distinctive characteristics of each, to say that, while springing from a common foundation in first principles, they rise side by side, and lend each other a collateral support. It will then be competent to the believer in revelation to regard natural theology as merely an outlying wing of the temple of Truth. To the unbeliever it will present its own evidences, specially adapted to a mind like his; but if he refuse to

accept them, it will not be lawful for him to say that, with these, the evidences of revealed religion also fall to the ground.

In thus contending for the separateness of these two provinces, we are aware how difficult it is for the Christian Theist, believing as he does that the world has never been without a revelation, to determine where the boundary between the natural and the supernatural should be drawn. The question may be asked, how it is possible, if man has never lacked an oracle, to distinguish between its teachings and those of nature; and the concession may have to be made that there are many secrets of the inner consciousness which were inexplicable till a supernal radiance fell upon them, and many dicta of the moral sense which would never have been pronounced without a Heavenly Prompter. But our opinion remains, that a true and vital distinction between the human and the superhuman as certainly exists in the mental and moral life of mankind as in those utterances of which an apostle thus distinguishes the sources,—“I speak, not the Lord,” and “I command, yet not I, but the Lord.” The distinction may be logically demonstrated, even where it cannot be accurately drawn. Take, for instance, the love of his fellow-man, as exhibited by man in the heroic self-devotion of some Christian apostle, of ancient or modern times. Heroic self-devotion has been seen in Pagan characters, apart from the expectation of an endless reward. The principle, then, however rare its higher manifestations, and however tainted when it occurs with the admixture of pride and other motives, must be allowed to exist in human nature itself. In the Christian martyr or missionary, we see the same principle sublimated and purified, avowedly replenished by supernatural succour, and professedly accomplishing supernatural effects. It may be difficult to say where the human ends and the superhuman begins, especially if we admit the doctrine of a supernatural influence, unconfined either in time or place by the limits of the Church. But the original capability of such virtue must have been involved in the very constitution of the mind. Neither original sin nor actual transgression could obliterate it,—they are the witnesses to its existence: least of all could redemption, whose work is neither to create nor to destroy, but to restore. And as the light and heat of the sunbeam, inseparable in fact, are yet separable in thought and sub-

ject each to its own peculiar laws, so the natural and the supernatural in man may be severally discussed without destroying the identity of either.

This is a difficulty that only exists for the believer. For the sceptic it has no meaning, but in the place of it he has a greater, viz., to account for all the moral manifestations of the race without admitting the supernatural at all. And here the believer has a decided advantage. Acknowledging the complexity of human experience, he is in no wise discomfited by the necessity that may be laid upon him to refer more of any given phenomena than he could at first admit to the purely subjective side: the adjustment is a mere matter of detail. But the sceptic must explain, from nature only, all the facts, from the blood-thirstiness of Cain to the self-sacrifice of Christ; all their variations in the same man, from those of Saul "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," to those of Paul "ready to be offered;" all their complexity, almost to contradiction, in the experiences of one and the same moment, as in the sublime series of paradoxes, "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," "poor, yet making many rich," "having nothing, and yet possessing all things." Wide, indeed, must be the induction, and deep the analysis that would explain experiences like these.

The distinguishing glory of Natural Theology is its appeal to reason: the distinguishing glory of Revealed Theology, is its appeal to faith; and the two have been supposed to stand in direct antagonism. Even advocates of Revelation have sometimes, from excess either of caution or of confidence, proclaimed the entire independence of the two principles, and imitated the exclusive spirit in which their opponents have cried up the watchword of their fight. But a deeper investigation reveals the essential unity of the two. In Revealed Theology, faith rests upon reason; in Natural, reason reposes upon faith. Like granite in the earth's crust, faith lies lowest, and rises highest among the strata of human thought: it is at once the corner-stone and the top-stone of the intellectual edifice, and should be accepted as the common foundation of all systems that may compete for acceptance among mankind. If there be no common ground on which the disputants, on either side, may meet, no received principles from which they may proceed through friendly controversy to solemn compact and undying fellowship, the

breach must continue unhealed, and the responsibility will belong to those on either side who could only be content with gaining an overwhelming victory, and inflicting an overwhelming defeat. But such immense victories usually turn to the disadvantage of the winners, at least in the region of thought. The recoil is sure to come, and the strongholds too easily won are fain to be evacuated. The end of every conflict should be reconciliation, not revenge. There is a jealousy in some minds lest, in speaking of reconciliation between reason and revelation, we should be imitating the policy of compromise, which has again and again undermined the faith of many, and threatened the stability of the Church itself. But reconciliation does not imply subjection: the question is one of a clearing-up of misconceptions rather than of a concession of principles. There need be no warfare, if faith and reason be one.

Holding such convictions, it is with pleasure we welcome the contribution to the department of Natural Theology announced at the head of this paper. A few years ago an individual whose name has not been made public, offered "a prize of £100, to be competed for by members of the University of Oxford of not less standing than Master of Arts, for the best essay in confutation of the Materialism of the present Day, by Arguments derived from Evidences of Intelligence, Design, Contrivance, and Adaptation of Means to Ends, in the Universe, and especially in Man, considered in his Moral Nature, his Religious Aptitudes, and his Intellectual Powers; and in all Organic Nature." As the result of this competition, the prize was awarded to the author of the present volume. Of its four hundred pages, the essay itself occupies only about one half, the remainder is taken up with notes and illustrations touching its most salient points, somewhat detrimental to the continuity of the argument, but serving to set the subject before the reader in a great variety of lights. Indeed, without aiming at so much, the work seems to present a sort of conspectus of modern opinions on the most important questions connected with natural theology.

The title of the book, *The Philosophy of Natural Theology*, fitly indicates the nature of the researches here instituted. In the hands of popular writers on the subject, its fundamental positions, together with the difficulties that beset them, had been too easily overlooked. It was, only necessary for these difficulties to be paraded and made the

most of, to induce a widespread belief that the positions themselves were shaken, if not altogether overthrown. Scepticism concerning a Divine Revelation thus obtained an ally in scepticism concerning those collateral arguments which ought to furnish the best answer to the sceptic, as professing to meet him on his own ground. It thus behoved any who would successfully rehabilitate these outlying defences of Christianity to go down to the very foundations, and strive to lay them afresh. This is, so far as possible within its limits, the aim of the work before us; and in the measure in which it has been successful, a service has been rendered of no unimportant kind to Revealed no less than to Natural Theology. The work is not intended, it will be obvious, as an easy introduction to the science of which it professes to treat: that which seriously deals with the elements of any science can hardly ever be itself elementary. Preliminary definitions are here dispensed with, and a discursive style of address is adopted throughout that would ill become the compiler of a hand-book, but that will commend itself to those whose prior acquaintance with the various topics, or at least general habits of analysis, may have prepared them to appreciate its rich suggestiveness and truth to nature. All sources are drawn upon, philosophical, literary, and scientific; and a warm sympathy with the world of nature, no less than with the world of living men, as remote from the spirit of much modern poetry as sentiment is from sentimentality, invests the whole with a peculiar charm.

The plan of the work is described in the following quotations from the introductory chapter:—

“Reasoning on Natural Theology falls necessarily into two divisions. The *first* is made up of arguments drawn from the world without us. The *second*, of arguments drawn from the world within. Each path of reasoning is subject to a cross division. We may argue affirmatively to a definite conclusion. We may also argue negatively with the same end in view;—we may show how much more difficult and less tenable is the contradictory hypothesis. . . . At the head of all their reasonings, Natural Theologians usually place the celebrated argument from Design. It would be impossible, in discussing it, to reproduce here the many illustrative examples of Design which have been collected. It would likewise be useless; partly because they are all easily accessible and mostly well known; partly because their appositiveness as *illustrations* is now fully admitted; and the con-

troversy turns upon questions of another and more abstract kind. It is asked whether the analogy founded on these instances is relevant?—whether it proves too little or too much?—and, how far the inferences drawn from such examples really go? Our plan will, therefore, be to devote our second chapter to the examination of such objections; to the review and elucidation of the argument from Design.

“The third chapter is intended as a critical propædæutic, or foundation, for the constructive science of Natural Theology. So far as our experience of men in great cities teaches anything with respect to the speculative difficulties which keep them from God, it seems to teach one undoubted fact. There is grounded in their minds a persuasion (underlying all further objections), that, whatever else we can know, little or nothing is to be learned concerning God. The idea of Theism is thus isolated from every other idea; and there is a presumption against all reasoning which in any way leads up to a determinate thought of the Divine Being or the Divine attributes. . . . To this whole kind of preoccupation the third chapter is addressed. There are really no special difficulties in the way of Theism. It argues from the known to the unknown; so do all the inductive sciences. It accepts more than it can explain; so do we, each and all, in accepting the truth of our individuality and personal identity, of the world outside us, and of the mind within, which scrutinises that changing world. The more thoroughly questions relating to our first sources of knowledge are debated, the more surely we shall perceive how safe is the starting point of Natural Theology.

“Against Materialism, on the other hand, there may be urged a series of difficulties properly its own, and this may be most easily seen by placing it in contrast with pure Idealism. The Materialistic starting-point is from an unauthorised postulate—in common parlance, an unfounded assumption; each step it takes is attended with a fresh need of postulation, amounting at last to the gravest burden of improbability. And when the materialising goal is reached we gain nothing; no treasure is discovered, no vista opened into new realms of intellectual or moral empire. We are only told that our supposed insight was but a dream. We are only warned to dream no more. Materialism has murdered insight.

“With the argument of this chapter there arises a very important question, which the reader is entreated to put to himself more than once, and bestow upon it from time to time a pause of serious thought. In a negative form the question runs thus:—Since the difficulties supposed to bar the *first* march of Natural Theology are in no wise peculiar to it, but attach themselves equally to a multitude of our daily grounds of thinking and acting, must we not, if, on account of such difficulties, we deny Natural Theism,

also deny those persuasions of ordinary life? How else can we maintain our critical consistency? Let no man henceforward be confident that there exists an outward world of men or things; let him not carelessly suppose that he has even an individual mind to speak of as his own; let all that concerns *otherness*—all that concerns *selfness* be relegated along with the Divine Being to the region of the unknown and the unknowable. But we may imagine that, instead of denying these truths of common life, many men will be hardy enough to affirm them. If so, in accepting these, they clearly accept a great deal more. To be consistent, they must accept also the reasonable beliefs and first principles upon which reposes Theism."

The peculiarity of the present essay is that it regards the line of argument drawn from the world without as wholly distinct from that founded on the phenomena of the world within. The two lines converge to the same conclusion, but are themselves wholly independent, any particular weakness alleged against the one not being incident to the other. Thus the argument from Design in Nature might stand or fall on its own merits, without affecting that which relies on our indestructible moral consciousness. The author quotes Kant as a sympathiser in these views, which however were the fruit of his own meditations. "Natural Theology," says Kant, "infers the attributes and the existence of an Author of the world, from the constitution of, the order and unity observable in this world, in which two modes of causality, together with their laws, must be accepted—that is to say, nature and freedom. Thus Natural Theology rises from this world to a Supreme Intelligence, whether as to the principle of all natural or of all moral order and perfection. In the former case it is termed Physico-Theology, in the latter Ethico- or Moral Theology. Not theological ethics; for this latter science contains ethical laws, which *presuppose* the existence of a Supreme Governor of the world; while moral theology, on the contrary, is an evidence of the existence of a Supreme Being, an evidence founded upon ethical laws." The author puts the case in its strongest form when he asserts that "the conditions under which Natural Theology becomes scientifically possible, are found when it supplements natural science by a science of right and wrong," and that "for the future Natural Theology ought to follow this path and no other, unless it wishes to commit suicide."

We perfectly agree with our author that enough has not

been made of the facts of human consciousness, and that from a due consideration of them not only may a distinct argument be made out for the being and perfections of a God, but also a nexus provided for the ultimate unification of this and the argument from nature. For when intelligence has been demonstrated to be the mainspring of the universe, it is by the analogy of what goes on within us that we are necessitated to conjoin with it moral qualities, for the illustration of which, again we may appeal to nature. But let it be clearly understood for what reasons and to what extent this separation is made. We must remember that the physical and moral worlds are presented in indissoluble connexion. Though their laws differ, the phenomena on which they are founded continually meet and interlace. Mind observes its own laws even when it scrutinises those of matter. The establishment of the latter at all is due to the operation of the former. The intelligence discerned in these external laws is a notion derived from the internal. In fact, one of the objects of this essay is to prove that the ego will intrude into the sphere of the non-ego, whether we wish it or no, and will interpret and even modify its representations. And in like manner if we turn to the world within, we find that it owes its development, though not its constitution, to the world without. Responsibility is undoubtedly a native principle, but what would it be apart from the frown or smile upon the human face Divine which perception brings us; nay, whence would the springs of human action be fed, were there no material good to stimulate the physical sense and to provide analogies to the objects of a sense that is spiritual and Divine? Nevertheless, for logical purposes we may disentangle the complexity of experience, and reason on physical apart from mental phenomena, all the while admitting that they are inseparable in their existence and reciprocal in their action. And this, we take it, is the meaning of our author, when he recommends us to study the several classes of phenomena apart. Then truly we have the advantage of confining the difficulties of each within their own proper range. If there be evidence of wisdom and benevolence in creation, it is not overthrown by showing that the fruits thereof are applied by those who receive them to their own mutual misery and destruction; to account for this we must go to the laws of the moral world. If, on the other hand, we find a con-

sciousness of freedom within the human breast, side by side with a consciousness of obedience to the strongest motive, the latter is not to be made to override the former by a reference to the automatic movements of matter; analogy must not be converted into identity, nor the influence of superior motives upon the self-determining mind be confounded with the blind forces that connect particle with particle and world with world.

In the second chapter the essayist discusses the validity of the Argument from Design. He introduces the subject by referring to a popular misconception arising from the method adopted by Paley in the definition of the term "design," viz., the employment of the now familiar illustration of a watch found upon a heath. The force of this illustration has been supposed to be destroyed by the admission of Paley that a watch found in such circumstances would excite surprise, but that a stone would not. Why, it is said, are we surprised? Is it not because watches and stones are essentially unlike; and, if so, is it fair to argue from the one to the other, from art to nature? To this there are several answers. First, our surprise does not spring from the dissimilarity of the objects, but from our previous knowledge of the uses of a watch. In fact, our surprise at the neighbourhood in which the watch is found may be wholly eliminated from the subject: so also the contrast may be diminished, by substituting for the apparently unmechanised piece of matter supposed to be compared with the work of art some highly organised natural production. The objection to Paley's illustration is thus cleared of all complications, and the issue narrowed to a single point, viz., that watches and worlds, though both show signs of organisation, are still essentially unlike. "Your organisms are not put together like the parts of a watch (*undique collatis membris*)—brass from this place, steel from that, and so on, with china dial-plate, covering-glass, and gold case." The answer to this might well be that there is a much closer resemblance between art and nature than this objection supposes. "In a plant, for instance, there is the combination of a growing point, a humus or pabulum that feeds it, and the stimuli, air, water, light, and all the 'skyey influences' by which its passive vitality is excited and sustained. We see plant life, by reason of these concurrent adaptations, swelling into leaf, stem, bud, corolla, and fruit, throughout all the brighter

types of vegetable beauty that bloom apparent to the unassisted eye." But the true reply to the objection is that Paley does not insist, and does not mean to insist, on any likeness, greater or less, between natural and artificial productions themselves. His argument is wholly analogical, and turns, not on the relation of stone to watch, parterre to loom, or animal to locomotive, but on the similarity of the relations between the members of these successive pairs of objects and the causes which have brought them into being. "As a watch is to the watch-maker, so is creation to its Creator."

Passing from the more popular to the more philosophical objections, the author sums them up in two classes, according as they consider that the argument from design proves too little or too much. Of the latter first:—

"Admit, say Paley's most decided antagonists, the relevancy of an argument from human art. It must be taken to show the Creator of the universe as Theists conceive and acknowledge Him. Let us ask in what light He is thereby represented? Is it not, so to speak, as a supreme Anthropomorphic Craftsman sketching a vast plan or design, and moulding the materials necessary for its realisation? We begin with the remark that His work—the world—must show some traces of that plastic process and the hand of its moulder. The requirement seems just and reasonable, and is commonly answered by an appeal to what have been termed the records of the creation, the structure of the heavens and the structure of the earth. Thus, for example, we are referred to geology and palæontology, and are led from age to age, and type to type. In passing from one formation to another, we seem (as Goethe said) to catch nature in the fact. At all events, the plastic process is everywhere traceable, and to its evidence the Theist points with triumph."

However it is to be explained, the fact cannot be denied that creation bears witness to a certain development of plan, and to the introduction of successive improvements as age after age has rolled by. Anthropomorphism is thus as great a stumbling-block to evolutionists as to those who believe in a Creator. How did it happen that those types have "survived" which commend themselves to the human mind as "the fittest"? How is it that the idea of the beautiful in pre-Adamite fauna and flora coincides with that of the more recent race of mankind? Or was the latter framed upon the model of the former, and, if so, by

what means did this pre-established harmony take effect? Suppose a Divine Artificer, and you have, it is true, to imagine a self-limitation in the production of a finite and imperfect Universe; but it is such a self-limitation as must be expected unless His handiwork were to be like Himself infinite. "The counsel of His own will" is a sufficient reason to man why infinite wisdom and boundless benevolence should work, and yet assign limits to their own exercise, should manifest themselves to finite creatures rather in successive stages of operation, than in one simultaneous outburst, that should admit of no advancement toward perfection. The author continues:—

"But no intelligent objector can stop here. He will next inquire what, on theistic principles, was the origin of this material substance so constantly undergoing transformation. Most sceptical thinkers put the inquiry in a trenchant manner; they not only demand to be answered, but they prescribe beforehand the sort of answer to be returned. It is useless, they tell us, to speak of archetypes existing in the Divine mind, and to illustrate them by the creative thought of musician or sculptor, of painter or of poet. The hard coarse world must be looked at as it is,—an actual material habitation for sorrowing and sinful human creatures; its physical conditions, imperfect in that respect, unhappily corresponding too well with the low moralities of its tenants.

"Now, they say, if we examine Paley's common-sense analogy, no one can at all doubt what answer is suggested there. The steel of the watch-spring, the brass of the wheel-work, and other materials for all the curious mechanical contrivances required, were taken into account by the watch designer when he formed his design. Had it been otherwise, he could not have calculated on finding the necessary strength, elasticity, resistance to rust, and other properties on which Paley dwells so distinctly. In like manner, it has been said by some physical science Christians since Paley's time: 'Let matter and its primary properties be presupposed, and the argument from design is easy.' True, but it seems quite as easy to suppose the world itself eternal. And we know that this supposition was adopted by Pagan philosophers, to whom it appeared the easiest of all beliefs.

"But other philosophic Pagans, holding clearly that the world had a beginning, conceived its first cause to be like Paley's Designer—analogue to an earthly workman. They carried out the analogy thoroughly—more thoroughly than modern writers, and believed both Artificer and the matter from which He shaped the visible universe, self-subsistent, indestructible, and co-eternal.

"In this eternity of matter and its native inflexibilities, these great heathen thinkers found an apology for what they considered the failure of creative power—misshapen things, monstrosities, and imperfections. The Creator never desired them, but His will was thwarted by the material He worked in. Against this dualism the early fathers protested. Will the modern Theist (his assailants ask) deny himself, and affirm two independent and self-existent principles; or will he deny the parallelism asserted in Paley's analogy? Can he conscientiously believe that its issue is a worthy representation of the Divine and Omnipotent Creator? If not, it has failed by proving too much."

A general reply to all such objections may be found in the fact that they lie equally against any theory of the Universe that may be framed. On the materialist hypothesis, the question still presents itself *why* the conditions of life should be so imperfect, why, after an eternity of evolution, the concourse of atoms has not produced a state of things which might be worthily regarded as perfect and ultimate? There has been a progress from worse to better, will there be a further progress from better to best; or has the acme of possible perfection already been reached, and a process set in of disintegration which shall resolve all organisms into their primitive atoms? The essayist rests his main answer, however, on the rules and limitations of analogical argument. A similarity in one point between any two relations is an argument not to be weakened by dissimilarity in other and unessential respects. The argument from design is not affected by the fact that the great Designer had to create as well as adapt His materials. Creation, like inspiration and miracle, has been pronounced an impossible conception, but what warrant is there for applying the test of inconceivability to a subject which, on every theory that can be named, resists its application? If applied, an eternity of matter is surely a much more inconceivable alternative than an eternity of mind. And similar remarks will apply to the *imperfections* of the material universe. Just as in the act of creation itself we acknowledge the exertion of infinite power, but yet of infinite power limiting itself to the production of a certain *quantum* of matter, so in the various arrangements of creation we see proofs of infinite wisdom, whose force cannot be broken by any appeal to imperfections subsisting side by side with them. We may not say the world is not the work of infinite wisdom and goodness,

because we can imagine how it could have been made better; any more than we may say it is not the product of almighty power because we can imagine it larger. What is finite must necessarily be imperfect, and a continual tendency toward perfection is all that can be demanded for the creature, whether animate or inanimate. We have not adverted to the probationary purpose of the imperfections of nature, because this pertains to the argument from moral agency, but it is obvious how strongly it bears upon the point. Upon the whole, we see no reason in the dualistic view against which the primitive ages of the Church had to contend. Physical evil and moral evil are different things: the former is merely negative defect, and might enter into the Creator's original plan even for upright beings: the latter, we hold, could not. Without going to the extreme of the philosophical optimism of Leibnitz, who regards the Creator as selecting out of all possible worlds what was absolutely best, or of the sentimental optimism of Paley, who would explain the predatory habits of animals as the most suitable on the whole, we can yet subscribe to the Theist's creed, that the world, even as it is, affords "a worthy representation of its Divine and Omnipotent Creator."

The second charge brought against the argument from design, is that, "by reason of weakness in its pivot," it proves too little.

"All examples which men can, of their own knowledge, connect with design, fall under one sole class, and from this class alone they argue. It contains the products of human workmanship and manufacture, and nothing else. By its characteristic processes (which, together with their result, make the sum of what we know about this class) it is so essentially dissociated from the products of nature, that any appearance of design common between them must be pronounced superficial in the absence of stronger *nexus*. But since proof of such *nexus* remains wanting, Paley's analogy is worthless. It will be observed that the effect of this position is to sever between human works and natural things quite as completely as did the popular objection which we put first in our list of assaults upon Paley. Yet, though these conclusions may seem suspiciously coincident, the grounds of argument are really distinct. Scientific persons do not compare two objects natural and artificial, nor yet their two sets of constituents, and say, 'These are unlike.' They argue rather that the relative or proportionate likeness asserted is insufficiently made out, and that when it is said, 'Design implies a designer,'

people are speaking of design worked out in the known way of workmen. We (they observe) need not *deny* a designer of the world, but we desiderate evidence of his actual workmanship. By this we shall know that he first conceived and then realised the alleged design. We do not feel convinced by being shown organic *some things* in their perfect state, and being told to observe how very like contrivances they are. They may be very like, certainly, but we want assurances that they can be nothing else. We want to have shown us some work being done, and to ascertain that it is carried on in a workman-like manner. Then we shall say with confidence, 'Here is the active hand of a designer.' To compress our requisition into a sentence, we want not only to catch Nature in the fact, but also to ascertain that Nature's way of performing the fact has something essentially human-like about it.

"As regards natural products, we have not got the fact—we do not know the history of their production. We cannot say, 'Here is the process,' because the processes of Nature are mostly unknown to us. Paley, therefore, would have us assume the fact, and argue from it; first to design, next to something more hidden still—a designer. Yet what we do know about natural processes is not encouraging; there is visible about them more unlikeness than likeness to the processes employed by man. The truth may be surmised, that Paley was always seeing in his own example the footprints, as he thought, of a designer. Hence he affirmed design, and then argued back again in a never-ending circle. There is really no reason why he should have travelled round such a circuit. If his argument shows anything it shows a designer at once."

The phrase "Design implies a designer" has seemed to some to beg the question, and it is plain that this would be indeed the case, if it were understood in a sense parallel to that other phrase which has replaced it in the mouths of some well-meaning controversialists,—"*Evolution implies an evolver.*" But there is a real argument contained in the phrase: if we analyse it, we shall find it means that such an arrangement of apparent means and ends as we see in nature warrants the affirmation of their prevision and preordination by a Being possessing intelligence, will, and personality. Of course, the demand will be for proof that ends actually attained were foreseen, and that means actually concurring to their production were selected. Is there such a thing as design in creation? Does the inference from work to workman, which everywhere obtains in the human sphere, hold equally in the realm of nature,

whose processes are so mysterious and unique? We confess that we do not see why mere mystery in the mode of operation should prejudice the argument at all. If mystery were absent, should we not immediately exclaim that the resources of the All-wise, in being found measurable, had been found wanting? And does not this very inscrutableness in the processes rebut the charge of anthropomorphism founded on the resemblance to human contrivance? There is enough of likeness to show that the Creator is Spirit as we are spirits, and revelation confirms nature in asserting such a relationship: there is enough of unlikeness to show that, though His nature be one with ours in kind, it is infinitely superior in the range of its attributes and the fulness of its resources.

A question closely connected with the above has reference to the ascent from intelligence to personality. With Paley this seemed to be but a step: contrivance for him proved everything. Baden Powell, as quoted by the author, makes it a much more serious undertaking, though one that may be safely accomplished. To him, order only proves intelligence: design is necessary to prove personality. To us this distinction is unintelligible, nor do we think the author definitely enunciates his own opinion concerning it. He appears to leave it an open question which of the two premises affords the best foundation for inferring personality. But to our view the two are one. Order, that is, mere classification of like and unlike, might be conceived apart from design: but the intelligence that produced the order seems inconceivable apart from personality, although the evidence for both is strengthened by the addition of design. Intelligence and volition infer each other: they are never found apart in human experience: every mental state is complex, and involves both elements. And so in nature: likenesses and unlikenesses could only have been perceived as they were determined to be perceived, and created as they were determined to be created, by a self-active mind. Nevertheless, the lines thus inseparable in fact may be profitably dissociated in thought, and we agree with the author in the expediency of so treating them for the purposes of argument. In leaving this subject of design, we may ask, If the proofs of it afforded by Nature are insufficient, what kind of proofs would suffice to convince the sceptic of the existence of a God? If order, manifested in operations of the most

diversified form and on the most gigantic scale, will not do it, will temporary suspensions of such order? If foresight of indefinitely remote consequences stamped in ineffaceable characters upon the foundations of the globe, fail to satisfy him, what objection will he raise to foresight of future events exhibited in another sphere, where the laws of invariable sequence reign not, and the complexion of to-morrow is as difficult to descry as the riddle of yesterday to expound? Both these sets of evidence are offered, the one in nature, the other in revelation; but if both are rejected, must not the reason be, either that no evidence is welcome, or that the mind which fails to see its force yet thinks it knows enough of itself and the Unknowable to pronounce all communication between the two impossible?

Having, in the examination of the design argument, shown that the most important questions of Natural Theology are questions concerning the very foundations of all knowledge, the essayist proceeds in the third chapter to draw a parallel between the difficulties of Theism and those to be met with in every department of human thought and action. Here he touches of necessity on some of the profoundest problems of philosophy, such as, "What are the realities of the universe, and what the essential ground of all we see and think?" Commencing with the question of our knowledge of the Absolute, he strongly maintains that the term is not a mere negation; and while sturdily warning off mere logic from so ethereal a region, he bestows a wistful glance on Schelling's dream of a spiritual intuition. He does not linger long on this debateable ground. The question of our "self-hood," brings him back to men and things, but it is only to proclaim, what all who have pondered the subject must unite in acknowledging, how little we know of the nature of the being which every one of us is.

"We entertain really no doubt whatever of our own continued sameness, and individual existence. We are quite sure that our *self-ness* has gone on throughout the years of our natural life. How it first became clear to our inward sense, is a point confessedly disputable. Some suppose that it existed as a principle of consciousness,—a kind of primordial instinct in our minds. Others—that our internal impressions, one and all, formed a panoramic scene; impressions from without, and impressions from within, evenly painted on the retina of the mental eye. Time and comparison were needful to give us the true distinction.

Those who think thus usually take another step, and add that *resistance* to our *self-ness* first informs us of our being. There is resistance to a muscular sense, somewhat akin to touch, but specialised to feel the kind of impact given by things impenetrable. There is also a resistance which thwarts our desires, endeavours, and determinations. Be this as it may, we never doubt our own identity of being; we never doubt the *other-ness* and *outer-ness* of beings like ourselves, and of objects beyond number. Yet, that which makes ourselves and them, what we and they are,—our *self-ness* and *their self-ness*,—raises a question we cannot answer; here is, we feel, a something which overpowers our means of investigation."

The very idea of self, though the basis of all our actions, appears wholly inexplicable, and the question rises unbidden to our lips, "Need we feel surprised if we fall short of conceiving the self-subsistent God?" From self we are led to the consideration of sense, through which the indestructible germ is quickened and developed into the marvellous complexity of manhood. The most perfect organ being taken to represent the rest, it is found that Natural Realism, however heartily acquiesced in by the common sense of mankind, may have some questions propounded to it which will not easily admit an answer. It is not the distant object itself that we apprehend in vision, only the illuminated atmosphere in contact with the eye. The rays of light which illumine all else are themselves invisible. The colour of the medium affects the image of the object: the azure tint upon the distant mountain is due to the intervening air. All eyes are not alike; the phenomena of colour-blindness prove that great variations may exist. And as to the eyesight of the inferior creation, what sort of information does it convey,—the butterfly's compound eye, for instance, of 17,000 tubes, and the Mordella beetle's of 25,000? We see light under the influence of a touch or a blow,—of electricity, of chemicals, such as narcotic medicines, which attack the nervous system. We hear sound under like appliances stimulating the auditory nerve.

"Idealism easily widens its doubt, to correspond with the dimensions of the wider nervous law. Does not an aptitude for special impressions, so stringently determined as to translate the antecedent 'blow' into the consequent 'light' or 'sound,' disqualify our senses for giving evidence respecting supposed facts of the outer world? The world we live in may be a totally

different world from what we are taught, generation after generation, to believe it. Who can lay down the limits of what our minds create for themselves outside us? The mental disease of the madman causes his eye to see what is not. Guilt and sickness fill bedchambers with unreal spectres. Putting disease aside, and taking the case of the healthy eye and healthy mind, it is confessedly difficult to define the exact province of each. A boy couched by Cheselden saw all things in one plane; there was no perspective, and objects in the room seemed to touch his eyeballs. The mind creates perspective; how much then may it not create? The mind also refuses to surrender its own associations at the bidding of optical laws. Mr. Wheatstone's ingenious instrument called the pseudoscope, brings into play laws which reverse the impressions of solidity and hollowness. A person looking through it steadily at the face of a statue, sees a hollow mask. The convexity of feature is gone, and a concave set of features (representing the bust reversed) is perceived in its stead. But, let the same person gaze through his pseudoscope ever so long at the face of a human being, and he will look for a reversal in vain. The flesh and blood features refuse to change; in other words, the mind refuses to yield its *long-accustomed* impressions. If these things, and others like them, are fairly considered, what becomes of our readings in the unclosed book of nature? The nature we see is our own thought reflected back again. Nature's answers take not only tone and compass, but meaning and utterance from our own interrogations. We think that we are assimilating knowledge, when we are actually engaged in manufacturing aliments to suit our own intellectual digestions. The most inward of all things,—our essential self,—at once retired into shadow when we pursued it; and now, in trying to show how *self* is fed by substance from without, we have learned to suspect that all its food is unsubstantial."

From the medium between the inner and outer worlds the argument may be extended to the character of the communications that are made. Of late years great stress has been laid on the necessity of subjecting all speculations to the crucial evidence of facts. Every hypothesis that will not square with facts, is to be abandoned: a fact is to be a recipe for all intellectual ills. But this suggests the inquiry, What is a fact? And the definition given by one of the acutest of modern philosophers is that "theory is a conscious, and fact an unconscious, inference from the phenomena presented to our senses." The proper opposition is between fact and hypothesis; and were we slightly to alter the terms of the definition, and say, "a fact is an

accepted hypothesis framed by inference from the testimony of the senses," we should still find a large margin for disputation in the possibility that the inference had been too readily drawn, and the hypothesis too readily accepted. When to this is added the uncertainty attaching to reports or records of facts, and the varying estimates that may be formed of the importance and bearing of those which are thus vouched for, it will be seen that the "science of proof" has small chance of establishing a "criterion of certitude" from which there shall be no appeal. Yet, with all this speculative haziness affecting alike its minutest and most momentous investigations, the world goes on its way, feeling where it cannot see, deciding even where it can but form a probable judgment, and on such evidence suspending lives, fortunes, character, systems, empires, and the grand total of the history of mankind; and the world is right. The battle of life must be fought while its first principles and best tactics are being elaborated; the necessities of the contest give keenness to the insight of the investigator, and though they may sometimes bias, yet help the inquiry on. And is not all this applicable to the difficulties of Theism? Is it in this region alone that the inexplicable stares us in the face, or does it not pervade every department of knowledge?

"It is false logic to speak of the intellectual difficulties attaching to our apprehension of the Deity, as if they were substantial objections. In this respect, Theism stands within the same category of speculative perplexity, and reasonable necessity, as do other supreme truths. Put the case to the judgment of Reason, once for all. If we agreed to accept Herbert Spencer's position (that Atheism, Pantheism, and Theism, when rigorously analysed, severally prove to be absolutely unthinkable), we should consent to deny that anything can be known of an Absolute; and the denial would proceed upon this maxim: 'Whatsoever is inexplicable is also unknowable.' Consider, now, what other ultimate truths would fall into the same tomb-like category. We must silence all human utterance respecting all first grounds—our own individuality, and every object of reason which becomes inconceivable, when we attempt to define it by the processes of ordinary logic. All utterance respecting our own senses and sensations—our own existence, as beings distinct from a world of beings and things really existing outside us. In fine, we could never know that we *know* either anything or nothing, for we should have silenced the deepest of all utterances—the one upon which all

truth and reason depend. We should have relegated our mind along with our God, to the same abysmal gulf of the unknowable. Henceforth, we could predicate of mind nothing essential to purposes of knowledge, and, least of all essentials, veracity."

How strikingly in contrast with all this is the repose of Sir William Hamilton's doctrine of natural beliefs, exemplified in his theory of perception:—

"Every *how* (*δὲν*) rests ultimately on a *that* (*ὅτι*), every demonstration is deduced from something given and indemonstrable; all that is comprehensible hangs from some revealed fact—an expression not meant to imply anything hyperphysical,—which we must believe as actual, but cannot construe to the reflective intellect in its possibility. In consciousness, in the original spontaneity of intelligence (*νοῦς*, *locus principiorum*), are revealed the primordial facts of our intelligent nature."

Such belief,—next to the supernatural principle of which it is, so to speak, the natural reflection, is the ultimate act of the creature and the highest form of knowledge. But self and not-self, time and space, substance and attribute, are not its only objects: God, its Author, is also its End.

From this point commences a series of affirmative arguments for the existence and government of God. Instead of showing the disastrous consequences that must accompany the rejection of Theism, the author endeavours to lead us through nature, human and material, up to nature's God. In the fourth chapter the belief in the supernatural is shown to rank among the primary beliefs of human reason. Leading up to this discussion is an investigation of the Inductive Principle. It is exceedingly easy for some modern psychologists to tread in the steps of their great master, Hume, and resolve all our fundamental convictions into the results of inseparable association. But they either forget or ignore the fact that the *rationale* of this law demands explanation. It is itself either an ultimate or a derivative principle. If the latter, it must rest on something else. If the former, it must adequately explain all the facts of human experience, and among them its universal beliefs. But does it explain all the facts? If this theory be true, the human mind is a mere passive recipient of impressions from without: is this in accordance with the testimony of consciousness? If this theory be true, our natural beliefs will grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength: they will be weakest in youth, when

experience is limited, and strongest in age, when experience has reached its maximum : is this borne out by the facts ? Inseparable association will explain much, as, for instance, our acquired habits, our powers of memory, and even many of our likes and dislikes : but all these, as they may be taken on, so they may gradually, through disuse, drop off : the principle of such formation will not account for ineradicable beliefs, strong as instinct and enduring as the stars. Among these is the inductive principle, by which we pass in thought from actual to anticipated experience, and learn to predict the future from the past, and through the known to scan the unknown. It is sometimes called the Law of Natural Uniformity, or, with some variation, the Expectation of the Constancy of Nature. The great proof that this is an original principle of the human mind is seen in this, that it exists previously to all observation or exercise of intelligence on the subject. Mr. Bain's testimony on this point is, from the well-known tendencies of his psychology, to be regarded as impartial and decisive. In the course of his annotations on certain portions of James Mill's *Analysis of the Human Mind*, he says :—

“The case that is most thoroughly opposed to the theory of indissoluble association is our belief in the uniformity of nature. Our overweening tendency to anticipate the future from the past is shown prior to all association ; the first effect of experience is to abridge and modify a strong primitive urgency. There is, no doubt, a certain stage when association co-operates to justify the believing state. After our headlong instinct has, by a series of reverses, been humbled and toned down, and after we have discovered that the uniformity, at first imposed by the mind upon everything, applies to some things and not to others, we are confirmed by our experience in the cases where the uniformity prevails ; and the intellectual growth of association counts for a small part of the believing impetus. Still, the efficacy of experience is, perhaps, negative rather than positive ; it saves, in certain cases, the primitive force of anticipation from the attacks made upon it in the other cases where it is contradicted by the facts. It does not make belief, it conserves a pre-existing belief.”

Instinct controlled by experience, and intuition guided by reason, appears then to be the true explanation of the mysterious principle of induction.

Parallel to this is the account which must be rendered of the belief in the supernatural. It is also pre-rational, yet owns the dominion of reason. The conception of a

God is instantly seized by the infant mind. It may err in the direction of anthropomorphism, or even may associate materialistic attributes with those of power, goodness, and wisdom, which we have learned to keep apart; but if we notice how persistently it attaches personality to matter, we shall not wonder much at this. To a child everything not only is, but lives: with him motion is a function of mind as indubitably as with Professor Tyndall heat is a mode of motion. The transition from the finite to the infinite is to him easy and spontaneous, and so even is the union of the two in the Person of the world's Redeemer. The mystery excites the wonder of the infant theologian, as it does that of the maturer mind, but it is the mystery of the condescending love, not of the mode in which it wrought for man's salvation. The polytheism of Paganism cannot be quoted as evidence on the other side: it shows that instinct is not unerring, but it only adds one more proof of its universal prevalence and power. Nor need we fear to degrade our faith by laying its foundation in instinct. Because we have some instincts in common with the brutes, it does not follow that our nature and theirs are on a level. Like the inductive principle, the belief in the supernatural is one of the peculiar glories of the human constitution. And a further contrast is to be observed: instinct in the brute is keen, because it is his all, and can never be sublimed into reason; but in man it is less conspicuous, because it is to come under the control of a higher faculty. Who feels himself degraded by recalling his childish notions about good and evil, heaven and hell, God and the adversary? Of much of our early experiences we may well say we have put away childish things, but most men will corroborate Wordsworth's saying, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

The question naturally arises how far such instincts are to be trusted, and what additional credibility is given them by reason. On this point, as the author says, the previous observations come to our aid. It has been shown already that if we give up this particular instance of our natural beliefs, we have no right to retain any of them: our scepticism itself commits suicide. We have, in fact, the same kind of evidence for a supernatural as for a natural world. But how is this supernatural belief to be tested, to be developed out of mere instinct into the loftiest reason? Here the same analogy will help us. The affirmation of a

supernatural world, like the affirmation of a natural world, is not a speculative but a practical truth. The distinction drawn by the author between tests of speculative and tests of practical truth, is one of great importance:—

“We inquire into speculative truth by *analysing* it, until we arrive at undemonstrable axioms which assert their own validity. We assure ourselves that practical principles are true by following them in their *synthetic* growth. Do they spring from a maxim we find ourselves urged by our own nature to accept,—and the opposite of which we cannot but proudly reject?—and do they really *work* in the world,—exert an ennobling influence within their own domain, and intertwine themselves with the other truths and activities of our human life? If so, we may be assured of their vitality and their certitude. We know them, in short, by their stringency,—and by a happy experience of their power. Consequently, our knowledge ought to grow and strengthen, as our human age and the world’s age both roll on. Practical truth, thus tried and acknowledged, is indeed the silver thread which leads us always. Some shrink from trusting it when stretched across the grave; yet, without it, all beyond is lost in haze, and our present life becomes enigmatical and self-contradictory.”

The bearing of this is obvious on both the worlds with which we have to do. Instinct prompts the child to put forth his latent energies upon the external world. As he does so, there comes back from it a twofold response, that, within certain limits, it will be obedient to him, but that those limits must be rigorously observed. His physical powers are limited to the domain of matter: he can compel his toys to move as he will, he must persuade his playmates. Within the physical world his powers are also limited: he can grasp the table, but not the stars. Next come the moral limitations: there are some things he can touch, but must not. Here begins the war of the moral instincts. The lower tell him to indulge his whim, the higher strenuously prohibit it. The consequences of the decision, whichever way it fall, teach, or may teach, wisdom. In the supernatural sphere the same process goes on. Man prays, and receives spiritual refreshment: he contemplates eternity, and finds himself better prepared by the meditation both to perform the duties of this life, and to make them also stepping-stones to a higher life to come. Here Natural Religion sheds its light upon Natural

Theology. The two, in fact, are inseparable. The latter alone is discussed at length in this essay, and the subject suffers from the mutilation. But in the Bampton lecture of the present year, which he is appointed to deliver, the author hopes to complete his plan. We have no doubt that in doing so he will show how man's strivings after God, not only confirm to him the evidence of His existence, but also demonstrate his need of more immediate communications than those which are made through nature, and of some heart's-ease which nature fails to supply. Thus Natural Theology will appear but the porch of the temple of Revelation, and Natural Religion but the distant reverence of the outer court, compared with the sacred but jubilant outpourings of the sanctuary.

The chapter is closed by an appeal, from which we cannot quote, to the practical effects of Theism on the well-being of communities and individuals. As affording incidentally an answer to the objection that may spring from the case of savages, supposed to be innocent of any knowledge of God, we may cite a sentence or two :—

“If we want to see what a true man is, we must not seek his fossil effigies, by delving into the scanty and disputable records of primæval savagery, and unearthing the crumbling seeds of better things, which died before coming to perfection. It is like estimating the oak from a mouldy acorn. It is worse!—barbarism tends to distortion and degeneracy. We might as wisely pronounce a maimed dwarf, with carefully flattened forehead, the *beau idéal* of human strength and beauty, as seek to know the mind of man amid its wrecks and perversities. We must rather look at our race in its strongest and noblest development. The healthy acorn grows into a spreading oak ;—the truly human child becomes, not a crooked dwarf, but an upright intellectual giant. The investigation of minute deformities may have its interest for comparative purposes, but no ancient Greek nor Hebrew, no modern European nor American, ought to be painted with lineaments revolting to his higher nature. Let us help the savage by every means we can, *except* by asking him to sit for a *model of humanity*. When we do this, we have assuredly lost our best reason for helping him at all.”

The loss of the knowledge of God, then, through lack of alimentionation of its inward principle, even if satisfactorily proved, does not discredit the existence of that rinciple as native to the mind of man.

The remaining three chapters analyse the ncrete pro-

cesses both of nature and human life, and, without borrowing from the principle of analogy, profess to discover the same elements and the same necessity for the hypothecation of a Supreme Eternal Mind. The fifth chapter treats of the Law of Production, considered as apart from the exercise of will; the sixth and seventh, of Causation in the proper sense, as due to will, and of Responsibility, as resulting therefrom.

In each productive process of mankind there are—(1) a purpose conceived; (2) a power or force, which has to be discovered and fitted to this purpose; and (3) an efficient cause, putting in movement the productive law. The first has been discussed in the second chapter; the last remains to be considered in the last two; the second is treated of in the fifth, under the head of the law of production. It deals, therefore, with the discovery of forces capable of producing real effects, and the perception of their fitness to produce them. A good illustration of both is found in modern inventions. In the early history of the steam-engine we see a force discovered, evidently of no inconsiderable magnitude, but for a long time remaining inoperative for want of discernment of its fitness to subserve important practical ends. Side by side with this we see an end desired, viz., locomotion without the aid of animal sinews, but unattained for want of a suitable force. In both we see mind grappling with difficulties, in the one endeavouring from given causes to produce desirable effects; in the other to accomplish given effects through the application of sufficient causes. We see mind still more conspicuous in the perception of the fitness, in the patient scrutiny of all its resources pursued, until, as if light from heaven had revealed it, the function is found in the force, and what was before but a vague aspiration becomes a fruitful idea and an established fact.

But it is not in the region of mechanical or chemical discovery only that this process may be observed. Men act upon one another, and everywhere succeed in proportion as they understand the relations of power and function. The same book of nature is open before every untrained eye, but only the artist or the poet can decipher its records, and read from them effective lessons of truth and morality to mankind. In the methods by which the statesman or the orator gains an ascendancy over his fel-

low-men, we see the same yoking of living energies into the service of selected ends.

"There is a still loftier and more solemn function we all exercise—or ought to exercise—in or upon the sphere of our own souls. To us is committed the task, our human task,—morally imperative on no sentient beings inferior to ourselves,—of transforming and reforming, that is (to all intents and purposes) *truly forming* our own inward nature. . . . The mind (as well as the body) has its laws of habit and association. We perceive this fact more readily in the less perfect intelligence of the animal kingdom, of untutored man, and of people who are more inured to action than reflection. The more rudimentary the mind, the more real is its state of subservience to association and habit which may then be properly termed its governing laws. But it would be improper to apply this word 'governing' to the same laws in connection with higher natures. In a man whose reason and will have attained their manly majority, such laws have ceased to be governors,—their province is simply administrative. Deposed from their rule over his existence, they become his ministers, servants, instruments. There is thus a compensatory constitution of human nature, whereby the light within us, which lighteth every man, may be said to make us free. It exempts us, that is, from the sway of customary laws which guide and reduce to subjection the merely animal intelligence."

Now the effective part of this argument is that all relations between power and function coincide in one characteristic: they appeal to mind alone, and by mind alone can be apprehended so as to become operative. And since the law of production is found everywhere in nature as in the works of man, the only consistent inference is that mind is at work in the one sphere as in the other. What then must be the character of the Mind thus believed to regulate and mould nature? Let the barest and lowest hypothesis of Pantheism be adopted.

"Let us suppose the enquirer setting out from an attempt to conceive mind as immersed in matter; either being *identical* with it, or *pervading* it, like a subtle fluid, or imponderable force. Let some such conception be supposed his starting point. What sort of a power must he finally determine this mind to be? Could he possibly commence with a mundane intelligence inferior to the mind of man? The bee can build a cell, the beaver a dam; but the bee cannot construct a dam, nor the beaver a cell. The same is true universally. Animal intelligence acts in single right lines. We should, therefore, be obliged to conceive as *many minds*

immanent in nature, or as many modifications of mind, as there are varieties of production. And if this were true, what would become of the order and harmony of the universe? We call it by that name because we know that—notwithstanding its marvellous diversity and manifoldness—it forms a grand united whole. It would become necessary, *next*, to admit a governing intelligence, able to control the countless species of intelligent power employed in producing all sorts of effects. And it really seems easier at once to conceive a supreme mind, framing its ideas into intelligible laws, and launching the forces of the universe in moving might among them.

“There are many obvious reasons why, after all, this would be the easiest, and *therefore* the preferable, conception. *One* lies in the immeasurable width and extent of that relativity between power and function which we have seen to underlie every known production, and conceivable *possibility* of ruling or moulding nature. Now, under *power*, we class forces such as those which hold corpuscles in cohesion, balance the orbs of heaven, or control the growth of a crystal. Such as those, again, which make life the counterbalance of dissolution and decay, and enable the animal frame to resist decomposing influences; to feed, to grow, to energise, and move freely on earth, in water, or in air. Such as those, finally, which yield us the *pabulum* of sensation, thought, emotion, and subserve our efforts to attain whatsoever is highest or noblest in our human world.

“We know what sorts of intelligence are required to apprehend, and to do no more than apprehend, the rationale of many among these natural movements, forces, and processes. Some of them can be explained only by a very great mathematician, other some by an equally great chemist, biologist, or psychologist; and, in some, man of the 19th century is as much a tyro and disciple—as ignorant and tentative—as his forefathers were two thousand years ago. What a complexity of minds, or what a majestic supremacy of one mind becomes thus discernible by the eye of reason! Of reason, we say, meaning thereby the reason of a human being who looks facts in the face, puts them together and draws the inevitable conclusion. Were this drawn, it would amount to something very like a re-affirmation of Theism.”

Wherein, we may ask, would such a mind differ from that accepted by Theism? Only in the attributes of personality and volition, that is, of an existence distinct from the matter which it pervades. But how irrational to suppose a mind possessed of faculties infinitely surpassing the united intellects of all the greatest men who ever lived, and yet to deny to it the personality which is the common possession of savages at the lowest remove from the brute.

Whether we identify mind with matter or not, it cannot be denied that nature's operations are identical with the operations of mind in man. But in man such operations are consciously distinct from matter, though, it may be, exemplified in it; what difficulty can there be then in affirming self-consciousness of the mind supposed by our hypothesis to pervade the sphere of nature? An intramundane mode of existence on the part of such a mind no more excludes the idea of a supramundane, than sensation in man, which is associated with the physical organism, excludes the possibility of emotions which are purely spiritual.

Another supposition may now be made; instead of conceiving the mind immersed in matter as intelligent in the proper meaning of that term, let it be conceived as merely sensitive, and as apprehending only those changes in the universe which appeal to sense.

"Conceive, if you choose, the world to be like an animal, as some old philosophers conceived it. The way in which a *human* being sees power and function is altogether different from the way in which they would be viewed by the supposed mundane intelligence. *We* do not see them as two entities *separately* existing, and the relation which is of such vital consequence to all inventors and producers as *something* which *ensues* between them. To us, the causal essence of the power lies in the *relativity* itself, and we often actually recognise the power passing over into its function, and becoming lost in it. An example in point lies in the active combination of uncombined atoms and molecules;—the *relativity* (or, as in such a case it is termed, the *attraction*) is the immediate cause of the production. 'Thus,' says Dr. Tyndall, 'we can get power out of oxygen and hydrogen by the act of their union; but once they are combined, and once the motion consequent on their union has been expended, no further power can be got out of the mutual attraction of oxygen and hydrogen. As dynamic agents they are dead.' We can, in this manner, produce from the combustion of coal, light, heat, and propulsive force; but coal and oxygen are *consumed* in the producing process. Yet in this process, *what and how much* would have come within the grasp of a merely sensitive intelligence? Simply the object coal, the brilliant light, the pleasant heat, and the actual movement of an incomprehensible machine. Let mundane mind be thus conceived, and nature would necessarily be administered by an intelligence which never got below the surface. The result, as we may certainly perceive, must have always lain between either an unchanging sameness, or the instability of chance misdirection,

a state of things which, compared with our actual world, would seem most unsatisfactory; but which never has in fact been realised."

The mundane mind must then be conceived as both intelligent and sensitive. But if we withhold personality and volition, the phenomena of personality and volition would still remain a mystery to it; it would still fail to reach the dignity of an all-comprehending Intelligence, and its offspring would still be, in the most important respects of all, superior to itself. But, in fact, the whole scheme of such a mind is unintelligible and self-contradictory, and is only propounded by the author, as it is quoted by us, to show the lengths of absurdity to which a consistent materialism must go, if, acknowledging the presence of mind in nature, as science compels it to do, it still clings to its hypothesis of an identity of such a mind with matter. For, as we have said before, mind and personality, intelligence and volition, are inseparable. It is true that materialism would and must endeavour to escape from the conclusion we have just now drawn as to the inferiority of such a mind to its offspring, by denying to the latter any true personality or volition at all. But it might as well also deny to us intelligence, and even sensation. These, whether the products of organisation or not, are admitted by all to be facts of consciousness. But the same evidence which assures their existence, assures also the existence of a self-determining will. If I am deceived in my consciousness of volition, I have no right to affirm the reality of any mental act or state. These are some of the difficulties that beset a theory which, in dethroning the Eternal, degrades His creatures also to the dust.

So far the argument has turned on the proofs of mind in nature, and the probability that they are manifestations of a self-conscious Intelligence. But for the existence of Will as necessarily prior to the whole series of these operations there remains still further evidence; and to the exhibition of this, the two concluding chapters are devoted, under the headings of Causation and Responsibility respectively. Natural Science now no longer holds the torch to Natural Theology, and Moral Science becomes her guide. "Geology, palæontology, astronomy, are unanimous in telling us of periods immeasurably remote. But they are all silent on two more distant and profound subjects—a Beginning and an Eternity." We cannot reach Time's antecedents;

we carry the present with us, whenever we attempt to travel into the immeasurable past. We cannot tell what went before them. "It is very important for us to be thoroughly clear upon the result. For there is a sort of unreflecting idea afloat, that if vast periods of time are conceived, the whole universe is conceived also. All seems explained, since everything may come to pass in time! So it may in *one* sense. Time gives opportunity; but then there must be a moving power to work *in* the opportunity. Let it therefore be distinctly borne in mind that time causes nothing. To dispense with a spring of action, is to imagine that time will stop the river's flow, or that the river will stop without a cause in time.

'Rusticus expectat, dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.'

In reality time accounts neither for good nor evil, neither for the end nor yet for the beginning of any single work. And the same is true respecting any chain, however long, made up of antecedents and consequents, however numerous. We see in them movements propagating movements; but then we are obliged to ask, "What moved the first of them?" The candid reply of the first scientists of the age is, "We cannot tell." But is the problem to be given up as incapable of solution because inanimate nature cannot furnish it? There is another world, just as real as that of nature, of whose existence everyone carries the evidence in his own breast, acknowledging laws as diverse from those of nature as the substances on which they are impressed. Since physical science cannot satisfy us, why are we interdicted from interrogating the science of the soul? The candour with which some scientists confess their ignorance of a First Cause must not mislead us into too great a reliance on their conclusion that therefore none exists. We offend against no canon of reasoning when we borrow light from one science to assist our researches in another, provided that in so doing we observe the laws peculiar to each. The outer world presents us with a difficulty for which she assigns no explanation: what shall we do then but turn to the inner world? And this the more readily, inasmuch as it is the light from the inner world that has enabled us to see the difficulty of which it is also required to supply the explanation. Here in this inner world, and here only, do we find an

example of a true Cause. All that appears without is succession, not causation. It is only by a misapplication of language that the invariable antecedents which introduce physical effects are termed causes at all. A cause is not simply the assemblage of conditions without which a given event could not take place: the idea of power enters into the notion, such as can only be understood by a reference to self-active will. In a chain of invariable sequences, nobody supposes that the existence of one link is accounted for by the existence of that which immediately preceded it. No one asserts that the recurrence of the seasons is accounted for by a reference to the motion of the earth and the light and heat of the sun; nor are we any nearer satisfaction when we have resolved sun, moon, and stars, with the earth that we inhabit, into a nebula. The nebula requires a cause to account for it. And not only so, but the cause sufficient to account for the first created thing must also contain in itself that which will account for every successive development. The potentiality of future worlds stored up in the nebula is the product of the cause, and so of necessity are the worlds themselves. The notion of Causation thus obtained is essentially diverse from that of mere antecedent and consequent, and the type of such causation is only found in the human will. But this is not the whole of the difference. The relation of a cause to the effects connected with it and that of a link to other links in invariable sequence are widely dissimilar.

"Suppose we take the alphabet to represent a series of these antecedents and consequents, the latter invariably following the former. . . . Suppose P stands for a fact, which may also be described as a natural phenomenon. To account for P we go back to O, retrogress to N, M, and so on. Again, suppose another fact, which cannot be described as a natural phenomenon. Let us try whether P may, with equal propriety, stand for a human production or performance. That is—whether, instead of being a mere *phenomenal* fact, it may also be spoken of as an *act*. We want, then, to account for P, *thus* considered. A striking circumstance appears at once evident, that to find the 'why' of human activity we do not look to any antecedent;—we look to a *consequent*, or a series of consequences. The question we ask is, with what *view* P became an act? In other words, we try to account for P, *not* by O, N, M, &c., but Q, R, S, &c. For example: let P represent a murder. The crime was done for the

sake of money, and for things which money will purchase; that is, the *consequents*, Q, R, S, and so on, forming a series designed; gains and purposes, long or short. But, no one would say that another series *foregoing* (O, N, M) *necessitated the act*;—that they were the *certain antecedents of a necessary consequent* (P) *the murder*. If it were so, we should have to congratulate the murderer for having been forced into so profitable a performance, and we should also have to leave him in the peaceable enjoyment of his profits.

“Acts, therefore—or *volitional facts*—move forwards through a series of *consequents*; while phenomena—that is, *physical facts*—run backwards through a series of *antecedents*. If pressed to find a cause for an act, we are never in a position to say,—If P then certainly O; if no O, then P is impossible. We say, on the contrary, that the *cause* of the act was *volitional*, that is, it was done by an *agent or person acting*. And further that the *consequents* (Q, R, S, &c.) represent the *purpose* of the act or agent, and that he is responsible for having adopted them as his prevalent motives or inducements.

“But from these necessities of thought, which hold alike as abstract truths and in practical experience, several inferences follow:—A volitional cause or agent may stand before a series of consequents, but cannot be ranged after such a series. Our series represented by the alphabet, was taken to be a series of *invariable sequency*. That is, each factor (letter) presupposed antecedents, which *necessitated* every factor in succession. Therefore we cannot represent any agent or volitional cause, by an element (or letter) of that series at all. Nor yet his act. It follows on no such chain of antecedents. It is done in *view* of certain consequents.

“If, therefore, we ask what can be conceived respecting the causation of the universe,—its cause must be placed absolutely outside and prior to the whole series. In other words,—a volitional or first cause can never belong to the physical chain of antecedent and consequent, bound together by natural law. And the reason is plain: in no true sense can such a cause ever be a necessary consequent at all. Such a cause calls into existence, not only A, but the whole consecutive alphabet representing cycles of millions of ages. Not the world’s primæval state alone, but the whole law-connected universe. Thus, first cause and secondary cause apply not to difference of sequence alone, but to an *intrinsic and essential distinction*. And this distinction is so vast, that between the world’s first cause, and any given secondary cause, there is fixed a gulf of separation as wide as the whole potential universe.”

From the above it will be plain that the future cannot be dissociated, in the realm of Moral Causation, from the

present and the past. If the human will be a true Cause, then and only on that condition, it is a fit subject for responsibility. The fact that man is everywhere so regarded by his fellows and himself is therefore in keeping with what has been advanced : it establishes Moral Causation. But it does more ; it establishes Moral Government also. The same phenomenon which points to a Spiritual Being as the cause of the universe, points also to His supreme claims as its Legislator, Administrator, and Judge.

Responsibility is an acknowledged fact of human consciousness ; a conviction that forms the basis of all self-government, self-approval, and self-condemnation ; a principle of universal potency, without which society could not hold together for a day. If we analyse it, we find it consists of two factors, the moral causation already discussed,—the power of originating a series of consequents which have no other antecedent than the volition of the individual,—and a sense of the distinction between right and wrong. The origin of this grand distinction has been in every age a fruitful source of controversy, and has never been more hotly debated than it is at this day. The reason is not far to seek. But no amount of interested sophistry has been able to blind the common sense of mankind to the ultimate, permanent, irresolvable character of the distinction itself.

“There is no truth of our whole manhood more striking, as well as more evident, than the *independent vitality* of our moral consciousness. Let us suppose, for example's sake, that the reader was once unhappy enough to injure a neighbour, a friend, or relation. Let the injury be something which you in your heart knew to be truly injurious—a thing impossible in your better moments ; but still a thing done. Now, let years elapse, and when the thought recurs, and the deed is reacted, you feel how wrongful it was ; and when you grow old, and there are few left to love you, the feeling will become far more deep. Put oceans, continents, tropics between yourself and your injured one ; the reality is not at all less real. The same stars no longer look down upon you by night, the sun does not bring back the same seasons at the same time, but your act is *timeless* ; and though night and day vary, its criminality remains the same. And, worst of all, the injured one may die, whilst no act of reparation may have been performed by you,—no word of love or truth escaped your lips. The deed is irremediable, and you are the doer of it. Neither space nor duration of years can alter the fact. There is a moral mark set upon your conscience, and no

human sympathy can heal, nor even alleviate the sorrow. Most likely you never attempt to explain to others the pain you feel, because, were the case another's, you would hardly comprehend it yourself. Thousands have gone to the grave, carrying heavy burdens of this kind, almost or altogether unsuspected.

"Exemption from the laws of time and space is, perhaps, the most *wonderful* characteristic of our moral consciousness. With this solitary exception we seem to find ourselves in perpetual subjection to those laws. But in the realm of morals it is the reverse. The endless theoretical contradictions about the finite and the infinite (to which we have more than once alluded) bear witness to this fact. Morality at once puts the two together; what in its sphere of commission was a finite crime, is likewise an infinite immorality. We count up our faults as sins; but, when viewed awhile in the light of conscience, they are most burdensome to us as being, not *sins*, but *Sin*. Look at the pre-Christian Eumenides; the last meeting of St. John the Evangelist; the confessions of Augustine; and the life of John Bunyan; to which we might add more than one great Oxford life; and through them all the profound sense of sin underlies every other utterance."

The intuition of power, or moral causation, and the intuition of duty, or moral obligation, thus accompany each other: it would be strange indeed if they did not. And as they are of paramount importance to individual and social happiness, so they employ the loftiest faculties in man. Those who, with cool contempt, assign to religion the domain of emotion as her province, think they have thereby branded her with a stigma of unreality and impracticableness. But how utterly mistaken are they in the analysis of the mind. As if emotion, the most delicate, the most subtle, the most refined, could be without an intellectual basis! In moral sensibility, whether we erect conscience into a separate faculty or not, the judgment plays a prominent part; it affirms the rightness or wrongness of a given act before it is performed, and the intellectual discrimination is followed, not dominated, by the appropriate emotion. It is in moral action alone that the three prime faculties of intellect, feeling, and will, find, either for good or evil, their most momentous exercise.

From this complex moral consciousness, the argument to a Moral Governor is twofold. There is an argument immediate and direct,—that based upon the intuition itself. As in the region of intellect we find ourselves face

to face with a belief in the supernatural, of which we cannot divest ourselves, so in the region of moral action we find the same idea, clothed with the attributes of power which we ourselves possess, and becoming not a mere intellectual principle, but a living Person,—the God with whom we have to do. When we condemn ourselves, we know, apart from all reasoning, that we are condemned by Another. But while to each man his own inner consciousness thus bears witness to a Moral Ruler,—the universal consciousness of mankind warrants the same conclusion, being a phenomenon that demands such a cause to account for it, and to give it validity and force.

All these lines converge to one centre, these demonstrations point to one end, the existence and sovereignty of one supreme, almighty, and benevolent Being. The belief in the supernatural first affirms His existence as a prime necessity of our intellectual nature; the truth is confirmed by an examination of His works, which declare His glory in so many and various ways. But these demand also some such Cause as we find in our own personality, a living and self-active Agent. Such a Being, therefore, must be the Author of the Universe be. And since with this principle of moral causation in us we find inseparably conjoined a sense of responsibility, we are again compelled, both by reason and intuition, to regard the Author of nature as the source from whence our moral consciousness derives both its continued existence and its eternal sanctions.

The relations between man and the Being thus made known to him, inextricably interwoven with Natural Theology, will receive, we may hope, a fuller exposition than has been possible in this essay, in the forthcoming Bampton Lecture, under the title of Natural Religion. As the former paves the way for the latter, so do both for Revealed Theology and Revealed Religion. Natural Theology declares a God whose perfections are such as to encourage the hope of fuller manifestations: nay, it shows the necessity of them so plainly as almost to make miracle cease to be miracle. Natural Religion, by the stringency of its enactments, and the utter impossibility of obeying them in our present fallen state, makes the intervention of an Atonement an almost necessary complement of its stern teachings. And the two lights,—the greater that rules the day, and the lesser that rules

the night,—do not neutralise each other's beams: the one is gradually absorbed in the effulgence of the other, but it is by the inequality of their contrasted splendours, not by any antagonism in the principle of their illumination. Nature and the supernatural,—the law written in the heart by the Hand that first fashioned it, and the law engraven by the same hand under the guidance of Infinite Grace,—these can never be opposed. As the external world and the internal world join in their testimony to a common Origin, so do both these unite with the voices of the spiritual world,—which is at once external and internal,—in proclaiming the same God and Father of all.

We have willingly followed the author through his upward course, and have been anxious to set before our readers the general strain of his arguments, in a connected view. It has been impossible, however, in the space allotted to us, to do justice to the wealth of his illustrations, and the number of the side issues which he has raised in traversing the main line of thought. For these, as well as for the mass of quotations from all classes of writers, we must refer those who are interested in the subject (and who cannot but be ?) to the book itself. The moral and spiritual aspects of scientific questions, and of the great cosmical problems that are occupying the minds of men, will there be found presented in a manner that cannot fail to furnish food for profitable meditation, as showing how intimately they are blended with the questions of the duty of the individual and the destiny of the race. Abstract speculations, commonly unattractive to all but a few, cease to be such when it is seen how deeply they affect the daily action of men among and upon one another; and the researches of science, which to another order of minds may seem to be objectless, acquire a new importance when viewed in their bearing on the highest interests of the rational tenants of the globe. If we cannot agree with every philosophical tenet the author enunciates, in the general course of his teaching we heartily concur, and commend it to the sympathy of our readers.

ART. VI.—*Autobiography of A. B. Granville, M. D., F.R.S. ; being Eighty-eight Years of the Life of a Physician, who practised his Profession in Italy, Greece, Turkey, Spain, Portugal, the West Indies, Russia, Germany, France, and England.* Edited, with a Brief Account of the last Year of his Life, by his youngest Daughter, PAULINA B. GRANVILLE. Two Vols. Henry S. King and Co., London. 1874.

THIS book seems to us to have had less than its due share of public notice and attention. Perhaps it has been somewhat overshadowed by those *Greville Memoirs*, with which, from the similarity of the names, it is apt to be confounded. But it is indeed a very different book. Whether the other altogether deserves either the lavish eulogies, or the merciless condemnation, which have been dealt out to it, this is no place to inquire. But the difference between the writers is patent. That is the production of a cynical, and by his own confession, not a very sincere courtier. This tells us the life story of a MAN, and of no common man. Unconsciously, and unintentionally, Dr. Granville has drawn the picture of a refined, noble, generous, tender-hearted, hard-working, and most conscientious man; true always to himself, loyal always to duty; a man who fought his way upward through difficulties which would have daunted or conquered most others. The lives of these two writers almost synchronized: Granville was born 1788, Greville in 1794; Greville died in 1865, Granville survived till 1872. But what different worlds they lived in! What different associates they cultivated! What different influences affected them! And above all, what different principles, dispositions, and characters, they in their own persons brought to bear upon life and society!

In every point of view, Dr. Granville was among the foremost men of his time. He led a life of incessant and laborious activity, till long past the period when human "strength" is "labour and sorrow." He attained to the highest honours of the noble profession which he so brilliantly adorned; he contributed a prodigious amount of both scientific knowledge and literary disquisition on

professional topics ; he travelled over all Europe, and some parts both of Asia and America ; he was familiarly acquainted with many who have bequeathed historic names to posterity ; he acquired the mastery of we know not how many languages ; he lived "soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world," and at the venerable age of more than eighty-eight years, after such work, whether for quality or amount, as is seldom given to men to do, he "fell asleep" in Jesus.

He was, so to speak, a born citizen of the world. His immediate ancestors were Italian, and till he had passed through his early manhood, he bore his father's name, that of Bozzi ; but his great-grand-parents on his mother's side were Cornish. Bevil Granville, his great-grandfather, had been "implicated in some political troubles," and had consequently become domiciled in Italy. His Italian ancestry was illustrious, his father being "the fifth lineal descendant of Bartolomeo Bozzi, or Bosius (as the name was written in the Lombard Latin of the sixteenth century), well known in the history of Milan as a learned scholar, poet, physician, and the friend of St. Charles Borromeo."

His mother, as is often the case with the mothers of distinguished men, was a woman of exalted character, and had been very highly educated ; so that she was competent to conduct her three sons through all their early studies. Two years before the French Revolution, she was appointed reader to the reigning Archduchess of Austria. His father was Postmaster-General to the Austro-Lombard province ; a fine specimen of the *ancien régime*, tall, handsome, courtly after the fashion of the days when there were courtiers ; and at the age of seventy-six his teeth were as sound and white as at twenty, and there was not a wrinkle in his face.

Our hero's infancy was passed among the hills of Brianza,—“the garden of Lombardy,”—in sight of hills, lakes, vineyards, and the rapid Adda, which flowed hard by : he attributes that eye for the picturesque, which he possessed in a remarkable degree, to these early surroundings ; and the soundness of his constitution to the healthy nourishment derived from a nurse whom he ever loved with a touching tenderness, and of whom he speaks with warm affection. He modestly confesses that he was rather a troublesome child, and had to be sent to a preparatory school. Hence he was transferred to the care of

one Castoldi, "professor of mathematics and classical learning," from whose instructions he at first derived little profit. But his mind was suddenly awakened by reading in the *Milanese Gazette*, the story of Louis XVI.'s execution, which not only made him shed tears, to the amusement of his idle school-fellows, but at once set him on more serious reading, especially of history, for which he retained an absorbing passion to the last. Livy, Tacitus, Cornelius Nepos, and Plutarch, became his constant companions. He condemns the too early association of mathematical with classical instruction, as calculated rather to paralyse than to stimulate the mind when too young to bend its powers steadily to more than one serious pursuit. He became under Castoldi "only a tolerable arithmetician, and a sorry Latin scholar." But his mother's friend, the Padre Emenegildo Pini, Professor of Experimental Philosophy in the Lyceum of St. Alessandro, persuaded her to enter him as a pupil in that establishment, conducted by the Barnabite Fathers, and held in the highest repute for learning and science. Here, besides Latin, literature, and poetry, he received the rudiments of mechanical philosophy, and acquired that devotion to experimental science for which he became afterwards so distinguished in his profession. From this school he passed into the College of Merate, where he set himself to prepare for his studies at the University of Pavia. Here he chiefly delighted in classical studies, and in Latin versification, in which last accomplishment he made such progress that, at the end of the first term, he carried off the first poetry prize. His joy, however, was chastened by a doubtful opinion from the Rector as to his personal character. In fact, he seems to have been quite a young reformer, aspiring even to remodel in some respects the institution to which he belonged. His good health, high spirits, restless temperament, combined, together with such stories as that of Virginus, Caius Licinius, and even the Roman tribune, Rienzi, "which we read in secret," to make him even then a kind of rebel ringleader, a part which the stirring events of the first Revolution by no means rendered less attractive to his young ambition. About this time he obtained his first glimpse of Napoleon I., "the little man," with sparkling eyes, lank sallow face, overshadowed by straight black hair, which descending over a huge forehead, came down the sides of the head and touched the shoulders. He saw him

next on the fifth anniversary of the French Republic, in company with Josephine, in the great public gardens of Milan. The band was playing a popular republican air, and Dr. Granville remarks, "Those two republican listeners to that patriotic canticle from the balcony of the Duke Serbelloni, would, in a few more years encircle their brows with the imperial diadem of Gaul, and with the iron crown of the Lombards."

Our hero soon became an ardent republican; and, when the North Italian Republic was established, and well-known Italians were placed at its head, his joy knew no bounds, and he became as fierce and as mad as a Jacobin. He formed a revolutionary club in the college, and planted a tree of liberty in the centre of the great square. Of course he fell into disgrace with the reverend fathers; and, notwithstanding his diligence and success as a student, he was coldly received at home by his father, who was not only an Austrian subject, but a trusted and honoured servant of the empire.

He had been much inclined to the clerical office; and his passion for the Church had induced him to set up a little chapel, with an altar and an image of the Virgin Mary. Here he was accustomed to celebrate mass, in vestments supplied by his sisters, and with incense obtained from the cook; and it was understood that he would be "the parson of the family." But the wave of the French invasion bore along with it French infidelity; and Granville unfortunately imbibed the poison of "*Le Système de la Nature*," whereby all thought of the sacred office was destroyed. To English Protestants, the following extract will be as graceful as it is touching:—

"I shall have to confess, in the course of this narrative, how much harm the reading of this book had done me, and how happy I feel at the reflection that the subsequent continuous perusal of Holy Writ, under English interpretation, has served to restore that peace of mind and assurance as to my future destiny which my initiation into the contents of the work just mentioned had completely destroyed."—Vol. I. pp. 21, 22.

After a brief period, during which he seems to have tried his hand at literature, music, architecture, and painting, his father's losses, consequent on French rapacity, made it necessary to choose his career, and it was determined that he should be educated for a physician, with which object

he was entered at the University of Pavia. Here he was the pupil of Joseph Frank, Spallanzani, Moscati, Scarpa, and Volta. With the two last-named professors he carried on a friendly correspondence till the time of their respective deaths. He was not, at first, remarkably diligent, being indeed much occupied with private theatricals, in which he seemed likely to become expert and successful. But the remonstrances of his mother and sister, "and the pressing arguments of a fair member of our philodramatic corps, la Signora Gavazzi, a most charming person, who, in due time, became the mother of the famed Father Gavazzi," drove that craze out of his head, and he bent again to serious study. But just then Austria recovered her Italian provinces, by help of the Russians under old Suwarrow. The troops of the latter were objects of loathing and horror to the Italians. The lower classes believed that the Kalmuks were cannibals, and had hooks to their fingers and toes; and the pilfering propensities and filthy feeding habits of the Cossacks disgusted the people; so that a deputation waited on the old general, begging him to keep his Kalmuks and, if possible, his Cossacks too, outside the city walls. These objectionable creatures, however, speedily withdrew; but the iron yoke of Austrian domination, which they had helped to rivet, remained; and any apparent sympathy with French ideas was severely punished. Of course an ardent republican like Granville, only sixteen years of age, was sure to commit himself. The French rule had driven religion out of most people's minds, and, as in other places, had transformed churches into theatres, club-houses, &c., so that an utter and widespread disregard for religious observances prevailed. One day, when the *viaticum* was carried in procession to a dying person, Granville neglected to take off his hat, whereupon he was seized by the police, brought before the authorities, and at once committed to the State prison. This was an old monastery; and Granville's feelings at being locked up in a monk's cell were anything but enviable; but he soon found that Professor Basori, an old tutor, and Count Porro, who had done him good service at Merate, were fellow-prisoners, and communication was soon established with them. His father's influence presently freed him from incarceration, but, we presume as a kind of penance, he was condemned to pass two weeks in the Convent of the Capuchin Friars. He

entered into the prescribed religious exercises with great zest, and soon obtained the approval of the fathers, who attributed his zeal to penitence for his sins, little suspecting that, as an amateur priest, in childhood he had become proficient in celebrating Romish worship, and that his love of music had nearly everything to do with what they took to be his reviving faith. A youngster who shared his cell, and was, in fact, keeping his own noviciate, knew better, and the young rogues indulged often in "unholy mirth" at the credulity of the fathers.

When the term of his confinement came, he found that a great and salutary impression had been made upon his mind. He did not love religion more, nor hate Austria less ;—(how should he ?)—but he woke up to a sense of the seriousness of life, and resolved to study his profession diligently and perseveringly,—a resolution which he put into immediate practice, and from which, during the seventy years that followed, he never swerved. The following passage will be read with interest :—

"On looking back to those days, I am almost bewildered by my scholastic reminiscences ; the many new philosophical subjects started ; the many new scientific facts first divulged and illustrated ; the novel and highly important doctrines broached and firmly established within a period of four short years, from 1798 to 1802, through the labours and discoveries of Spallanzani, Scarpa, Volta, besides the purely medical and successful teaching of Joseph Frank, Rasori, Moscati, and Brera. Throughout the whole period of my university career, all these great intellects, while instructing their numerous pupils, were laying the foundations of new physical laws, which, in the case of one of the discoverers, were to change completely the doctrine regarding electricity, and lead to extraordinary results, the termination of which no one can anticipate, for the progress has been almost continuous, I may say perpetual, ever since, and their applicability and importance to mankind inexhaustible."—Vol. I. p. 39.

Spallanzani demonstrated the falsehood of the theory of the spontaneous reproduction of animal life, which had just then been broached in England ; and it was he who, according to Dr. Granville, discovered the gastric juice, and its function in the digestion of food. How strange it seems to read these statements in a book published only last year, and from the pen of a man who died only two years ago, and to remember that he was among the witnesses of the earliest experiments by which such things as

these were demonstrated! There is a romantic, almost weird interest in listening to him, and thinking of the development which the human mind has undergone within the lifetime of one single man.

More interesting still is it to learn that he was also a pupil of Volta, and a witness of the earliest experiments of the discoverer of Voltaic electricity, and the inventor of the Voltaic pile.

“Those of my children, or of my children’s children, by whom I am surrounded, and who, from inclination, reading, study, or any other circumstances, shall chance to devote their time to scientific pursuits, and shall have become acquainted with the marvellous progress electricity has made from the time of their parent’s first education at the University, will enter readily into those feelings of pride which he now experiences at having been not only an ocular witness of the birth of the Voltaic pile and its wonderful phenomena, but also a learner to whom those phenomena and the agents employed had been divulged and explained by the immortal discoverer himself in person. I have had the good fortune of hearing Sir Humphry Davy, Gay-Lussac, Biot, Faraday, and Tyndall discourse on electricity; I have witnessed the decomposition of the alkaline salts and oxides by the same agency; the creation of the terrestrial and maritime telegraphs through the same power; and, in common with thousands upon thousands of hearers or spectators, I have stood amazed at the wondrous and startling facts brought out by a mighty agent which the sagacity of man has enabled him to snatch from the recondite bosom of Nature some thousands of years after the universal creation by the fiat of God! But how shall I describe the feeling which, in common with my fellow-students, the class of experimental philosophy at Pavia, we experienced on the day when the immortal Volta, in our presence, called into existence this mighty power! He first placed—explaining, as he proceeded, the order and the reason of it—two round pieces of dissimilar metal in contact, and upon them a paper moistened in salt water; then, having repeated this pairing of the two metals, one on the top of the other (secured between slender glass rods), to the number of one hundred couples, he showed us on the instant and made us feel the electric spark!”—Vol. I. pp. 43, 44.

He then gives us a lively account of the *furor* produced by Volta’s discovery in the scientific world. Professors from other universities flocked in crowds to Pavia, and among them Galvani, Volta’s great rival; and Volta himself became the idol of his university.

Meantime our hero began to study French and German,

and to cultivate the lighter arts and refinements of life; and acquired the accomplishments which his parents thought needful to qualify him for a *gentiluomo*. In 1802, when only in the nineteenth year of his age, he obtained his diploma of M.D. But troubles awaited him at home. His eldest brother had been drawn in the French conscription, which, however, he managed to evade by taking refuge in the nearest Austrian camp. In a few months, in all probability, the like fate would befall our hero. In the meantime, he wisely devoted himself with great assiduity to professional and other studies. But fear of the conscription induced him to depart furtively from home; and he took refuge with an uncle at Genoa, where he enjoyed himself immensely, and acquired no small renown in the gay society of the Ligurian capital, as a fine tenor singer and player on the guitar. His transient dream of happiness was soon dispelled by the information that he was "wanted" by the French military authorities, who had discovered his evasion of the conscription. He had long since begun to hate the French, as much as he had once loved them; and he very naively says that this vigilant search after him served him right, for his youthful Gallican proclivities. His amateur theatrical performances suggested the plan of escaping into Austrian territory, as one of a company of comedians about to leave for Venice, to perform there during the carnival. His adventures on the way were very amusing, but need not detain us here. Arrived at Venice, he at once determined to break his theatrical engagement, and was brought in consequence before the Imperial Austrian Commissioner of Police, who turned out to be his own eldest brother! and so ended a little comedy of real life. Matters were soon settled with the manager, and our hero transferred himself from the inn where the company lodged to his brother's official residence.

His stay at Venice was very brief; but his time was not wasted. Besides lionising the City of the Isles, he increased his stock of medical knowledge, and, notably, was made acquainted with the therapeutic value of hydrocyanic acid, which some years afterwards he introduced into medical practice in England, in a treatise *On the Internal Use of Hydrocyanic Acid in Pulmonary Consumption*. But his fixed idea at this time was to travel and see the world. His brother would have procured him a consular

appointment in one of the Greek islands; but that did not suit his roving disposition; and accordingly he set out on his travels, with only the necessary appurtenances of travel, and a few good introductions. His first halting-place was Cephalonia; and here his wonderful capacity for learning languages stood him in good stead. He cruised about among the islands till he had mastered the Romaic or modern Greek, so as to converse easily and fluently with the natives; and his purse was occasionally replenished by taking part in medical consultations. His musical acquirements made him very popular in society; especially as he could by this time sing to the accompaniment of his guitar not only Italian ditties but Romaic iambics. The temptations to idleness and dissipation were many and powerful; but they were steadily resisted under the pressure of his high resolve both to increase his stock of knowledge, and "to make its results professionally the source of his future income."

But the best result of his stay in the Archipelago was the acquaintance and intimate friendship of William Richard Hamilton, Foreign Minister under Wellesley and Castlereagh, and finally British Minister at Naples. He was at this moment connected with the British Embassy at Constantinople; and proposed that Granville should accompany him to that capital in his medical capacity, travelling under the designation of "Physician to the English Embassy at Constantinople." This was more than he had dared to hope for. In addition to the value of the position it gave him, it opened to him the possibility of finding his way to the home of his maternal ancestry. He had shown so much sympathy for England that he had been called at home "the Englishman." It was one of the many instances in life of the occurrence of that ineffable boon called "opportunity;" and in this, as in so many instances, our hero proved that he knew how to take the tide of fortune "at the flood." "My departure from Corfu was my first step to England." And so it was; but years were to elapse before the last step would follow, and he was to see and to acquire very much that was precious in the meantime. We shall find him greatly indebted for other services to the same gentleman, for whom he cherished to the end a profound and loving regard. Mr. Hamilton was at this time private secretary to Lord Elgin, our Ambassador at Constantinople; had personally superintended, in that noble-

man's behalf, the removal of the "Elgin Marbles," now in the British Museum, from the Parthenon; was, moreover, an eminent Greek scholar, and profoundly acquainted with Egyptian antiquities. The combination of these rare acquirements, with "great courtesy of manner and geniality of temper," assured his success both in private and in public life. His friendship with Granville lasted more than half a century, the latter surviving him for a few years. The first important halt was at Jannina, the capital of Albania; and here the party were introduced to that renowned rascal, Ali Pasha, the chieftain of the country. The old fellow was a confirmed invalid, and was threatened with *elephantiasis*. Granville prescribed for him and for a little sickly daughter with such good effect that the chieftain proposed to make him his physician, with 10,000 piastres a year, and apartments in his palace.

But such an appointment did not come up to our hero's idea of "opportunity;" and, under plea of his engagement with Lord Elgin's secretary, he promptly declined the proposed honour. Ali Pasha was an unmitigated and tyrannical scoundrel, and he surrounded himself with "birds of a feather." At the outset of his career he murdered his own brother, and his rule was wantonly oppressive and cruel. His excesses brought on him at last the punishment which he deserved. Summoned to answer for his crimes before the Sultan, he raised the standard of revolt; and, after a long and bloody struggle with the Turkish forces, he fell, riddled with bullets, on Feb. 5th, 1822. The following description of his personal appearance is worth transcribing:—

"Under a forehead of brass, inscribed with harshness and obstinacy, were piercing eyes, flashing fire at times, and anon darting scorn with the accompanying curl of the lip. Presently those eyes would assume the insidious look of meekness calculated to deceive people not on their guard against, but rather fascinated by, the prestige of a chief who, while in the plenitude of an almost kingly authority, condescended to converse, argue, and treat with, a person not his equal. . . . There they were, those damning features always before my eyes, which forced the mind to accept as true every accusation, even the very grossest, against his character."—Vol. I. pp. 97, 98.

The next stage of the eastward journey was to Athens, which the party duly reached "after a long, desultory, fatiguing, albeit interesting ramble through Hellas." No

incidents of importance marked the journey. Athens was entered by the Hadrian gate, Granville, as he passed through, being much preoccupied with the fact that he, a descendant of the Longobardi of Mediolanum, was entering a city which was ravaged by the Goths sixteen centuries previously, at the very time when Mediolanum was converted into a Roman dependency. Athens, too, shared the fate of the other city, and came under Roman rule. Absorbed in this rather self-conscious and conceited reverie, the city failed to inspire him with the enthusiasm usually awakened by the first sight of the old centre and capital of Grecian culture. But an early visit to the Acropolis soon converted him from an indifferent spectator into "a most enthusiastic admirer." The havoc made by iconoclasts in the early period of Christianity, from religious motives, had been but too well imitated and carried out by the barbaric invaders of the empire in sheer wantonness and brutality. Then followed, in 1687, a terrific explosion of the Venetian powder magazine within the walls of the Parthenon, whereby that consummate architectural monument was quite destroyed. And it must be owned that the operations of Lord Elgin and others had greatly increased the dreariness and desolation. It is but right, however, to remind the reader that, had not the friezes, sculptures, and other fragments of this magnificent temple been removed to England, there would perhaps by this time have been no remnant of its glory in existence. Dr. Granville himself witnessed the mutilation of a limb of one of the sculptured centaurs by mounted Turks throwing the djarriid at them in sport, amid the rejoicing and plaudits of the Turkish rabble around. Enough remained of the building even then, however, to impress very powerfully the young physician's imagination. He was looking at one of the most beautiful of all classic structures, for the erection of which Pericles gave the word of command twenty-three centuries ago; and, while gazing on the glorious ruin, he concluded that it had been more respected by time than by man, a sentiment which he subsequently modified :—

"As regards Athens more particularly, it was to be my lot, after a few years, to discover that my conclusion had been too hasty; and that what I had considered as the result of the devastating hand of time, or the evil nature of man, was in fact the work of a protecting hand, which withdrew from inevitable and complete destruction, monuments the Greeks knew not how

to protect, and by removing them to another land, and to the care of a very different people, had secured for them an almost perpetual existence for the admiration and instruction of many generations to come, and for the perpetuation of good taste in the fine arts. I speak in this manner with more than ordinary feeling, having been personally engaged in securing a part of the marbles above referred to which had found their way to France, and which I was made the agent for procuring at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul's marbles in Paris in 1815, under the authority of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer."—Vol. I. p. 122.

Both Mr. Hamilton and Dr. Granville were smitten with fever at Athens; and the former, having been summoned home on promotion and having recovered his health, had to leave his friend behind,—a sick "stranger in a strange land,"—to Granville's utter desolation. But, with improving health he soon recovered his good spirits, and was busily engaged in a minute inspection of the architectural and other glories of the capital of old Attica. We have not space for his vivid and eloquent description of the temples of Jupiter Olympus, Bacchus, and Theseus, and all the exquisite beauties of nature and art concentrated within the narrow limits of what would have been to modern minds a comparatively small city:—

"O glorious sight! not to be paralleled on earth," he says, "teeming with monuments of such exquisite designs and workmanship as no subsequent human effort has surpassed or indeed equalled. Such were my reflections, placed as I was on this unique spot [the Acropolis]. Nor can I at this moment wake up in my mind any analogous impression in the course of the ever-changing scenes of my subsequent long life."—Vol. I. p. 127.

He left Athens, overawed and impressed beyond measure with the magnificence even of its ruins, and the pictures they suggested of what it must have been in the days of its glory. On the other hand, he was dissatisfied that he could gather so little knowledge of Greek private life and the domestic and social condition and habits of the Greek people. He contrasts Greece very unfavourably in this respect with "Rome, Pompeii, and even mighty Egypt." Perhaps he would now add Nineveh and Babylon, though the sculptured and inscribed ruins of these latter cities rather describe the lives of kings, warriors, and so forth, than the customs of society. What Granville desiderated has been to some extent supplied by Becker's marvellously

charming story of *Charicles*,—a tale whose whole interest turns on the illustration of the actual life of the old Greeks, especially as exemplified in Athens itself. We presume that Dr. Granville had not read this exquisite book, which should be attentively and repeatedly perused by all who wish to know how men lived in Greece from two to three thousand years ago.

At last Granville reached Constantinople after a long and tedious voyage. During his very first night on shore he was seized with what he at first thought to be his "old Bœotian fever," but which turned out to be the plague, which was at that time very rife in Constantinople. At his own request, he was immediately removed from the palace of the Legation to the Galata Hospital. For about a week he lay here hovering between life and death; but no sooner was he able to use his brain than he began minutely to study the horrible disease to which he had nearly fallen a victim. The hospital doctor, a Venetian physician of some eminence, gave him his own way as to medical treatment, but had a most decided opinion that the disease was strictly contagious, and had been conveyed to the patient, in this instance, by the people who had assisted in his removal from the ship to the Embassy. Our author gives a most interesting account of experiments made by one Dr. Valli, who twice inoculated himself with virus obtained from a plague bubo. In the first instance he mixed it with vaccine matter, the result being a slight indisposition, accompanied by sores. Emboldened by this result, and believing that he had become invulnerable, so far as the plague was concerned, Valli soon afterwards inoculated himself with virus from the bubo pure and unmixed. He very nearly paid for his devotion with his life, having in some three days a severe attack. The former experiment seemed to favour the mixed and milder use of inoculation, and it soon became very popular; but so much mischief followed, that the use of it was suppressed by authority. The conclusion as to the contagiousness of plague was confirmed and established.

His intercourse with Dr. Valli opened his way to exercise his profession in Stamboul. He was consulted by the parents of a young lady suffering from chest complaint; and the success of his treatment led to a proposal from the father that he should reside in his family during the spring and summer as domestic physician; a proposal

which he gladly accepted, the more so as during those seasons the family lived in Terapia, "the prettiest village on the European shore of the Bosphorus." He was heartily sick of his two-mile walk up and down a street, "meeting always the same faces, and being snarled at by the same filthy curs, until they discovered that I was only one more giaour in their indisputable realm." His new employer was a Greek of high connections and considerable wealth, liable to slight attacks of epilepsy. The eldest son was an admirable linguist, and altogether a gentle and scholarly man, whose society was both delightful and edifying. The younger was to all intents and purposes "a real Oriental swell," aping the Turkish magnifico in the furnishing of his apartments and the adorning of his really handsome and most dearly-loved person. The ladies of the family were the last to arrive at the new residence. Dr. Granville shall himself draw for us a picture of a Greek beauty in the person of the eldest daughter.

"Zoitzza, the eldest daughter, about twenty years of age, represented in its most enchanting form the genuine type of Grecian beauty. Her hair, of a bluish black, from under the smallest possible cap of gold-embroidered blue velvet, coquettishly placed on the top of the head, flowed in profusion over her shoulders and graceful bust, except where gathered up in long massive tresses, entwined here and there with the flowers of the bright pomegranate; her open silk robe crossed modestly over a richly-embroidered muslin chemisette, fitting closely to the bosom. The dress was of the same colour as the flowers in the hair, toned down by a tunic of light gauze or white gossamer. The robe descended only a few inches below the knees, over the wide and plaited trousers of soft lustring, gathered in at the ankle, and terminating with a well-fitted slipper of the softest morocco leather, that set off the perfectly modelled and tiny foot. Zoitzza's complexion was rather Moorish, with elliptic eyebrows that almost met over the well-chiselled nose, while long eyelashes shaded her lustrous grey eyes, whose expression harmonised with the varying movements of her ruby lips, which disclosed another of her treasures. Her manners and address were most graceful." —Vol. I. pp. 146, 147.

At Terapia Dr. Granville set himself to learn the Turkish language; but, though he seemed to make some progress in speaking it, he could never succeed in writing it. He made some lines from right to left, "more like drawing than writing," but the attempt was so manifestly a failure

that he abandoned it, as years afterwards he had to give up stenography, which he calls "a species of Turkish writing." His office in the household was almost a sinecure till one evening in May, 1804, when he was suddenly summoned to the bedside of his host's younger daughter, whom he found spitting blood. He administered the proper remedies, including a grain of solid opium, and the young lady speedily fell into a profound and quiet sleep. Suddenly a terrific howl arose from the outside, which was instantly pronounced to be that of the death-dog, and the true presage of his patient's decease. It turned out to be the hooting of a huge owl; but that, in the view of the superstitious inmates, was an equally fatal omen. The young lady, however, recovered, and in three or four weeks resumed her place in the household. He found the Greek fasts more severe than those of the Romish Church; and was the more out of love with them that his own habits were extremely abstemious,—always eating little, and during the whole time of his sojourn in the East not even drinking or tasting wine. The roving propensity asserted itself once more, also, and a medical friend procured him the post of second physician to the Turkish fleet. Thus was the Milanese youth, when only just of age, converted from "a Western military conscript into an Oriental naval officer." He gives a ludicrous account of his discomfort and clumsiness on first donning the Turkish physician's costume.

He was appointed to the *Peacock*, which cruised in the *Ægean* waters, collecting the tribute exacted by the Turkish government. We cannot follow him through the details of this interesting cruise; but in the end the vessel was employed in the blockade of Acre, at that time held in rebellion against the Porte by Djezzar, the pasha of that place. This horrible man was a most infamous and ferocious tyrant, who had attained his present post by acts of perfidy and cruelty, which shocked the sensibilities, and provoked the hostility, even of the long-suffering Turks. He was in the constant habit of maiming such of his subjects as did not please him; and it was common to meet in the streets of Acre numbers "of men without a nose, an ear, or both, in some cases without the three organs, which had been cut off by order of the tyrant butcher." A very interesting episode of this blockade was leave of absence for ten days to visit the Holy Land. He landed at Jaffa,

was shown the alleged ruins of the house of Simon the tanner; went on to Jerusalem, and "did" the holy places in the approved style; then went "down to Jericho." Here he first saw the Jordan, with which he was much disappointed. His fellow-traveller, the navigating captain of the *Peacock*, proposed to ascend the sacred river in a boat, and was not a little astonished to hear from an experienced native that the feat was impossible, in consequence of the swift current, the innumerable twists and reaches, and the frequent shallows, of the sacred river. Very reluctantly the travellers chose the land route, by the Great Plain of the Jordan, whence they debouched upon the Plain of Esdraelon, and rejoined the ship. Soon afterwards the tyrant "died suddenly of apnœa—want of breath—a fatal complaint, imported by a special messenger from the Porte!" Granville was transferred to the *Active*, in which ship he was able to perfect his acquaintance with the Levant, &c., by visiting Cyprus, Alexandria, and Rhodes. During his wanderings his professional resources had steadily increased; but he could not settle down to the practice of medicine in any place he saw, and at the close of 1804 he resigned his appointment, and invested most of his savings in a Venetian merchant ship, of which the proud and courtly physician became supercargo; and which landed him at Malaga, where he disposed of his share of the cargo to advantage.

Here he soon mastered the Spanish language, which it was comparatively easy for an Italian to do, especially when that Italian possessed such rare gifts, and was so assiduous and indomitable a student as Granville. Here he resumed the course of gaiety to which he had been accustomed in Italy, but was soon roused to professional and earnest work by an outbreak of yellow fever. He had an opportunity of verifying the infectiousness of yellow fever as contrasted with the contagiousness of the Levant plague:—

"The family of a wealthy citizen, affected with the fever, were permitted, notwithstanding the prohibitory *cordon*, to leave the town for their country house at Torre-Molinos. There they were in free communication with various persons, none of whom caught the disease, while all the individual members of the afflicted family rapidly recovered. Of the reality of their disorder having been the prevalent yellow fever, I satisfied myself perfectly, as I did also of their recovery, and of the immunity that attended

their intercourse with strangers. Now, had it been the Levant plague, a like proceeding to that which here took place would inevitably have propagated it in Torre-Molinos; nor would mere pure air have prevented its spreading."—Vol. I. p. 216.

Dr. Granville spent nearly a year in Spain, and travelled extensively through it, visiting the chief cities, the Alhambra, &c. While at Gibraltar, the distant booming of guns was heard, betokening the dreadful but for England glorious naval conflict of Trafalgar. The results of that great fight were presently apparent in the arrival, towed as spoils of war, of the *San Ildefonso*, and two other men-of-war. Granville and others went on board as soon as they were within the mole, little imagining that on the quarter-deck of one of them, where he saw its French captain pacing sadly and dejectedly up and down, he would himself, ere long, "strut in the trappings of an English medical officer."

In the meantime, however, he paid a visit to Madrid, to be shocked by the outrageous immorality of that dissolute capital, and disgusted with both place and people. Don Miguel de Godoi,—as Granville calls him, but better known as Don Manuel de Godoy,—Prince of Peace, was the paramour of Maria Louisa, the adulterous queen; and the Court of that wretched woman and her worthless husband, Charles IV., was simply an aristocratic stew, in which vice strutted, with head erect, "in brazen armour strong." Indeed, Spanish society was rotten to its heart's core; and the universal profligacy presaged and prepared for the invasion and subjugation of the country by the lieutenants of Napoleon I., and the usurpation of the crown by his brother Jerome. The baptism through which Spain passed at that time was indeed a fiery one. Would that we could say it had proved a purifying one. We fear the fact is just the reverse; and in the state of recurrent revolution and chronic anarchy which has subsisted in the unhappy peninsula ever since that day, and from which it is even now enduring such accumulated misery, we seem to hear the echoes of that awful word, "For all this His anger is not turned away, but His hand is stretched out still."

As usual, our author greatly increased his stock of medical and scientific knowledge in the Spanish capital; and, after a lengthened examination, conducted in Latin, he was licensed to practise as a physician in any part of Spain he might prefer. But the wanderer's spirit was

strong within him ; and we soon find him at Lisbon, where he found the tone of morals laxer than even at Madrid. He was within a hair's-breadth of being gazetted chief surgeon of the *Real Carlotta*, a Portuguese frigate, when, all unconsciously to himself, an opening, destined to result in issues of the highest importance and advantage, suddenly presented itself. He became acquainted with Captain McKinlay, senior officer of the British naval squadron then at Lisbon, and, through him, obtained the post of assistant-surgeon on board the gunship *Raven*. "Such," he remarks, "was my initiation into the great community of England!" On receiving this appointment he assumed the surname of his maternal ancestors. The *Raven* soon captured a Danish merchantman, and Granville was transferred to the prize in his medical capacity, and so at last was realised the dream of years. He set foot on English soil to become, ere long, a thoroughly naturalised Englishman, a devout believer in Christianity, a thorough Protestant, and one of the most distinguished physicians of his age.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we may."

He was between twenty-three and twenty-four years old when this critical event occurred. He knew nothing of English, yet submitted to be examined by a professional board that knew no other European language. The examination was held in Latin ; but the three or four others which quickly followed were in English, of which he obtained a very competent knowledge in an incredibly short time. He obtained his commission as a British naval surgeon in six months after his arrival at Portsmouth, having undergone three examinations conducted in our language ; and in less than two years afterwards he received the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons. He attained the degree of M.D. eight years subsequently, and lived to be the father of the Royal College of Physicians. Truly his career was wonderful, and his attainments and personal character must have been of the highest order.

We now reach by far the most interesting and important period of Granville's eventful life. After three years' severe naval service, his susceptible southern constitution was seriously impaired, and he became a perfect cripple

from rheumatism. Providence brought him into intimate acquaintance with Lady Foley and Mrs. Kennedy (his captain's wife), both of them "what people, nowadays, call pious ladies." They, at any rate, impressed him with other notions of the female character than he had formed anywhere else during his wanderings. Mrs. Kennedy advised him to study the Authorised Version of the Scriptures, and the Book of Common Prayer, with a view to perfecting himself in English. He owns his obligation to this course of reading in that regard, but confesses to an infinitely greater debt on higher grounds. Becoming convalescent, he was easily persuaded to attend the parish church of Deal. The following acknowledgment is so simple, 'so genuine, and, in many respects, so precious, that we cannot keep it back:—

"But to the lady of my superior officer I had soon to become more greatly indebted; for, being able to go out on my recovery, she invited me to accompany her to her own parish church, where, from her example, and some previous instructions she had given me how to use the Prayer-book, in which she had marked the proper places, I was enabled to follow the service. Its simplicity, the absence of every showy ceremonial, of lights, of incense, crosses, images of saints, the consecration of wafers, and the elevation of the Host, the absence of all these did not shock me, for I had long ceased to occupy myself with Church matters. The English mode of worship struck me forcibly as much more natural than that of the Church in which I had been born; and this feeling was heightened at beholding around me a vast congregation of clean, well-clad people, quietly seated, or kneeling, or standing, according to the nature of the prayers, instead of a crowd of persons idly wandering about a large church, with scanty accommodation for either kneeling or sitting, disturbing rather than following the sacred service. We here beheld instead the whole mass of Christians present intent and earnest in but one object, all joining in the same fervent prayers, and attentively listening to a written sermon, deficient perhaps in fire and rhetoric, but sober, terse, and cogent."—Vol. I. pp. 271, 272.

And yet we have come upon days when, if certain influential Churchmen can have their way, all this will be exchanged for that glaring, ceremonial, semi-idolatrous worship, which, in numberless cases besides that of Granville, has done so much to alienate cultivated minds from Christianity itself!

But the following passage is more important still, and

our readers will agree with us that it is singularly touching and impressive :—

“Yes; I am a seceder from the Church of my fathers! yet hardly so. What my religious creed once was, and what it has been since, will be best judged, and the change more justly appreciated, if I produce here my declaration of faith, written spontaneously for the cognisance of my children on the 4th of July of the present year, 1870, sixty-one years after the conversion, during which I have been daily and hourly thankful for the very great comfort it has proved to me:—‘I am a convert, not from Roman Catholicism, but from Atheism. With the tenets and practice of the former system of religion ever before my eyes during my early years, I sank as I grew older unconsciously into the hollow tenets of the latter system, the result of the political convulsions of my native land. *Dixit insipiens in corde suo non est Deus*. Its effect on a youth with none but worldly thoughts and aspirations, was to leave me without any appeal for superhuman aid in affliction. This dreadful isolation of my soul in life, and the idea of its annihilation after death, caused perpetual unhappiness in the midst of the gaieties of the world, to such a degree, that I was on the point of falling again into Theism, Mariolatry, and the worship of saints, which had been to me sources of serenity of mind in my boyish days, under the instruction of a pious mother; when the natural course of an adventurous life brought me to England, where my conversion was self-effected. At the age at which I am arrived, I need not be intimidated by or shrink from the cynical denunciations of critics at this announcement; nor do I hesitate to declare that most certainly neither the superstitions of the creed in which I was reared until I was twenty years of age, nor the unhappiness which the subsequent want of every inward religious conviction had engendered, led me to embrace the creed I am happy at present to profess. No; but the sight of a great people with whom I have happily identified myself for upwards of sixty years, governed by laws enacted by themselves, administered for their own benefit by able ministers whose authority depends upon the popular will;—such was the spectacle which first impressed me with, and has ever since maintained me in, the conviction that the religious creed which keeps the governors and the governed in such a happy, harmonious, and comfort-producing system of polity, must be the really true one. Nor do I deny that the satisfaction of beholding a whole happy nation prostrate at the feet of the Omnipotent, imploring Him in their own beautiful and simple language on every Sabbath morn, in every corner of the land, and at the same hour, for the safety of their own immortal souls, for the prosperity of their sovereign, for the blessing of their

own children, and the happiness of their fellow-creatures throughout the world, has added a spiritual and paramount attraction to the inward sentiments by which I have been led into my present state of happy belief."—Vol. I. pp. 276, 277.

This is, of course, only the story of an intellectual conversion; but, though we desiderate throughout the work a reference to the deeper process through which our author undoubtedly passed, and to that unseen Power to which both stages of his religious life were due, we cannot but point to the above passage as, in an evidential point of view, remarkable and highly-important. Such a testimony from such a man is a strong collateral corroboration of the truth, not only of Christianity, but of that Protestantism which is the simplest and purest form of it, and is happily still predominant in our highly-favoured country.

Granville continued in the navy for some time, married Miss Kerr, daughter of Joseph Kerr, Esq., of Blackheath,—a lady who proved eminently "a helpmeet for him,"—and pursued with much avidity and success his medical studies. In 1809 he joined the *Arachne*, and sailed to the West Indies. The very day after landing at Port Royal he was seized with yellow fever; but, by copious and constant applications of cold water to the head, the use of jalap, calomel, and James's powder, plenty of blankets, and hot tea, he threw the fever off in sixty hours, and was convalescent in a few days. As he lay ill in his berth he overheard the captain conversing with the lieutenant as to how "the doctor's remains were to be disposed of after death," whereupon he cried out in a pretty strong voice, "I'm not dead yet, and don't intend to die." His term of service in the West Indies lasted for two years, during which he visited most of the islands, and suffered much from rheumatism, and the pressing attentions of those West Indian vermin, the jigger and the guinea-worm. But his life had also its more agreeable side; and notably so in his introduction to Bolivar, "the Liberator" of Caracas, whose renown has since become world-wide as the founder of the Republic of Columbia. Granville owed that introduction to his knowledge of Spanish, he alone of all around him being able to translate the documents by which Bolivar strengthened his appeal for British help in the struggle for emancipation from the Spanish yoke. Granville was compelled, through ill health, to return home, and was entrusted with the Spanish documents, to be

delivered by his own hand to the Colonial Secretary. The late Sir Robert Peel was then Assistant-Secretary in the Colonial Office, and to him the papers were handed, Granville being much surprised at the youthful appearance of this already famous minister of State. He spent some time presently in Manchester, where he soon became the intimate friend of John Dalton, and where he obtained the most valued literary distinction of his life, being admitted a member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, of which Dalton was then the president. There, too, he issued his first English book in the shape of five critical essays on John Kemble's performances; a work which, though only five years previously its author had been ignorant of our language, was at once received with marked favour.

We must, however, pass over the brief remaining portion of Dr. Granville's vagrant life, and contemplate him as preparing to settle down into the position of a dignified metropolitan physician, with a courtly *clientelle*, and an extremely lucrative practice. His resignation of his post in the navy had become a necessity; at least, so he thought. He hints very obscurely at jealousies and prejudices inimical to his professional prospects, arising from the fact that he was a foreigner; but the forbearance shown wherever he has to touch on anything of this kind is one of the great charms of the book. A sudden and unexpected order from the Admiralty to join Admiral Warren's squadron was the occasion of the change in his mode of life. That order was withdrawn, indeed, through the representations of his friend Mr. Hamilton,—“my good friend and Mécenas, as I may now call him,”—and Granville retired on half-pay. He devoted himself to the instruction of his friend's children; but, ever keeping professional advancement chiefly in view, he entered Westminster Hospital as a student, in order to become thoroughly acquainted with the peculiarities of English practice. He was introduced to Sir Joseph Banks, and was admitted to his Sunday evening reunions, where he became the intimate associate of the eminent literary and scientific men of the day. He gives a charming account of these reunions, where he used to meet Sir Humphry Davy, Woollaston, Brougham, Lansdowne, Herschel, Whewell, Brewster, and a host of stars who then glittered in the metropolitan firmament. The year 1813 was in every way memorable

to him, and proved fruitful not only in the literary and scientific harvest which he personally reaped, but in the preparation for rapid professional advancement which it effected. He became a member of the College of Surgeons, and also of the Royal Society.

Yet his professional installation was to wait awhile. His connection with Mr. Hamilton, then closely associated with the British Government, led to his being employed as a diplomatic agent during the negotiations consequent on the fall of Napoleon in 1814. In the course of these negotiations, he had the opportunity of re-visiting his native land, and many of the scenes of his early travels. The joy of meeting the members of his family was, however, impaired in consequence of the recent death of his mother. He was connected with Sir Robert Wilson, then resident in Milan as Military Commissioner to His Majesty the King of England; and during his own stay in the city, Granville had ample opportunity of observing the state of political feeling around him. He tells us, indeed, that but for the mutual jealousies between the Emperors of Russia and Austria, the Allied Powers would certainly have provided for the independence and unification of the Italian peninsula. Naturally enough, he found his countrymen anxious and uneasy upon the question of Italian nationality. The following passage is, when read in the light of subsequent events, extremely interesting; and especially as an instance of Granville's own political sagacity and foresight:—

“I found all my friends and contemporaries of one political opinion and faith,—faith in the stability of Italian independence, when properly secured by the adoption of the constitutional-monarchical form of rule; an opinion not differing from that which I had promulgated in all my public writings in England, and in my translations in Italy also. With Carlo Botta, Ugo Foscolo, Angeloni, Cattaneo, Pallavicini, all ardent patriots, I preached this great truth till I was hoarse,—You will never achieve independence without an armed champion to support your aspirations to that blessed political condition which the freest nation in the world has purchased for itself with the horrors of a revolution. Italy, a nation of 25,000,000 of people, from the Alps to the southern shores of Sicily, and from Nice to Trieste,—the mistress of intellectual civilisation, the teacher of the fine arts, and of the elements of beauty and taste; Italy, the inspiring goddess of poetical genius, the instructress in political laws and political economy; Italy, who at the destruction of Athenian Greece

and of her own Roman empire, was the only country remaining which could point out to the world, eager for enlightenment, how to escape from a state of brutish abasement to reach one of sentimental and intellectual enjoyment; Italy, in fine, will not, cannot achieve her great destiny without first promoting the extension of the kingdom of Piedmont, which stands now isolated on its Alpine summits as a great fugleman to all the Italian races about to be drilled in the theory and practice of liberty and independence. The day will come when the 'drilled' will help the drill-master to extend his own influence and command over the whole Italian peninsula."—Vol. I. pp. 358, 359.

Truly these were "prefiguring words;" and how interesting to know that the speaker lived long enough to see their fulfilment in the way of all others satisfactory to his patriotic heart! In the course of his interviews and negotiations with Italian authorities, both general and local, he strongly urged the notion of a united Italian kingdom, under the government of a prince of the House of Savoy; and naturally he claims credit for the suggestion with a good deal of self-complacency. He remained a considerable time in Italy, very much occupied with his affairs, and observing the intrigues and influences then working behind the scenes. In a letter to Mr. Hamilton, dated Lucca, 10th June, 1814, he sums up his view of the situation in these very memorable words:—

"All tends to show that grave events are at hand, and that looking to the deep plotting manifestly going on at this moment in these parts, where the great lion is caged but not subdued, unless England can give a new direction to passing events by new measures, *Bonaparte will not be long in Elba after Christmas*. Above all, put no faith in the protestations of the King of Naples, nor in those of any of his creatures, Lecchi, Minutoli, De Gallo, Pignatelli, Rocca Romana. They are *Bad-Faith* personified."—Vol. I. p. 398.

On his homeward journey towards the close of 1814, our author sojourned for a short time at Geneva. Here he renewed his acquaintance with Sir Humphry Davy, and was introduced to that phenomenon among women, Madame de Staël. His notices of this extraordinary woman are exceedingly interesting.

"Strange as it may seem, the eyes were not only the first but the only feature in Madame de Staël's physiognomy, I might say of her whole person, which produced an impression and which

absorbed all attention. Large, lustrous, almond-shaped, with a mobility of pupil that obeyed every inward feeling and guided its direction, and so profoundly black when dilated as almost to modify the velvety and violet tint of the iris. One of her biographers, a lady, Madame de Saussure, has said, '*Le génie éclatait tout-à-coup dans ses yeux, qui étaient d'une rare magnificence.*' I have, like most men, looked on many female faces with absorbing admiration, but that admiration in general was equally distributed over the entire personal attractions. In Madame de Staël the whole and the undivided attractive features that caught and retained your exclusive regard and admiration were her eyes, and on turning from them, even after some minutes' observation, one would be at a loss how to describe the rest of her person without a fresh inspection."—Vol. I. p. 433.

He seems to have been rather alarmed than otherwise with the talking capabilities of this strongest of strong-minded women; for the result of the first lengthened interview was to make him "reluctant to encounter her again at close quarters." But the sharp-witted lady saw what had happened, and on subsequent occasions treated him so affably, as to make him feel himself quite at his ease in her society. To complete what has to be said about her, we must anticipate a little. During a professional residence in Paris in 1817, Granville again met her, not now, alas, in society where she had so long been "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," but in the retirement of her sick chamber, and confronted with the near approach of death. Her last days were singularly melancholy. She shrank from the prospect of dying, either (as her old medical attendant, Dr. Portal, believed) because she was afraid of death, or, as Granville thinks, because her intellectual pride revolted at the thought of being put out of the way like a creature of common clay, against her will. Be this as it may, it is true that the illustrious daughter of Necker was strangely agitated and restless during the last days of her life. She was moved at her own bidding from room to room, as long as any remained untried; "until at last the small garden at the back of the house was the only shelter left in which she fancied that grim death could not find her."

In 1814 Granville became lecturer on chemistry in the medical school of St. George's Hospital. Lecturing one day on chlorine, with the view of illustrating Sir Humphry Davy's discoveries, a globular glass vessel full of chlorine

gas was broken through the clumsiness of an attendant, and the lecturer fell to the ground like a lump of lead. Great alarm and consternation followed. He soon, however, recovered,—but completely deprived of the sense of smell. Once only, and that for but one brief hour, it returned to him while driving past a field of new-mown hay. His enjoyment of the fragrant odour was extreme; but, on returning past the field, “hoping to enjoy again the same delicious sensation,” he was disappointed, and never subsequently recovered the sense of smell.

His heart was still set upon becoming a great metropolitan physician; and, as so often happened to him, he soon found sympathizing and helping friends. Conspicuous among these was Sir Walter Farquhar, Physician to the Prince Regent. Appreciating the difficulties in the way of a foreign physician without official standing in London, he advised his friend to prepare himself for some professional position; and, as there was great need in the metropolis of “a scientific physician-accoucheur,” recommended him to spend some time in Paris for the special study of obstetrics. This advice was forthwith acted upon; and Granville was almost immediately domiciled, with his wife and family, in the Hôtel de Saxe, Rue du Colombier, within reach of the Ecole de Médecine, the Maternité, and the Hôpital des Enfants Malades.

He was extremely ill with aggravated dyspepsia at the time of his arrival in Paris. Yet he at once buckled to his work; and in a short time all the morbid symptoms disappeared, and for nineteen months he worked at lectures, demonstrations, clinical operations, and everything tending to perfect his professional training, for sixteen or eighteen hours a day. This surprising result, he takes care to inform us, was not brought about by drugs. When did a doctor ever take his own medicine? Granville owed his recovery to a life of the utmost regularity, simplicity, and moderation. He dined at a modest *restaurant* in the Pays Latin. For twenty-five sous he fared sumptuously on soup, two dishes of meat, and dried fruits. Very occasionally he drank half-a-bottle of *vin ordinaire*, but as a rule water was his drink. In short, he seems to us to have been a notable exception to the mass of Englishmen, whether visitors or residents, who favour the French Capital with their presence, and as a rule yield but too easily to the gustatory temptations of French *cafés* and *restaurants*. He constantly

denied himself; "scorned delights, and lived laborious days;" and was rewarded by a vast accumulation of knowledge and experience in that branch of practice to which he was henceforth chiefly to devote himself. As a pattern to students of every class, we quote his account of his method when attending lectures:—

"I invariably attended each lecture a quarter or half an hour before its commencement [*sic*], prepared with small quires of writing paper, pen behind the ear, and ink-horn suspended from a button-hole in my coat. As there was always a collection of objects, machines, and utensils, simple or complicated, on the table before the lecturer, I at once proceeded to delineate the same in their minutest details in ink-lines, which an acquaintance with descriptive geometry had made me familiar with. By the time the lecturer entered, my work was done; and as he proceeded in the description of his apparatus, which I had set down in writing, I was able to apply distinguishing letters of the alphabet, or Arabic numbers, to the various parts of the said apparatus. With regard to the text of the lecture itself, which was delivered, of course, in the purest and most fluent French, I translated it mentally, and wrote down actually in English full sentences and the import of every phrase or observation."—Vol. II. p. 69.

One hardly knows whether more to admire the industry or the versatility of this Italian student, who ten years previously knew nothing whatever of English, and is now here translating into English "the purest and most fluent French" of a lecturer on so technical a subject as that of obstetric medicine. No wonder that his reward was at last so great. A man with such rare gifts and such a conscientious use of his time and endowments could not fail to attain the highest eminence. He was especially interested at this time in attending the illustrious Cuvier's lectures on animal reproduction; and pronounces a strong opinion, founded on a prolonged study of the mechanism of reproduction not only in animals but in insects, that "the Darwinian doctrine must be illusory and fallacious."

Our author, of course, moved in the very best society, both French and English, during his sojourn in Paris, and his notices of political and other celebrities are exceedingly lively and entertaining. He tells a most ludicrous story of how Morrison, "of pill-celebrity," managed to break through the charmed circle that fences off "society," and completely to take in said society. Acting on the advice

of a shrewd Parisian friend, this celebrated quack doctor passed himself off as "un millionnaire Anglo-Américain;" hired, at a cost of five thousand francs, a splendid hotel for three days; obtained a retinue of servants for three thousand francs, and paid some thirty thousand more for refreshments, opera singers, &c.; and then issued cards to all the *élite* of the city, inviting them to attend the "reception" of Monsieur and Madame Morrison. An immense sensation was created. The most diligent inquiries failed to elicit anything to the disadvantage of the unknown couple, and "society" hurried with a rush to the pill-maker's hotel, where the honours were thoroughly well-done, especially by Mrs. Morrison, a handsome and lady-like woman. After a magnificent reception and supper, the guests retired at dawn of day, each guest receiving, on stepping into the carriage, a splendid enamelled card, with an inscription in French, to this effect: "*M. Morrison remercie*, and begs to recommend the never-failing vegetable pills, sold at the Hygeian Temple, City-road, London."

He returned to London in November, 1817, and settled in Saville-row. Just as he arrived in town, he heard the news of the Princess Charlotte's death. He believed then, and to the end of his life, that had he, with his experience and skill recently acquired in Paris, arrived a few hours sooner, he might have saved that Princess's life. Such seems to have been Sir Walter Farquhar's opinion too; for his first remark on meeting Granville was, "Pity you did not arrive sooner." Our author's first appointment was that of "Physician-accoucheur" to a dispensary "for the delivery of married women at their own habitations;" and his first patient was the wife of a hatter, who had given him his vote. His ignorance of English professional etiquette was nigh doing him serious damage, as he had been called to his patient in the absence of her regular surgeon, and, at her urgent instance, remained in charge of the case after that gentleman's return, in violation of professional usage. His friend, Sir Walter, however, soon put him right on such matters, and he presently found himself embarked in a large and lucrative practice.

One of his earliest and most illustrious patients was Mrs. Siddons, who suffered at this time from *insomnia*. He pays a graceful and well-merited tribute to the intelligence, personal work, and domestic dignity and purity of this

remarkable woman, whom he had the pleasure of curing of her distressing malady. In the second quarter of 1818, he attended a hundred and twenty new patients, all moving in high circles, and saw the object of his long ambition within his grasp. As a physician for "the upper ten thousand," he was, of course, comparatively at leisure at other times than the London season; and as his courtesy, urbanity, learning, and fine social qualities, made him a great favourite with many titled patients, he frequently accompanied such patients in their resorts to continental spas, and other places. Indeed, he left London on excursions of this kind every year, and became quite a great and famous traveller. His insight into "opportunity" was in frequent requisition, and seems never to have failed him. Very often he travelled with such grandees as Lady Ellenborough, in the character of attendant physician; at other times he wandered about on his own account, in Russia, Germany, Italy, Spain, or the East. But he was no mere saunterer, even when on journeys of so-called pleasure. He minutely recorded his experiences; pressed them all into the service of his profession; visited patients whom his advice, or some of his numerous works, had induced to attend continental bathing-places; and, withal, amassed by no means a contemptible fortune. Indeed, all he touched seemed to turn to gold; and the laborious and conscientious industry of youth received a splendid recompense in middle-life and old age.

The story which we have so far minutely followed occupies nearly three-fourths of this *Autobiography*. His professional career in London offers little for remark beyond such general indications of his position and success as we have just suggested. One great disappointment befel him in connection with the founding of the London University, and it is pretty clear that he owed this to the exceeding unfairness of Lord Brougham, then Mr. Henry Brougham, and Chairman of the University Council. That gentleman appears to have suppressed every one of the twelve first-rate testimonials by which Granville supported his application for the Professorship of Midwifery; and to make the matter worse, this was done in the interest of Brougham's own medical attendant, who obtained the post. This did not, however, prevent the great lawyer and the great physician from meeting afterwards on friendly terms.

Our author wielded during his long life an indefatigable

pen, and enriched English literature, and especially English chemical and medical science, with a large number of learned and valuable treatises. His works on the spas of Germany, England, Vichy, &c., enjoyed very just and extensive popularity, and greatly added to his professional renown. As specimens of pure, simple, refined English writing, they are in themselves sufficiently remarkable; and considering that he was ignorant of our language till after he was twenty-five years old, they are really wonderful.

But we must come to a reluctant, and somewhat abrupt, close. His daughter sums up the story of the last ten or twelve years of his life in a few beautiful and deeply affecting pages. Sorrows and bereavements multiplied around him; but all were borne with Christian fortitude and resignation. He lost his friend, Mr. Hamilton, in 1859, and his own beloved and admirable wife died almost suddenly in 1861. Henceforward life seemed to lose its charm and its interest. He still visited his old patients. His last book was published in 1865, under the title—*The Great London Question of the Day: Sewage v. Gold*. On completing his 80th year he felt himself for the first time an old man. Then he buried himself in a mass of diaries, correspondence, and memoranda, and communed with his past till he all but forgot the present, except as concerned his children and friends. He was sustained by a simple and childlike faith; saw God's hand in everything; grew more and more patient and gentle as his infirmities increased. Early in 1872 his last illness occurred. He was perfectly calm and collected, and though often suffering severely, watched and studied the symptoms and progress of the malady as if some one else were the victim of it. He knew the end had come, and he was fully prepared for it. On Sunday, March 3rd, conscious to the last, and whispering in his daughter's ear, "Light, all light!" this gifted and good man "fell asleep."

We have very imperfectly sketched a noble and most exemplary career. We heartily commend these deeply interesting volumes to our readers. In them they will find much that is noble and beautiful, but never a mean, ill-natured, or unworthy word or sentiment. Studious and self-cultivating young men especially will be stimulated and encouraged by the perusal of this autobiography.

ART. VII.—*La Fin du Mal: ou, l'Immortalité des Justes et l'Anéantissement graduel des Impénitents.* Par M. PETAVEL-OLLIFF, Docteur en Théologie. Paris: Sandoz et Fischbacher. 1872.

WE have selected this little volume from among many tracts and pamphlets lying around us, all bearing on the question of the final destruction of evil from the universe. The reasons of this selection lie partly in the value of the book itself, partly in the intangible character of the mass of our own English literature on the subject. Most of the works dedicated to the maintenance of this particular theory are of the serial character, and scarcely adapted to the greatness and solemnity of the matter. Moreover, those which we happen to have seen generally mix up the topic with a number of others only distantly connected with it. But the little work of Dr. Pétavel is distinct and complete in its kind. It deals fairly with the subject, and with the subject as distinct. It is brief, and on some points, scanty. But it is written with precision and elegance, and by an author who thoroughly understands his subject, is an enthusiast in defence of the dogma he espouses, and seemingly has made some sacrifices for it. Another reason which has induced us to limit our observations to this book must be confessed. We cannot in these pages enter fully upon this comprehensive and most solemn subject. Anything like a complete and systematic treatise upon it would be here out of the question; but our duty binds us to make some reference to it; for it is a topic of tremendous importance, and deeply stirs the thinking and the feeling of many of our readers. What will be said on this occasion will be simply and purely a review of this particular book. It may lead hereafter to a notice of the polemics which are so abundant just now; but for the present we shall be contented with an examination of this little volume, not without thankfulness that the doctrine we assail is presented to us by a writer so clear, graceful, and succinct.

The volume is composed of three parts: a memoir presented in 1870 to the *Société Théologique* of Neuchâtel, a

Review of Objections which the Memoir provoked, and certain supplementary notes, which condense within small compass a considerable amount of thinking and reading on the subject.

The preliminaries of the discussion we pass over. The Biblical doctrine, as stated by our author, is this,—that the sinner “separated from the source of life advances by a slow and funereal march towards eternal death,” first the death which kills the body, then that which kills the soul, the second death of which the Apocalypse speaks. According to the Bible, it is asserted, souls after death are divided into two orders.

The first, reconciled to God, confiding in His great care, manifested especially in the sacrifice of His only Son, regenerate and returned to the constitutive principle of their being, having become subject again to the rule from which they for a time severed, live for ever in felicity. *That ye might have life* (John v. 40; xx. 31). Such is the end of the Divine economy, not only according to St. John, but according to the entire doctrine of the Scripture. Life is the end and consummation of our Saviour’s gift.

The second class is again divided, according to our author’s reading of the Bible, into two categories: sinners unreconciled and unreconcilable, and sinners who have not heard or who have not understood the good news of the remission of sins. As to these last, they are in the way of perdition; but many declarations of Scripture permit the hope that they will be subjected to a new probation, and that a special preaching will be addressed to them. But, as to those sinners, not absolutely incorrigible, for whom the Divine decree may have provided an intermediate probation in the other world, the author says nothing, his subject not requiring that their case be specially studied. But here we would demur. The new probation in another world very much affects the general question. It in fact gives up one variation of the annihilation theory at once; and that variation one which, though Dr. Pétavel renounces it, as his title shows, has always numbered a great many votaries, and is, we are firmly persuaded, the only one which is fully consistent with the principles of his theory. If the punishment threatened in Scripture is privative only or mainly; if the penalty inflicted on the believer is the loss of the immortal life provided and offered in Christ; if death is the execution of that sentence;

if there is no immortality in the soul save as a gift of Christ which is bestowed through the Gospel ; if, in short, after the dissolution of the body as the penalty of sin there is nothing of the man remaining ; if he has forfeited his inheritance in Christ for ever—then the great annihilation should be dated at the death of every man. This has been held by many who have adopted every kind of subterfuge to evade the embarrassment of a restoration of the sinner to life in order to his judgment at the last day. But it is only fair to say, that the more modern theories make the destruction and annihilation of the spirit gradual.

As to the reprobate proper their doom is to undergo, before the judgment and after it, a gradual disintegration or destruction of their being, issuing in their total extinction. The essential character of that chastisement or punishment is elaborately examined, and reduced by a summary process to something very different from the ordinary conception. On the ground that the term *kolasis* springs from a root signifying to dismember or mutilate—which meaning however was altogether forgotten in its current classical use—the meaning of the chastisement eternal is said to be an eternal severance from humanity and from life. Granted that it were so, it must also be remembered that other words are used which qualify and enlarge the meaning, and add the positive element that seems wanting. Our Lord speaks of the stripes with which the transgressor is to be beaten : few or many. He refers to the weeping and wailing of a state of exclusion. And the Apostle Paul terms it the paying a penalty of eternal destruction. But the passage bearing on this subject is a striking one : let us see it in translation :—

“Looked at narrowly, all chastisement implies the idea of a loss, of a cutting off, more or less considerable. The fine is a loss of money ; imprisonment is a loss of liberty ; death is the loss of life. It is identically the signification of the Latin term *castigare*, the etymological meaning of which is to prune or retrench. It is, to cut off the sterile boughs. *Castigatio, amputatio quæ arboribus luxuriantibus adhibetur*: according to the definition of the *Thesaurus* of Stephens. It is the operation which is mentioned by Jesus himself in the similitude of the vine and its branches. ‘I am,’ He said, ‘the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch which, not united to Me, beareth no fruit, He cuts off, and every branch which beareth fruit He pruneth, that it may bear more fruit. He who

abideth not united to Me is cast out as a branch, and is withered and gathered, and cast into the fire and burned.' (John xv.) The wicked will be cut off for ever from the trunk of humanity; they will be consumed; their destruction will be total and definitive. This is eternal punishment."

But it seems to be forgotten here that the only object of this chastisement, or "pruning," is not, in our Saviour's parable, the branch that is punished, but the branch that is saved. The branch that is cut off, and withered, and punished (admitting the confusion of figure for the argument), is cast into the fire, not pruned. Hence our pleader, our special pleader, must not be allowed to make the word signify in one and the same place punish and prune. Moreover, the terms used for the cutting-off are quite different, as may be seen at once by consulting the original. There is a punishment hinted at, and more than hinted at, which is something very different from discipline. We should not refer to this strange conglomeration of the ideas of pruning and of punishment in the word castigation, were it not for the necessity of meeting by anticipation any argument that may convert penalty into mere discipline.

"According to the Bible, life is a deposit which God withdraws from him who abuses it. The Creator constrains none to remain seated at the banquet of existence; he accords immortality to the just; but those who suppose they can change the laws of their being exclude themselves; for they attempt the impossible, as much so as aiming at the quadrature of the circle. They will not efface the laws which are immutable; but they will succeed in making them literally the instrument of their ruin. Spirits, like bodies, endure no longer than they are worth. The death of the unregenerate soul follows more or less promptly that of the body. The rust which eats the scabbard will end by devouring the sword. No useless torments; but the gradual destruction of an individuality which plunges again into the nothing whence the Divine mercy had designed to draw it forth; a terrible agony, then a night without to-morrow. This soul no longer perceives, no longer feels. It was, it loved, it lived; it loves no more, it is dead, it no more is."

Here, then, in a few loose sentences, we have the sum of the annihilationist theory. Let us examine some of its component elements. Not, however, at any length; but, imitating the author's dogmatic brevity, in few words. Then, first, we never find it said in the Bible that life is a

deposit which God withdraws from those who abuse it. We are constantly reminded by our opponents that "eternal sufferings" and "immortal soul" are phrases not found in the Bible. We must retort: "A deposit of life withdrawn from him who abuses it," is not an idea or term sanctioned by Scripture. Death was threatened—be death what it may—as the penalty of disobedience; not as the punishment of a misuse of life. The misuse was a misuse, not of being, but of free being, of liberty, of the secret and mysterious quality of life, which made it a moral existence. It is never said that immortality, in the sense of continued existence, is given only to the just. All men live; and during their possession of this common element of life, some have the life "more abundantly," which is the only Biblical life, the life of communion with God, *in whose favour is life*, and some, living still, are dead while they live. Of the former, it is said—we need not quote the passages, they occur to every one—that they have eternal life, not, however, in virtue of their mere existence, for they are hasting to death in another sense. Of the others, it is said that they are already dead in trespasses and sins while they live; or, in words which it is expedient to quote literally, and in their reference to both sides of the alternative: "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth in him." Let the reader study, especially in the Greek, and remembering that it is St. John's Greek, these words. On the one hand, he shall not see life—how can that be made consistent with privation or "retrenchment?" It is simply exclusion; and as excluded he still lives—the wrath abideth in him.

"We find, then, reproduced in theology the law of nature; the species most apt and best conditioned survive, those which badly respond to their destination disappear and become extinct. Thus disappeared in the last century two bipeds of the same family, the dodo of the Mauritius, and the solitary of the Island of Rodrigues, clumsy birds, deaf, and almost without wings; so, also, in our own time, certain inferior races of the human species. We are all of us only candidates for immortality; and, from a certain point of view, the selection would be a natural selection, with a large ingredient of the element of human liberty in the result. In the spiritual world, as in the visible universe, progress is made in the elimination. The Gospel tells us that there are

many called but few chosen ; many invited to the feast of the future life, and relatively few guests. Observation convinces us that a very small selection of beings and of germs in nature are developed and perpetuated. In short, the Gospel and universal analogy teach us, with one consent, that the gift of life is conditional ; that the world contains an innumerable harvest of human beings, of whom some suffer themselves to sink into the perishable destiny of animal life, whilst the rest prepare themselves for a superior life."

This application of the modern theory of development or evolution is rather startling, as coming from one who firmly holds the leading verities of the gospel of universal redemption. It is a theory which has its fascination in the spiritual domain, even as it has in the natural. In its general idea, and before it is applied to facts, whether of human history or of Christian record, it seems to explain and simplify everything. But is it enough to consider its implications and results, in order to perceive how exceedingly perilous it is. Since we find that only a small number of beings and germs are ever developed and perpetuated in nature, analogy requires us to suppose that in the creation of man the same law was intended to operate ; that, in fact, the primitive seed of humanity was thrown into the infinite mass, to be subjected to ten thousand varieties of influence, and, in the course of its development, to rise to a higher form of humanity, passing, perhaps, into other, and, as yet, unknown types of being. How absolutely alien to the view given us in Scripture all this is, need not be dwelt upon. One who seriously and thoughtfully adopts this theory of the wasted germs of humanity being thrown away, and some new and higher man being slowly evolved through the laborious revolutions of ages, must renounce the doctrine of redemption, and give up Christianity altogether. The Christian faith presents a much higher and nobler view of the value of man, and of every man bearing in him the image of God. Its theory of the individual soul is altogether different. The Saviour bears a relation to humanity at large, and also to every individual ; the head of every man is Christ. We warn our readers against the seduction of this simplifying hypothesis. Before touching the vital secret of the theory, we will turn aside to consider how it works under the operation of Positivism and Naturalism. The following are words taken from "Supernatural Religion," professedly a

laborious review of the evidences that sustain the New Testament Revelation, but really an endeavour to remove the thought of a personal God from the minds of men, and bring them again under the bondage of natural law.

"The whole theory of this abortive design of creation, with such important efforts to amend it, is emphatically contradicted by the glorious perfection and invariability of the order of nature. It is difficult to say whether the details of the scheme, or the circumstances which are supposed to have led to its adoption, are more shocking to reason or to moral sense. The imperfection ascribed to the Divine work is scarcely more derogatory to the power and wisdom of the Creator than the supposed satisfaction of His justice in the death of Himself incarnate, the innocent for the guilty, is degrading to the idea of His moral perfection. The supposed necessity for repeated interference to correct the imperfection of the original creation, the nature of the means employed, and the triumphant opposition of Satan, are anthropomorphic conceptions totally incompatible with the idea of an Infinitely Wise and Almighty Being. The constitution of nature, so far from favouring any hypothesis of original perfection and subsequent deterioration, bears everywhere the record of systematic upward progression. Not only is the assumption, that any revelation of the nature of ecclesiastical Christianity was necessary, excluded upon philosophical grounds, but it is contradicted by the whole operation of natural laws, which contain in themselves inexorable penalties against natural retrogression, or even unprogressiveness, and furnish the only requisite stimulus to improvement. The survival only of the fittest is the stern decree of nature. The invariable action of law of itself eliminates the unfit. Progress is necessary to existence; extinction is the doom of retrogression. The highest effect contemplated by the supposed Revelation is to bring man into perfect harmony with law, and this is ensured by law itself acting upon intelligence. Only in obedience to law is there life and safety. Knowledge of law is imperatively demanded by nature. Ignorance of it is a capital offence. If we ignore the law of gravitation we are dashed to pieces at the foot of a precipice, or are crushed by a falling rock; if we neglect sanitary law, we are destroyed by a pestilence; if we disregard chemical laws, we are poisoned by a vapour. There is not, in reality, a gradation of breach of law that is not followed by an equivalent gradation of punishment. Civilization is nothing but the knowledge and observance of natural laws. The savage must learn them or be extinguished; the cultivated must observe them or die. The balance of moral and physical development cannot be deranged with impunity. In the spiritual as well as the physical sense, only the fittest eventually can survive

in the struggle for existence. There is, in fact, an absolute upward impulse to the whole human race supplied by the invariable operation of the laws of nature acting upon the common instinct of self-preservation. As, on the one hand, the highest human conception of infinite wisdom and power is derived from the universality and invariability of law, so that universality and invariability, on the other hand, exclude the idea of interruption or occasional suspension of law for any purpose whatever, and more especially for the correction of supposed original errors of design which cannot have existed, or for the attainment of objects already provided for in the order of nature."

The interpretation of the Divine purpose suggested by these lines makes, it seems to us, as great a demand on the credulity or faith of the reader as the New Testament Scriptures make. They who write in this style about the dishonour done to the Supreme Being by making Him interfere in Providence and redemption for the correction of evils and the remedying of wrongs, forget that they adopt the very same method themselves, though they conduct their processes in a different way. God in nature is here supposed to work out His plans through an infinite series of failures: every success is won at the expense of infinite disappointments. In fact, it is the very law of the Divine operation to do evil that good may come. The unspeakable calamities of mankind, the untold and unimaginable woes and agonies of the human race, are all looked down upon by the Supreme with tranquillity as His appointed method for working out a purpose touching the ideal humanity. Thus He solves His problem, at the cost of ages of distress, to be estimated only by His own omniscience. Does it not occur sometimes to these reckless writers that they are accomplices with the Christians whom they condemn in dishonouring the Divine Being; that if we are guilty they also are not innocent. We have a reason to give for the existence of evil that is not altogether in God and in Him alone. We have also a remedy, a glorious remedy, which, if it does not make a full and complete end of all evil, vindicates for ever the Divine perfections. But in this theory of evolution there are all the anomalies and contradictions that are falsely charged upon theology without one solitary alleviation or attempt at alleviation.

The theory which the Destructionists look upon with favour, which at least they are beginning to tolerate and

even to count as their ally, is one that they must make haste to renounce. It will infallibly, if they adhere to it, undermine their faith in Christianity, and place them by the side of the superficial writer of the above extract, and the class whom he fairly represents. Before they know what they have become, as it were unconsciously absorbing some of the worst influences of the speculation of the age, they will find themselves reducing the supernatural intervention of the Christian scheme into the natural evolution of an eternal principle. One of the least evils of such a theory is that it goes far to make Christianity a mere helper of the natural principle of development. The principle of human liberty is to do something; and we may suppose the grace of God in Christ is to have a large part in the process; still, after all deductions, safeguards, and allowances, the Christian redemption is only an auxiliary of the law of nature, according to which man is to reach his development by the suppression and annihilation of ten thousands of thousands of individual men. Now this notion must come to a renunciation of Christianity; and at that cost it wins certainly an ally for the doctrine of Destructionism.

The extreme advocates of evolution do not really believe in God. This is the only palliation of their folly. Yet it is hardly a palliation; for what they talk about and write about as invariable law they always invest with attributes of intelligence, represent it as working out a design, and that, according to their own showing, a design the accomplishment of which involves infinite failures and misery bound up with the failures. When the material law works upon are the unconscious atoms of matter the theory seems grand and imposing, and not abhorrent to the mind. But when the material is the substratum of spiritual and physical human experience, it is a different thing. These theorists, in short, retain all that tries the faith and submission of the believer in the Christian scheme, without the doctrine of a central personal triune God that makes the whole consistent. We must here introduce some words of a more powerful thinker, and one who does not wear the trammels of faith in a positive God which the former writer wears or affects to wear. The passage is given as a note in *Supernatural Religion*, and we commend it to those who are, as we certainly know they are, yielding to the delusion that the evolutionist and natural selection theory may be a useful

ally of the Christian doctrine of the eternal state of man. Let the reader of the following extract think into it as he goes along the doctrine of our Lord's redeeming work, placing that in the stead of "universal law;" let him substitute for "ideal man," which is meaningless unreality, "the body of Christ;" let him think, instead of "the things we call evil and immorality disappear," "all hopelessly evil is destroyed," and Mr. Herbert Spencer, the advocate of Positivism, or Nescience, is the advocate of their own favourite doctrine of annihilation. The author of *Supernatural Religion* speaks:—

"We venture to add a passage from Mr. Herbert Spencer's Social Statistics, which we have met with for the first time since this work was published, in illustration of this assertion. Mr. Spencer affirms 'the evanescence of evil' and the perfectibility of man, upon the ground that 'all evil results from the non-adaptation of constitutions to conditions.'

"After an elaborate demonstration of this, he resumes as follows: 'If there be any conclusiveness in the foregoing arguments, such a faith is well founded. As commonly supported by evidence drawn from history, it cannot be considered indisputable. The inference that as advancement has been hitherto the rule it will be the rule henceforth, may be called a plausible speculation. But when it is shown that this advancement is due to the working of a universal law, and that in virtue of that law it must continue until the state we call perfection is reached, then the advent of such a state is removed out of the region of probability into that of certainty. If anyone demurs to this, let him point out the error.

"Here are the several steps of the argument. All imperfection is unfitness to the condition of existence.

"This unfitness must consist either in having a faculty or faculties in excess; or in having a faculty or faculties deficient; or in both. A faculty in excess is one which the conditions of existence do not afford full exercise to; and a faculty that is deficient is one from which the conditions of existence demand more than it can perform.

"But it is an essential principle of life that a faculty to which circumstances do not allow full exercise diminishes; and that a faculty on which circumstances make excessive demands increases.

"And so long as this excess and this deficiency continue, there must continue decrease on the one hand and growth on the other.

"Finally all excess and all deficiency must disappear, that is, all unfitness must disappear; that is, all imperfection must dis-

appear. Thus the ultimate development of the ideal man is logically certain—as certain as any conclusion in which we place the most implicit faith ; for instance, that all men will die. For why do we infer that all men will die ? Simply because, in an immense number of past experiences, death has uniformly occurred. Similarly then as the experiences of all people in all times—experiences that are embodied in maxims, proverbs, and moral precepts, and that are illustrated in biographies and histories, go to prove that organs, faculties, powers, capacity, or whatever else we call them, grow by use and diminish from disuse, it is inferred that they will continue to do so. And if this inference is unquestionable, then is the one above deduced from it—that humanity must, in the end, become completely adapted to its conditions—unquestionable also.

“Progress, therefore, is not an accident, but a necessity. Instead of civilization being artificial, it is a part of nature ; all of a piece with the development of the embryo or the unfolding of a flower. The modifications mankind have undergone, and are still undergoing, result from a law underlying the whole organic creation ; and provided the human race continues, and the constitution of things remains the same, those modifications must end in completeness. As surely as the tree becomes bulky when it stands alone, and slender if one of a group ; as surely as the same creature assumes the different forms of cart-horse and race-horse, according as its habits demand strength or speed ; as surely as a blacksmith's arm grows large, and the skin of a labourer's hand thick ; as surely as the eye tends to become long-sighted in the sailor, and short-sighted in the student ; as surely as the blind attain a more delicate sense of touch ; as surely as a clerk requires rapidity in writing and calculation ; as surely as the musician learns to detect an error of a semitone amidst what seems to others a very babel of sounds ; as surely as a passion grows by indulgence and diminishes when restrained ; as surely as a disregarded conscience becomes inert, and one that is obeyed active ; as surely as there is any efficacy in educational culture, or any meaning in such terms as habit, custom, practice ; so surely must the human faculties be moulded into complete fitness for the social state ; so surely must the things we call evil and immorality disappear ; so surely must man become perfect.”

The theory of chastisement here advocated suggests the anomaly of making the punishment of evil pass into the other world without the alleviation of some corrective design in it. The very pith of the annihilationist theory is that the punishment is the privation of life. But, if the privation of life comes as the relief of intense misery endured for long ages, it cannot be punishment at all. However this

matter is looked at, it yields no relief to that theory. The embarrassment is felt by all. Let us note how Dr. Pétavel meets the case in his chapter on "The Secondary Rôle of Suffering in Chastisement."

"We think it is a wrong conception that suffering is the essence of chastisement. Impose a fine on a millionaire: he will have been punished; notwithstanding, far from experiencing suffering, he will laugh at this insignificant loss. Suffering may accompany or may not accompany the chastisement; compared to the chastisement itself, it is a good, vigilant sentinel: it preserves the infant in the cradle, and the soldier wounded on the field of battle. It wakes them, provokes their cries, and procures for both a salutary help. It is ever the warning of the Shepherd of souls, and like the providential tocsin which warns the sinner of the imminence of his danger. The madman who should fix his eye on the sun would at first experience a keen pain; let him, deaf to the voice of suffering, persist, and the pain will disappear, but he will have lost his sight. This loss will be his chastisement, and not the fleeting pain which preceded and gave warning of the blindness. The total destruction of the human soul will be undoubtedly preceded by suffering proportioned, in its length and intensity, to the native vitality of that soul; the most poignant sorrows will accompany the agony of a soul more richly endowed and the dissolution of a greater mass of vital forces: in that sense much will be demanded of him who shall have received much; but what I refuse to accept is, that the Bible makes suffering the principal element of the chastisement."

Appeal is made to Rothe, who, however, was too profound a theologian to deny that there is in chastisement an element of punishment also. Indeed, it is here admitted that he regarded "the duration of the punishment of a soul as proportioned to its culpability, and the sum of Divine elements in that soul." In these words lies the real question. Punishment is the suffering inflicted upon a soul in proportion to its guilt. That proportion is known only to God; and He does not suffer us to investigate the question, as it respects either ourselves or our neighbour. But, lest we should suppose that there is one undistinguishing measure to be meted out to all men alike, we have the most express assurances of our Lord that the exaction will be according to the amount of the deposit; that there will be many stripes, and that there will be few stripes; that there will be punishments more tolerable and

less tolerable in that day. It need hardly be said, however, that the very fact of any punishment at all preceding the final extinction, translates that extinction into a blessing pure and simple. This could hardly be said of the extinction of a soul in physical death; because in the case of most sinners, if not all, there is much to render life desirable to the last. In the case of those who are without, whose conscious separation from the fountain of life and consolation is felt in all its unrelieved bitterness, the moment of extinction must needs be only an unspeakable gain, to be counted "all joy."

The doctrine here taught is suspiciously like one that is very current as to the quality of guilt and punishment, and the wrath of God, which is the rule and measure of both. Now nothing is more certain in the Scriptures, nothing more constantly impressed upon the minds of transgressors, than that their guilt is not merely misery and exposure to evil, but the due reward of their own deeds. The God of heaven and earth, of spirits and of men, is a just God. He does not hold any guilty who do not consciously resist His will, in some way expressed; nor does He hold any guiltless who deliberately transgress His lightest commandment. There is a view of sin which not only sympathises with, but inexpressibly cries out for, the doctrine of a suppression of eternal sorrow. But that view is not taken in the Bible. From beginning to end it has one clear and unfaltering note as to the quality of sin. It is the separation of the soul from God; and that itself, abiding, is the essence of eternal misery. It is the violation of His law; and that itself, abiding, is the law and the reason of an eternal penalty. The eternal loss and the eternal punishment will be reserved for the Devil and his angels, and for those of mankind who have rejected the expiation of the Son of God,—for none but those. Whatever may be said about the immortality of the soul, most certainly there is not in the principle of sin—separation of the will from God, and transgression of His law, both involving the death and the ruin of the soul—any principle of mitigation. Supposing the soul immortal, and the great provision of mercy in Christ rejected, there is no second theory in the Bible: there remaineth only the eternal result of an eternal sin.

The question arises, and it is one which settles the point, Does the Scripture permit the thought that the soul is

destructible and mortal? The following is the argument here used:—

“The Scripture, which teaches the survival of the soul beyond the body, the relative immortality of all men, never speaks of an absolute immortality outside of communion with Jesus Christ. The philosophical theses of the immateriality and indestructibility of the human soul is absolutely foreign to Biblical religion. Not only does not Scripture employ this expression,—common, however, in the religious language of our days,—*immortal soul*, but in every page it repeats, sometimes under one form, sometimes under another, that immortality is not a gift of nature, that it is to be acquired, that ‘God only hath immortality,’ that life eternal is the special recompense of those who, ‘by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, honour, and immortality.’ Would they have to seek for it, in fact, if they already possessed it by right of birth? No; according to Scripture there is life eternal only for the believer. ‘He that believeth not on the Lord shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him,’ like the thunder which mutters, ready to strike him.”

Too much is made of the fact that the soul is not called immortal. Where is God called the eternal God? That God alone hath immortality, of course means that He alone hath it in Himself absolutely, and is alone the source of it: just as He is the only wise God, the true God, and eternal life. If the soul of man were not immortal, the Scripture would have told us. Created in the image of God, and not under the law of physical death, remaining in existence when the body is decomposed, its incorruptibility seems to follow, and its immortality also, until evidence is given to the contrary. There is no such evidence. The doctrine everywhere points the other way. When sin entered the world, that immortality, conditional before, guaranteed sacramentally by the tree of life, was forfeited; as his birthright, literally it was lost, and, therefore, the tree was not sacramentally any longer to be eaten. But Christ already virtually belonged to the race, and restored its life. Hence His death was the death of mankind to sin, and in His resurrection all were made alive. His intervention neutralised death at all points, as a great provision. Had the restoration of man’s immortality not been perfect, we should have known it. In whatever sense all died in Adam, all in Christ are made alive.

The theory which requires the extinction of the soul is held by those who believe in the general resurrection.

How can they possibly make that theory square with the exigencies of the resurrection of the body as the organ and instrument of the soul? They renounce the Materialist theory, and by so doing are more than half way towards the doctrine of a necessary immortality. The only basis for a dissolution of man is the union of the soul and body. There are no materials which, in their union, make up the spirit. There are no elements which go to make up the one composite soul. There can be no dissolution of the soul as such. Then the long array of terms which are brought forward to illustrate the doctrine of Destructionism—all of which contain the undertone of dissolution—must fall back upon a supposed separation of body and soul again, the annihilation of both parts of the composite following. But there is nothing to sanction this in the Bible. The resurrection is not set before us with such concomitants or results. These theorists suffer much, as theorists, by their faithful and noble adherence to the scriptural doctrines of the survival of the soul and the resurrection of the body.

This leads to the scriptural use of the terms *death* and *life*. Doubtless there is a key to the use of these words, which is not in the theory to which we refer, but in that which we maintain as against it. This assertion requires for its proofs and establishment a thorough investigation of the words themselves as they run through the Old and New Testaments. Instead of entering upon this subject, it may be enough to lay down a single proposition: Both life and death in the Scriptures have a meaning altogether independent of mere existence. With regard to death: from the first mention of the word down to the very last, it means more than dissolution of soul and body, and less than annihilation. There is a second death haunting the first throughout the Scriptures. But when these passages are urged, our opponents take refuge in the theory of "prolepsis, or anticipation." Now this is a most valuable help to interpretation in many cases, and does really enter, to a certain extent, into the interpretation of all; but in the great proof-passages generally referred to, it refuses its help. When the Apostle speaks of death as the opposite of regenerate life—"You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins"—it is vain to plead prolepsis, "you were virtually dead," as if the apostle were "anticipating the result to which sin would have led them if they

had not received the Gospel." Surely he would have said this, if he had meant it. How will this apply to "dead while she liveth," and "arise from the dead," and our Saviour's words concerning His own present resurrection power, in contradistinction from that which He will put forth at the hour, which not now is, but is coming? Our pleader refers to the prolepsis in the words which represent Christians as sitting in heavenly places, and glorified; but there is no prolepsis, there is a real sense, in which Christians are now exalted in Christ, and with Him glorified. We pass by the other instances. It is concluded that death, in Biblical language, indicates the gradual cessation of life. When total, it is followed by a complete annihilation of the being, or of the portion of the being concerned. The death of things is then destruction; and, in support of this, appeal is made to the passages which refer to the believer's being dead to sin. But these figurative uses of the term have no relevance; especially as generally they have reference to the suffering of the soul in union with Christ. Among the passages which are quoted to establish the doctrine that death is the end, the absolute end of the being, are two which, in their combination, teach most expressly the very reverse of what our author reads in each individually. In Matt. x. 28, it is said: "And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell." Now, in the theory combated, what the unfaithful would have to fear is the tormentor of body and soul in hell, and not their extinction there; for this they would cry out to be hidden from the wrath of the Lamb. The antithesis is really the suffering of the body, represented by killing, and the suffering of body and soul: not the mere extinction of both. In Rev. xxi. 8, it is written: "Shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death." Death and Hell were cast into the fire: this is the second death. The first death is lost in the second; not by annihilation of its occupants, but by absorption of itself. What the second death means is again declared by a previous verse: "And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever." It may be said that these are terrible figures, which should not be made the law of interpretation for the sober verities

of the Divine displeasure. Whatever truth may be in this, the passages most distinctly show that death is no extinction of being, nor is the death of death.

It will be a relief to shift the topic. The "Orthodoxy of the Apostolical Fathers" is next appealed to in this service. This is a point of great importance. The earliest theological writers of the Christian Church must needs be listened to with great deference. Some of them had been taught by the Apostles themselves; or at least had come under the influence of those whom the Apostles had taught. No thoughtful student of doctrine would lightly reject what these men placed on record as their own opinion, or as their interpretation of the Apostles' opinions. They are introduced loosely, in company with several Fathers who lived a century after the latest of them, and with the following startling assertion:—

"I will now address myself to some objections urged by those who fear a discussion on the Biblical domain. This doctrine is new they say; it is contrary to the general faith of the Church. Let us observe, at the outset, that we should seek in vain the doctrine of eternal punishments in two of the principal confessions of faith of the nineteenth century; in the Confession of the Reformed Churches of France, otherwise so strict; and in the Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church. I believe, for the rest, that, if this doctrine has been perpetuated in the bosom of the Protestant Churches, it is as a fatal heritage of the errors of the middle ages and Platonic theories. If we go through the writers of the first Fathers of the Church, Barnabas, Clemens Romanus, Hermas, Ignatius, Polycarp, Justin Martyr, Theophilus of Antioch, Irenæus, Clemens Alexandrinus, we shall find them all faithful to the apostolical doctrine of the final destruction of the wicked. That of eternal pains was not introduced into the Church until the beginning of the era when the Platonic philosophy gained the ascendancy. Plato had said of the soul that it is immortal and indissoluble. His adage prevailed over the denials of the apostles and prophets. Paul and John were constrained to Platonize. The apocryphal author of the Clementines is the first among the ecclesiastical writers who thus deviated from the primitive faith. Nevertheless, in certain passages, he contradicted himself by affirming that the soul would end in being consumed in the flames of hell. Then came Athenagoras. His leading aim was to show the fundamental accordance between the doctrine of Jesus and that of Plato, his old master; but he is careful not to quote Scripture as to the supposed indestructibility of the soul. Justin Martyr has been cited among the defenders of the doc-

trine which we combat; notwithstanding that he also adopted the Platonic phraseology, it appears from an attentive study of his writings that he admitted only a relative immortality, a survival more or less prolonged of the soul beyond the body."

In the Appendix a few citations are given; all of an ambiguous character, and those from the Apostolic Fathers proper simply reproductions of the language of Scripture. Passages might be quoted from them which intensify the Biblical expressions. For instance, Polycarp writing to Smyrna, says, appealing to the proconsul: "The fire thou threatenest can but burn for an hour, and will speedily expire: know thou that there is a fire of approaching judgment and everlasting punishment perpetually fed for the profane." Ignatius speaks again and again of the same "unquenchable fire." Clemens Romanus, the first inspired Christian author, leaves no doubt as to his sentiments: "If we do the will of Christ we shall find rest. But, if otherwise, He will in no wise rescue us from endless punishment," using the very same terms which our Lord uses. "It becometh us to consider that, among the athletes contending in those transitory games, he who was proved to have transgressed, was scourged and driven from the stadium. What should that teach us? The punishment which he shall suffer who has violated the immortal combat. For it is said, concerning them who preserved not the seal unbroken, 'Their worm dieth not, the fire is not quenched.'" "If the Potter have thrown the broken vessel into the furnace of fire, He can no more bring any remedy or succour to it. For, after we have left this world, in the other we can neither confess nor any longer repent." As to Justin Martyr, who comes next in importance to the Apostolic Fathers, being the first of the Apologists, he is most distinct in his evidence. In his second Apology he says: "Then shall they repent when it will be of no avail." And in his first Apology: "If it be not that the unrighteous shall be punished in everlasting fire, then there is no God; or if there be, He troubles not Himself concerning men, neither virtue nor vice can exist, and legislators unjustly punish those who transgress what is set forth as good." It is true, that the passage to which reference is made in a note speaks of the wicked "being punished as long as it shall please God to let them live and be punished;" but the writer uses there rhetorical language, which ought not to be pressed into the service of a theory of annihilation.

This would be inconsistent with his doctrine elsewhere concerning the "eternal punishment, and not a thousand years' period." Moreover, the language was not Justin's own, but his instructors. And finally, whatever dawnings we may discern of speculation as to the possibility of limit in punishment, belong to a period later than the century that followed the Apostolic, and must be classed among tendencies which were suppressed in the Christian Church. For instance, there was no response to the language of Theophilus; "Was man created necessarily mortal? No. Necessarily immortal? No. God created man either for mortality or immortality, according to the use he made of his liberty." This was exceptional language, and may be compared with that of Irenæus: "They who fly from the eternal light of God, which embraces all that is good, are themselves the cause that they find them dwelling in eternal darkness, bereft of all that is good, becoming to themselves the architects of this habitation." When we go further, and hear the witness of Lactantius, Tertullian, Chrysostom, Augustine, Athanasius, and the other masters of early theology, the stream of evidence becomes irresistible. Origen was the solitary exception, and his dogma was that of a restitution of all immortal intelligences to their allegiance, including the arch-delinquent himself. Certainly it is not right to speak of the Apostolic Fathers as teaching the extinction or destruction of the ungodly; there is not a single sentence in their writings which looks that way. If, for instance, Hermas in his allegory says, "Those who do not repent lose their life: they shall absolutely die," his language is only a various reading of the Saviour's, and by no means implicates the extinction of the sinning soul.

Our extract contains a reference to two Confessions of the sixteenth century which seem to waver. This of course implies that the great majority of the symbols of the Reformation are opposed to the doctrine of the destruction of the impenitent soul. This, however, ought to have been stated; it is a fact of great force and significance. *Ex inferno nulla redemptio*. This is their keynote. It is mentioned as a "curious fact" concerning the English Articles, that they were originally forty-two, the last affirming the immortality of the soul and eternal torments. The simple fact is, curious or not, that the last Article had this title, "All men shall not be saved at the length," and was

therefore directed against the Universalist error: "They also are worthy of condemnation, who endeavour at this time to restore the dangerous opinion, that all men, be they never so ungodly, shall at length be saved, when they have suffered pains for their sins a certain time appointed for God's justice." The necessity of this protest was not felt in the days of Queen Elizabeth; the true doctrine being maintained with sufficient precision and vigour by the homilies on "The Misery of all Mankind, and of his Condemnation to Death Everlasting by his own Sin," and "Repentance and True Reconciliation to God," as well as by the Athanasian Creed, and the current language of the Liturgy. The advocates of this doctrine are not wise in laying any stress on its history in the Church. Certainly the Romanist formularies gave it no sanction whatever. The reference to the distinction between the *pœna damni*, or negative suffering, and the *pœna sensus*, or positive suffering, is by no means the veiled expression of his doctrine which our author finds in it. The Oriental formularies are strangers to it. However silent may be the modern Confessions, there are none which positively declare the dogma which is so constantly asserted to be the original doctrine of Christendom. It is not found in any creed, symbol, or formulary which expresses the faith of any great community. It has been held by individuals; it has shared with its antagonist, Universalism, the favour of many speculatists; it has, doubtless, enlisted the sympathy of many, very many, tender hearts; it is undeniably spreading in the present day; but it certainly has not been the accepted faith of the Church, and has been most popular where the person and work of Christ have been held in lowest estimation.

But this leads to the consideration of the historical fact that the dogma of a Universal Restitution has been held from the beginning, or rather from the days of Origen; and that it is now held and professed by bodies of sectaries in America and in England. This fact is as certain as it is embarrassing to the Destructionists. It is hard for them to resist the superior claims of these adversaries, who make a higher bid for popularity. The Restitutionists in fact offer a thousand times richer bribe than their rivals; they propose to restore the unity of the universe by suppressing all evil, and, at the same time, converting all the spirits that God has made. They avoid the enormous

difficulty—common to the Biblical doctrine and that of the Destructionists—of limiting the omnipotence of the Creator and moral governor of all. After the awful night of evil is past, with its dreams of misery, joy will come in the morning of a day when every creature shall be restored to fellowship with God. They who hold this doctrine or opinion, triumphantly charge all who oppose them with making the Omnipotent fail in His purpose as it respects the unsaved: fail whether He cast them into hell, or put them out of existence. The calm and steadfast Scripture meets this charge with one uniform assertion, that the evil are made to subserve God's purposes, and will for ever illustrate His glory, after they have ceased to contend against His will. But the Destructionists have nothing to say when it is alleged that their theory makes the Eternal create these spirits in vain. The Restorationists cry out against them for injuring the good cause of the abolition of endless sufferings by this fatal concession. It is remarkable with what virulence the outcry is responded to. Nothing in the controversy is more striking than the mutual intolerance of these rival opponents of the Scriptural doctrine. We will confine ourselves to our author's way of expressing it, which is always calm and courteous in its severity. Our quotation will be useful also as illustrating the general subject: it contains the chapter on "The common origin of eternal hell and purgatory:"

"They were especially two sons of burning Africa, Tertullian and St. Augustine, who consummated the triumph of these anti-Biblical views. Not knowing Hebrew, Tertullian, to prove the perennial nature of the soul, appeals to the narrative of the creation of Adam; then he invokes, in support of his thesis, the revelations of his sister, who had received visions. According to him hell is an *eterna occisio*, an eternal slaughter, with mortal sorrows, but without the relief which death brings. These excesses of doctrine provoked the reaction, equally excessive, of Origen. The hell of Origen is no more than a purgatory; men and devils go out of it regenerate, and go to enjoy at the right hand of the heavenly Father the felicity of the elect.

"The Church contrived to preserve both heresies; it retained for the heretics and the excommunicated the endless tortures of Tertullian, and for the commonalty of the faithful the purgatory of Origen. The indestructibility of the soul flattered human vanity, as identifying in some way the psychical substance with necessary and absolute existence; and purgatory became for the

clergy a source of honour and profit. On this foundation was built up the system of indulgences. The priest, paid well, had the power of sending to Paradise any defunct whose salvation was matter of doubt to his heirs. Arnobius was the last defender of the primitive truth. The abuse became so odious that it provoked the reformation of Luther. From that time the Catholic Church has become more prudent; and it is not a long time since, during a conference preached at Paris, Mgr. Chalandon, Archbishop of Aix, exhorted the clergy of the capital to avoid preaching on hell: 'This question,' he said, 'turning away souls from the faith rather than bringing them to it.' The attenuation of purgatory no longer sufficing, the preachers of our days have 'so widely enlarged the conditions of salvation that the dogma of the small number of the elect is replaced by that of the small number of the reprobate.' "

It is true that most of the errors of the mediæval and Roman Church may be traced to the perverse development of some germ contained in Holy Scripture. But it is not worthy of the thoughtful controversialist to place on record such a statement as the preceding. There is no resemblance between the theory of Origen and that of purgatory. Purgatorial discipline is altogether a different thing. The Romish Church, with all its errors, has never varied in its statement as to the eternal duration of punishment; nor has it ever approximated towards the dogma of universal restitution. The theory of Purgatory is more akin to the Destructionist theory, inasmuch as it holds, though with more consistency, one branch of its doctrine, namely, that souls, not leaving the world in a state of sanctification, or not having heard, or not having savingly embraced the Gospel, are favoured with another term of probation and discipline beyond the grave. Dr. Pétavel seems to have forgotten that this is part of his own doctrine.

But this leads to a remark which is necessarily provoked by such statements. The one consentient creed of the Christian Church from the beginning—in its age of purity, in its ages of gradual decline, in its worst declension, whether in East or West, and in its revival and restoration—has been unfavourable both to Restoration and Destruction. The immortality of the soul of man has been held almost by universal consent. The Christendom which erred as to the short intermediate space between time and eternity, and located purgatory in it, did not err, never was tempted to err, as to the fixed and abiding state

of the dead. Or, lest this may be said to beg the question too much, let it be remembered the overwhelming majority of Churches, Confessions, and individual thinkers, have been against the dogma which is so confidently and defiantly claimed as ancient. The few straggling hints of a belief in the extinction of the soul found in Justin, Irenæus, and Arnobius, go for nothing; or, rather, they serve to confirm the position that the consent of the Church as a whole has run the other way. The following is a specimen of the way in which the Destructionist meets the Universalist. It gives the pith of their polemic, without the asperity and the multitude of words with which our English controversialists afflict us; but betrays the deep suspicion and jealousy which one heresy entertains for its opposite rival:

"The hypothesis of Origen is more or less openly admitted, in our days, by many sensible people. But the absolute destruction with which Scripture menaces the impenitent soul renders it untenable, at least, in certain cases. It would be necessary, for its support, to give up the grammatical meaning of words; to translate *death* by *life*, *life* by *felicity*, *destruction* by *conservation*, etc. How, moreover, could Jesus have said, concerning Judas, 'that it had been better for that man that he had never been born'? If a blessed eternity was to follow his chastisement, however prolonged it might be, then it would be advantageous to that man to have been called into being. We do not deny, for the rest, that Origen's theory is right enough as respecting a multitude of souls who have not sinned against the Holy Ghost, and who, as we gather from a word of Jesus Christ, may be within the reach of pardon in the world to come (Matt. xii. 32).

"This faith, well understood, will not become a pillow of security for the sinner. To him who places himself in our point of view, sin would appear as a fire that devours, ravages, desolates, and finally destroys souls. Mad, indeed, would be he who should let the dwelling he inhabits burn, or the clothing which he wears, under pretext that he will have, at a later time, some chance of making himself master of the fire. There will be an Apocatastasis, especially in this sense, that evil and the wicked will be definitely banished from the universe, and that 'God will be all in all' to those who shall have survived the deleterious action of sin, and shall have triumphed over it.

"But this final restitution will have been preceded by the extinction of a multitude of souls; it is thus that innumerable species of plants and animals have disappeared in the revolutions of the globe.

"It is deplorable that this element of the subject should have

escaped the Restitutionists. Their error has compromised the noble cause to which they had devoted themselves, and assured the triumph of so-called orthodoxy. It is enough to recall the Pastor Petitpierre, author of a volume entitled the *Plan de Dieu*, and Mademoiselle Hubert de Geneve. It is *à propos* of the controversy engaged in by Petitpierre that Frederic the Great, to whom the venerable class of the pastors appealed, answered, "If my brave and faithful subjects of Neuchâtel will be eternally lost, that is not my concern." Petitpierre was obliged to exile himself. Quite recently another pastor of the same Church has put forth analogous views. According to M. Rosselet d'Yvernois, 'the pool of fire and brimstone' would be a kind of purgatory. But the brimstone which suffocated the inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah could not be considered as a symbol of regeneration. Nothing more murderous, on the contrary, than sulphurous vapours: they destroy life even in its microscopic germs."

We have no complacency whatever in these pleasantries upon so awful a subject. But it is obvious to make the remark that the advocates of either of these opposite theories ought to be inspired with a sentiment of caution and modesty by the fact of the great amount of support accorded to its opposite. Both cannot be true. In fact, they have little in common, save their animosity to the doctrine of an eternal existence of the soul of man, and of the possibility of an eternal fixedness of Divine antagonism to sin. There they agree. Neither can tolerate the thought of a state of abiding separation between God and the intelligent spirits created by Him. Neither can rise or sink to the acceptance of the fact that there may be souls abandoned to the consequences of their sin, and kept under the suppressing power of the God of justice. Both attack the general or traditional interpretation of Scripture, and they agree in dealing most unfairly, especially when hard-pressed, with the holders of the traditional view. For instance, they almost invariably charge upon the dogmatists of orthodoxy the folly of maintaining that there will be throughout eternity among the lost, congregated; it may be, from all parts of the universe, a state of wild and tumultuous anarchy, and unbridled defiance of the authority of God. Those who soberly interpret the Bible hold no such view. They believe that the supremacy of God—all in all—will be secured so entirely through the mediatorial rule of Christ, that He shall lay down His dominion, as literally having no more enemies to suppress. Whatever

the miseries of the lost will be, and whatever the lawlessness of hell, there will be not a single movement of resistance to the Supreme, not a single act put forth to increase the empire of sin by tempting God's universe and repeating the history of the fall of mankind. All authority and power will be put down. Again, they unite in charging upon the orthodox the fault of an undue literality in the interpretation and application of the figures and symbols of punishment in the New Testament. Whenever these material emblems are employed in Scripture, the context gives a good reason for them; and the soundest expositors and preachers remember this, and apply them cautiously. Finally, they unite in branding orthodoxy with the impeachment of assigning an eternal punishment to a temporal fault. And here again they are unjust. It can hardly be said that the Scripture, or the theology based upon it, assigns eternal sorrow as the punishment of any sin, or any number of sins, committed in this world. A careful investigation of Scripture will show that the threatening of death eternal is always uttered with reference to those who reject the Redeemer:—this is the climax, consummation, and fulness of all sin. Of such the Redeemer Himself says that they shall die *in their sins*; not so much that their sins shall be punished as that they shall lie down in their sins, and go into eternity in a sinful state. Everlasting destruction awaits those who know not God, and obey not the Gospel. All passages that seem to lay stress on another view of the matter, may be, and must be, harmonised with this. *Ye did it not to me!* The eternal judgment shall rest in its consequences upon those who reject an eternal redemption. Sin, as a present reality, and sin as punished, will always be united. Hence the declarations that judgment has already begun in the present life. Hence the unfailing doctrine that eternal life is already entered upon; and eternal death already begun in those who are even now dead in trespasses and sins.

There are not wanting both Universalists and Destructionists who are more tolerant and respectful to the orthodox than those whom this book represents. They admit that there is very much in the tone of the Scriptures, and in the seeming sense of many passages, that supports the common view; and frankly admit that reason and charity must be permitted to do some little violence to the literal sense of words. We have reason to complain of

those who pour out unmeasured vituperation on what is called the doctrine of orthodoxy. It ought to go for something that there is a wider consent of a larger number of creeds and formularies in favour of this tremendous truth than in favour of almost any other. Dr. Pétavel gives us some references to the Swiss theologian, Professor Reuss, who has always proved refractory on this subject. He has given his views more plainly than usual in his reference to that cardinal passage—*God shall be all in all*.

"In fact," he says, "is there not a contradiction in representing death vanquished in its turn, and even as annihilated, whilst the majority of men are left under its power. Between two things we must choose one. Either indeed we must agree to the system which holds to the eternal damnation of many, and then death subsists as a power by the side of the power of God, who is a power of life; or we must lay down the principle of the annihilation of death, and we must conclude from it the restitution of the damned. This last conclusion might find support also in another consideration. If the supreme glory of God consists in being all in all, it is evident that it would be an imperfection in God not to be all in all. It would be a diminution of His glory if, in the case of some, in the case indeed of a very great number, He becomes nothing; the religious conscience, like the logical conscience, protests against this imperfection of God and His system."

This passage seems to us very forcible, coming from so clear and so independent a divine as Reuss. If the traditional view is hard to him, it is enough that he has but faint and feeble arguments against it. And it is obvious that he has no great confidence in either side of the alternative propositions. Let us examine this passage, which is here quoted with so much approval. "These remarks of M. Reuss," says our author, "make us regret that he remained a stranger to the point of view which we defend; the only one which appears to resolve the problem." But it is to us of little importance what any one particular thinker may decide; our business is with the Word of God accepted by all in the present controversy. The chief importance of the passage is the opportunity it gives us of indicating a few very common fallacies, both of exposition and of argument, based upon it. First, it is easy to speak of "death being represented as vanquished in its turn, and even annihilated." But where is there a hint of that, either in this passage or in any other throughout the New

Testament? Surely in the book of Revelation, so often quoted in this controversy, there is no such doctrine. It is often quietly assumed that the casting of death and hell into the lake of fire, which is the second death, means the annihilation of death and all its consequences. But of that lake, and of that second death, it is said that there are torments there day and night, and for ever. They who are cast there are said to *have their part* in it; a phrase, to say the least, much more consistent with continuous existence than extinction. What the only annihilation which Scripture knew is, we are told in a neighbouring verse: "And God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes; and there shall be no more death." That is the death, or mortality, or destruction, or disintegration, or dissolution that shall cease for ever; that and no other. There are many references to this passage scattered up and down throughout this volume; and anyone who notes the current of controversy will perceive how much stress is laid on the casting of death into death, "the second death." It is quietly assumed in the argumentation that in some sense or other death is abolished in the second death: the opposite is the truth. But we have to do with St. Paul in the Corinthian passage. He does not state that death is to be subjected in the sense of being annihilated. The effects of death upon the saints, the Church of God, the body of Christ, of which alone the Apostle speaks, are done away. But nothing is said of an annihilation of death. Annihilation is not the keynote of that chapter. Suppression, and subjection, and reduction to order, is not annihilation.

Again, how easy it is to strengthen the argument by introducing "the majority of men"! We grant that the question of numbers is not in one sense of the highest importance here. So far as the question refers to the attributes of God, supposing them to be under the government of love, of a love that is which is misunderstood, the number is of no moment. So long as a single delinquent is ranging in misery, or chained down to darkness, beyond the sphere of the Divine presence and life, the love of God may be said not to be all in all. But when the question is of the accomplishment or failure of a great design which, as to man at least, fills eternity, the proportion of numbers rises to vast significance. The opponents of our views have no right to presuppose the destruction

of the majority of the human race. We have, on the other hand, ample right to insist upon the opposite view. We are as yet, perhaps, only in the early processes of the development of accomplished redemption; and, as to the past, the Judge of the whole earth has never given anyone authority to say that all who have been swept in such uncounted crowds into Hades have been turned into hell in the other meaning of the word. On any supposition it requires no great stretch of charity to assume that the enormous majority are already in such a relation to Him whom they never knew, that they will at the last day be "found in Christ." Let that question be decided as men will—it is a remarkable and most cheering token that there is a constantly strengthening tendency to the more charitable view—the great scheme of redemption has succeeded, in the language of men. The race of mankind is saved; humanity, as such, has been retrieved and restored. The fragment will be cast out. But the great mass and whole of the race of man will be found in Christ: though not all alike in Christ; for that sacred term admits of a wide variety and range of meaning.

Again, how can it be said with any truth that St. Paul must, in that case, represent death to subsist as a power by the side of the power of God! Here lies the pith and strength of the question. The existence of any power by the side of the power of God is an unscriptural thought in any form: the Bible is not responsible for it. It is as common a charge against revealed religion, as it is uncommon in the records and documents of that religion. The only power "by the side of God" is His own power in the person of His Son, and felt throughout the universe in the person of His Spirit. Satan never had, and never will have, independent or co-ordinate power. The mystery of the existence of a power that God loveth not, and that aims to thwart His purpose, is profound and unsolvable. But that is a mystery common to all creeds, all theologies, and even to theology and science. For science even, without revelation, must ask the reason for what is accepted of every thinking mind as not good, not for the welfare of the individual, not—we say it boldly—subservient to good in the individual. A system of nescient science, or scientific nescience, may be content to say that evil is taken into the constitution and sum of things as a power that evolves progress, and therefore good. This we deny. There is

that in moral evil, or sin, whatever name may be given it, that never works good to the whole or to the individual. It is as great a mystery to entological science as to religion and theology. There is, indeed, a science which abdicates the name, or at least the dignity of science, and refuses to speculate at all upon final causes and first principles, and the reason of anything. But of that we take no account. We assert that all true science finds the existence of evil as great a mystery as theology finds it. But there is no mystery in the fact that it is subordinate to God. Here true science and true religion agree. The false god of false science, which is force, bears down evil, and good has the ascendancy. The Bible says the same. God is supreme, and even the wicked are made for the day of evil. The argument that "evil subsides by the side of God," has literally no force whatever against the doctrine of eternal evil. It cannot be too often repeated that whatever force it has is against the being of any God at all. He who escapes atheism when pressed by these arguments, may confront the eternal suppression of sinners and sin. The difficulty is to accept the beginning of evil: its continuance is not so great a difficulty. Supposing the possibility of a conclave of spirits discussing the possibilities of things before the existence of sin or evil; supposing the idea of evil understood before it existed, it would be decided at once that the existence of such an awful fact was an impossibility. But the eternal God has overthrown that conclusion: evil is; its existence is its apology (*sit venia verbo*). But when the disputants were told that it would exist, and exist in ten thousand forms for many ages, there would be no instinctive answer of affirmation to the question, Must it come to an end?

Again, it is said that the glory of God consists in "being all in all." This is not said in Scripture, but by M. Reuss. There are two senses in which the word may be taken. The immanency of God, all in all, or His immensity translated into omnipresence, belongs to His divinity. In that sense it is His glory to be all in all; and in that sense He will be all in all throughout eternity. If not, why not? He is all in all now, throughout the regions of evil as of good: will the fixed abode and separating demarcations make any difference? But we deny that such a presence of God in His creatures is ever called His glory. To be all in all to the conscious intelligences who have lost their

individuality in one sense while finding it in another, who are swallowed up in God as their God, while still separate from Him and holding communion with Him as their Father, is verily and indeed the glory of God. And that glory will be manifested through Christ and in Christ unto and upon all the redeemed: no longer as reflected from Christ, as the mediator, but directly experienced and rejoiced in. We read that it will be a "diminution or extenuation of His glory, if in some, if in a great number, He is nothing. The conscience of religion, like that of logic, protests against this imperfection of God and His system." And it may well protest: for it is impossible that God can be nothing to any creature, or any man. Nothing to the creatures whom He formed He cannot be. But the Scriptures do not speak of God as exerting no power or control in the case of the lost. His image in every one of them will, in its most awful ruin and perversion, proclaim the opposite. Conscience will tell those who are lost that God is still everything to them,—that He is, indeed, what He is called in a text which our pleaders will not allow us to use,—one which they cannot disenchant of its awful, and abiding, and continuous and eternal meaning, "a consuming fire." Moreover, it strikes us as most illogical in the "logical conscience," to protest against that in eternity which it accepts in time; against that in the case of man which it accepts in the case of devils. Does the fact of the existence of sin and its consequences during ages of temporal continuance imply no extenuation of the Divine glory,—meaning by that word whatever those who use it mean? If it does, what difference does the fixedness of that state make?

Let it be observed, however, that the Professor makes no mention of the other alternative which this book labours to establish. The reason is not far to seek. He is too deeply versed in the New Testament theology to find there the doctrine of a gradual disintegration of human spirits. We are not reviewing Reuss, and shall not therefore pursue his doctrine of "life," as it is developed in his work. It is inconsistent with the notion of all extinction after the resurrection of the body, which, indeed, he will not allow St. John to teach us. But, apart from M. Reuss, the "logical conscience" has not allowed many modern thinkers to find rest in this theory. It has enlisted many adherents in places, and under circumstances, which

have allied it with Materialism. We do not believe that it has carried the full consent of many who have been opposed to the Materialist view. Dr. Pétavel is one of the few. He is the clearest and most straightforward adherent of the "gradual extinction" doctrine we know. Not many are like him. The mass instinctively gravitate to two other views, which are quite distinct from his. Some regard life as a new gift imparted to those who believe, and sustained through physical death to eternity; physical death being, in the case of all others, the end of all being. Holding this, they are content either to ignore much of the Bible, or to give it a highly mystical interpretation. Others, accepting more simply the Scripture testimony, suppose that the punishment of sin will occupy the intermediate state; that the resurrection will be the term of suffering and of being; and that those who are raised up to full, conscious and perfect existence, receive it only to be suddenly and despotically quenched again into nothing. Holding this, they make really the hour of the final penalty the hour of eternal relief; they invert the order of events, and the meaning of words; and they entirely change the bearing and relations of the resurrection and the judgment as they are described in the New Testament and the Old. But this point has been, and will again, be dwelt upon. It seems decisive of the question.

It is interesting to know that the memoir delivered by Dr. Pétavel was the occasion of a very lively debate, in which many eminent divines vindicated their individual orthodoxy, and defended the ancient doctrine from the attack made upon it. This volume contains the substance of the objections urged against the author's views, with his own rejoinders. The rejoinders are exceedingly clear, and thoroughly straightforward; but they are too brief and peremptory to answer the end for which they are published. However, we are bound to say that these few pages present the entire question, with all its dread solemnity, in a more compact epitome than any other treatise with which we are acquainted. We shall make a few observations on such of the points discussed as have not been touched upon, beginning with our Lord's words.

First, it was objected that "The sin which is not to be pardoned, either in this world or in that which is to come, supposes an eternal suffering." To this the advocate of annihilation thinks it sufficient to reply, "The gradual

annihilation of the sinner, consummated beyond the grave, is the remediless chastisement of the unpardonable sin." It is easy enough to apply this one solution to every difficulty. But no reverent expositor of our Lord's words can be really satisfied with any meaning that does not distinguish between the present state and that which is to come. Let the meaning of the diabolical sin be what it may, and whatever theory may be held as to the sin in man which resembles it, certain it is that our Lord meant to signify that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost, the fullest and most perfect revelation of the Holy Trinity, which has no forgiveness. To be unexpiated, and therefore unpardonable, is the peculiar quality of the sin of Satan and the fallen angels. Therefore those in this life who reject wilfully and finally the Holy Spirit's exhibition of the atoning work of Christ, put from them the atoning sacrifice, and place themselves in the position of the spirits for whom that sacrifice was never offered. It is sometimes said that this world, and the world to come, together signify simply the whole space of the present and the future worlds: shall *never* be forgiven. This would, of course, remove every possibility of accepting the doctrine of a universal restoration. It would not so absolutely preclude the theory of annihilation. But that theory cannot be made consistent with the text as declaring the impossibility of forgiveness. This word must be supposed to have the same meaning when applied to the next world which it has when applied to this. The sin spoken of shall not be remitted in the present world, nor shall it be remitted in the world to come,—either in the intermediate state or on the day of final awards of forgiveness.

If, as many think, literally accepting our Lord's words, there is a space for repentance offered to men in the other world, and spirits may turn to the Redeemer there who rejected Him here, and have their true repentance and faith recognised at the great day, this exposition renders the theory of annihilation all the more untenable. The text would then teach us, when connected with other texts, that the induration of the reprobate reaches such a point that there is an absolute and final impossibility of renewing the soul to repentance. The atonement is definitely rejected, and the Holy Spirit, the fruit of the atonement, finally resisted and finally quenched. Then the sin unto death is committed, which is the sin which seals a state

for which prayer is hopeless; not because the mercy of God fails, but because the free spirit of the sinner is shut up in a necessity of sinning. This requires continuance in life; and is inconsistent with extinction. The death that is sealed is the opposite of that life which may be given in this life in answer to prayer.

The doctrine of the sin unpardonable in time and in eternity has been very influential in every age. If all the passages that clearly belong to it are collected and examined, they throw a very solemn light upon the present subject. They show that the sin which to mankind is absolutely hopeless, is that which, with satanic desperation, rejects the atonement and the Holy Ghost, purchased by the atonement; they, therefore, encourage to hope that for no other sin than the wilful rejection of Christ will the penalty of eternal death be exacted. But they most peremptorily condemn every form of the theory of Universal Restoration: it is utterly impossible to reconcile them with the dogma of a plenary forgiveness of all classes of offenders, including those for whom the atonement was never provided. At the same time, they certainly preclude the thought of an extinction of the souls of those who reject mercy in the present life. They are not threatened with loss of existence in that world; but with the continuance of a state of hardened resistance to God, which renders their forgiveness for ever impossible.

How many bright theories, compounded of all the most generous elements of the several doctrines, and issuing in the compromise that admits the destruction of some utterly hopeless cases after the gradual restoration of the great majority, are rebuked by these stern words of our Saviour: "Neither in this world, nor in that which is to come!"

The objectors to the Memoir, of course, appealed to other declarations of our Lord: "Their worm dieth not, their fire is not quenched." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." We may agree with Dr. Pétavel that the terrible triple utterance of Mark ix. 44, 46, 48, is to be mitigated as to its form; the revision of the text will probably give it as more irregular, and less symmetrical. But no criticism takes out of it the "unquenchable fire" and the "undying worm." Figures though they be, and taken from the New Testament, they must have been understood by our Lord's hearers precisely as the bulk of the people understand

them now : as presenting a contrast of states hereafter. The same may be said of the other passage. If the Lord had purposed to speak of an extinction on the one hand, and an eternal life on the other, His words would have been very different. He would not have spoken of punishment and of everlasting punishment. Moreover, was it possible for any who heard Him to doubt that the same word everlasting was used in both cases with the same meaning? No artifice of exposition has ever availed to overturn this argument. The evangelist John was, doubtless, among those who heard the Lord's words, and he remembered the term *kolasis*. He is the only writer who has reproduced it. He speaks of the fear that hath torment or "punishment," as cast out by love. And he establishes the meaning of the word. This passage has much vexed the advocates of annihilation : those who have resolved to make eternal mean perfect, are met by the term "punishment ;" and those who make "punishment" mean annihilation, are met by the term eternal.

Before leaving this topic one word must be said as to the Supreme Authority on this subject. It would scarcely be exaggerating were we to say that the doctrine of the everlasting severance of the reprobate from God is, with all its concomitants, peculiarly the Lord's own revelation. It might seem as if this dreadful truth He reserved for Himself ; and, as it were, spared His Apostles the burden of its full announcement. The doctrine concerning the heavenly state is more fully announced and descanted upon by the servants than by the Master. St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul especially have far surpassed Him in the amplitude and variety of their descriptions, both of Paradise and of heaven. But He alone has opened the mysteries of the nether world ; directly by His own teaching, indirectly in the Apocalypse. This burden He has Himself assumed ; and, to speak humanly, made Himself responsible for the terrible proclamation. Not only so, He has uttered His severest words under such circumstances, and in such connections, as to add indescribably to the pathos of their terror. For instance, in Matt. xi. the words of unutterable tenderness in which our Lord promises rest to the troubled souls who come to Him and learn the lesson of His meekness, follow immediately those others which speak of the more intolerable burden of the more privileged who despise their privilege. This

passage is too little appreciated in this melancholy controversy. What is the meaning of "more tolerable in the day of judgment," but that on that day sentences will be pronounced, after that day to be endured, which will vary in severity according to the measure of light despised and merciful offers rejected and grace abused! Of course it will be said that the annihilation of some will be slower than that of others, but this introduces an element which anyone must feel to be foreign to our Lord's word.

Once more it was objected, "We do not see that the destruction of the proud or the ambitious commences in this world." To this it is replied, "But this pride and this hardening are already themselves an obscuration of the reason; whence the expressions *mad with pride*, *drunk with ambition*. These follies and their intoxication have prepared the fall of many a conqueror, and they lead finally to ruin all the proud, whether great or small." The reply does not touch the point of the objection, which has always suggested itself to us as one of the strongest arguments against the dogma of a gradual extinction of the sinning soul. It is a kind of argument which, perhaps, would not be capable of as much effectual service as some others; and it is one which would have no weight with those who think that the state of things in the present world is absolutely different from that of the world to come. But we who adopt the notion that there is a strict continuity feel that it has much force. Continuance in sin has no tendency whatever to weaken the energy of existence. We see none of the faintest indications that the due sentence of death has begun in this sense to work. In the case of physical death it is otherwise. We do see that the body contains the seeds of mortality; and that we and our fellow mortals are dying before our eyes, we dying with them. This spiritual death, however, gives no tokens that it is accomplishing the sentence committed to it. All is directly the reverse. Of course the absolute argument here is not very strong; we do not rely upon it in controversy, nor expect that it will produce much effect. But we confess that no argument is stronger to ourselves.

It may be said that this argument touches only a subordinate point; the question not being the gradual dying out of the spirit, but its extinction as such. But we have in this book, and in the more recent aspect of the subject generally, to do simply and only with the process of

punitive extinction that ends in annihilation. Our argument would not, it is true, put on its full force as meeting the dogma of a sudden, swift, and mighty suppression of all sinful souls in death, or at the judgment, or after the judgment. But no such dogma is proposed by any who reverence the Scriptures as our pleader and his friends reverence them. They cling to the word death, and, with laudable consistency, hold fast the thought of a gradual decline of the energies of the soul such as we see in the process that leads to the death of the body. And all we have to say is that there is no such gradual decay of the spirit indicated anywhere in Scripture. Not a single passage can be brought forward that looks that way. The great bulk of the formidable sayings of the Word of God describe a potent exercise of the Divine displeasure, such as falls upon the godly with the suddenness of swift destruction. There is nothing in the Scripture to give any hint of a gradual extinction of the spirit in man. The word which most forcibly describes the dissolution, or destruction, or perdition of the soul is one that is employed of the demons, whose destruction is their removal, in full vigour, to another scene, the abyss. It is also used of the vigorous condition of the prodigal son, who *was lost* before he was found.

Here we will insert a few extracts from a valuable and very comprehensive work, which we recommend to those who read our pages, whether numbered amongst our opponents or friends; the work of Mr. Marshall Randles, entitled *For Ever*, formerly noticed in this Review. Mr. Randles is remarkably full and clear in his strictures on every form of the annihilation theory.

"To escape the absurdities of annihilation, a crude modification is attempted, which disclaims proper annihilation, and yet holds to the *destruction* of the souls of the wicked. From the language of its advocates, often vague and inconsistent, it is difficult to understand precisely their theory (if, indeed, it is clearly conceived by themselves) of the ultimate destiny of the spiritual nature of the condemned. One calls it '*annihilation*,' and another, in a footnote, adds, '*rather destruction*.' And yet they apply to it such expressions as '*blotting out of existence*;' to be '*put out of conscious existence*;' '*the utter destruction of organisation*;' '*the utter loss of life, and being, and existence*;' '*passed away out of being*;' loss not only of '*happiness but themselves*;' '*termination of conscious existence*;' '*blotted out of*

creation ; ' wrapt in the slumber of eternal death ; ' ' no being destitute of the Divine nature will exist in the universe of God when He shall have completed His most glorious purpose.' No wonder, therefore, that to other minds their distinction between annihilation and destruction should sometimes appear to be a distinction without a difference, and call forth argument of equal force against both. The lost condition of the soul is further represented as analogous to the death of the body, rendering it ' utterly incapable of feeling, or acting, or performing any one of its functions,' and as having to ' cease to exist as a man.' It is said, ' Not a single material organisation can be found that is indestructible : why should any spiritual organisation be so ? ' So that, as far as we can make out, their idea of the final state of the lost, the essence or substratum of being will continue for ever, but deprived of all action, power, feeling, consciousness, and humanity. These gone, what is left ? or why left ? Perhaps scepticism was never driven to a more defenceless subterfuge, nor ever assumed a more groping attitude. Much that has been said against avowed annihilationism will bear equally against this modification of it, and needs no repetition here. . . .

" It grossly mistakes the nature of the human soul, reasoning about it as if it were capable of decomposition, and consisted of component atoms, like a material body, calling it an ' organisation ' and a ' spiritual organism,' which implies the composition of various *parts* ; whereas the soul or spirit is an uncompounded indivisible unit. There is no such thing as half, or constituent part of a soul. From its nature it cannot be made up of several elements. And though we speak of its faculties as several and distinct, it is by way of convenience and figure. The soul is one, and, if in existence at all, must exist as a fact. Hence the fallacy of thinking death is with it, as with the body, a disorganisation, or decomposition, or transmutation into something other than a soul."—*For Ever*, p. 218.

It is very rash to say that St. Paul knows nothing of the pains of everlasting separation from God. Hence the strength of the objection of the Swiss divines : " There is a passage in which Paul speaks of eternal pains, that of the *olethron aionion*, 2 Thess. i. 9." Doubtless, those divines added other arguments from the Apostle of the " whole counsel," but this is the only one mentioned. The Apostle's words, in their gentlest rendering, are these : " Who shall suffer punishment, even eternal destruction away from the presence of the Lord, and the glory of His power." They shall *pay the penalty* ; not in a slow and lingering evanishment from existence, but in an everlasting and eternal destruction, which is no other than a

severance from the presence of the Lord, and from the manifestation of the glory of His power. From the presence, or away from the presence, of the Lord, certainly is intended by St. Paul to mark his estimate of the penalty as being negative, in other words, the *pœna damni*, beyond which in this passage he does not go. It would be wrong to suppose that the words, "in flaming fire taking vengeance," suggest the positive element of fiery torture. He who is to come will come encircled, or encompassed, by those glorious manifestations which in the Old Testament are the never-failing symbols of the Divine presence. But the word here translated "destruction" is one which, if pursued through the New Testament, and weighed with its accompanying adjectives, yield the saddest meaning that can fall upon the heart of man. St. Paul uses it on four occasions. Writing to the Corinthians he speaks of "the destruction of the flesh" (1 Cor. v. 5), evidently referring to calamities falling upon the body as the instrument of sensuality, which might come in death, but having nothing to do with annihilation. Similarly in the "sudden destruction" of 1 Thess. v. 3, temporal calamity or ruin is indicated. In 1 Tim. vi. 9, it is linked with another and still stronger form of word of the same family; and they combine as "destruction and perdition," which are said to be an element in which men are not annihilated, but drowned, or swallowed up. Immediately afterwards it is said that these men, coveting after money, the love of which is the root of all evil, pierce themselves through with many sorrows. But the passage before us strengthens the word by the epithet eternal or everlasting, with which the advocates of the theory of extinction take great liberties. It is everlasting in the only sense in which destruction can be everlasting; a destruction which is a separation from God that goes on for ever.

The word *aionios*, or eternal,—which is one of the two words on which this sad controversy hangs, *life* being the other,—is used in three senses in the New Testament. First, and most emphatically, it signifies what is without beginning or end: "The eternal God" (Rom. xvi. 26). In this sense it belongs only to the Supreme: "the only eternal God" (2 Macc. i. 25). Secondly, it is used of what has no beginning: "before the world began" (2 Tim. i. 9), is literally "before the eternal ages," an expression often applied to the Gospel as being the counsel of eternity pro-

duced and made manifest in time. Thirdly, and most frequently, it signifies what is without end, which will flow on into eternity again, but always in contradistinction to what is transitory. This last will be seen by a reference—such as in these pages could not be made—to the Greek Testament Concordance; which will exhibit the word in connection with glory, the kingdom, life, inheritance, redemption, consolation, habitations (Luke xvi. 9, in connection with which it may be said that hell is called an eternal place in Tob. iii. 6), salvation, punishment, judgment, condemnation, destruction, fire. The modern notion of what is sometimes called its *qualitative* in opposition to its *quantitative* meaning, finds no support from antiquity or the current phraseology of Scripture. It may be observed, in passing, that in the original of Tit. i. 2, 3, we have the flow of past ages and the flow of future ages, into eternity—the vanishing point of both—with the temporal spaces and seasons intervening between them.

All these comments seem to forget those very clear and very awful declarations of St. Paul in the beginning of the Epistle to the Romans: words which are constantly quoted in support of a conditional immortality as the goal and substance of salvation; but the force of which, as a testimony to the abiding penalty of those who forfeit salvation, is altogether neglected. "To them who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honour and immortality, eternal life." But what is the converse, the "perishing without law," or "being judged by the law," but "indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish" (Rom. ii. 9.) These last words give a stern and awful comment on the perishing. Again, in 2 Cor. ii. 15: "We are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish: to the one we are the savour of death unto death; and to the other the savour of life unto life." In St. Paul's thought there are two parties, already saved and already lost. There is nothing proleptic in the passage. He does not mean those who shall be saved or shall be lost; nor, as is sometimes said, those who are in process of salvation or perdition; but he means literally that they are, as at present found, saved and lost respectively. Whence it follows that the word has no such meaning of absolute annihilation as this theory assigns to it. There is a state of perdition, a being lost, which may be predicated of souls in the present life.

So says the Corinthian passage. In other places the same word is transferred to its eternal scene.

After these remarks we may safely admit what truth there is in the observation that the apostle of the mediatorial scheme does not delight to expatiate on the terrors of the Lord. Undoubtedly Professor Reuss is justified in saying that there are no other passages among St. Paul's epistles which expressly teach the eternity of torments. The Pauline theology is deeply impressed by the terrors of the Lord, but still more deeply impressed, as we think, by His mercies. It is true that "the passages which treat most explicitly of the last things, and which are, at the same time, those containing most Judaic elements, say nothing whatever of the fate of the reprobate." There is no doubt that the great resurrection chapter, into which St. Paul pours the wealth of his eschatology, and where we see and feel that the powers of the world to come are strongest upon him, is composed, as it were, on the theory that the lost are not to be taken account of. They are simply not mentioned. The thought of them does not throw any dimness or vexation upon the current of his revelations. They are as if they were not. We have seen that the apostle had no doctrine of their extinction in his thoughts; yet he writes as if there was no place found for them. This is a most impressive fact. To us it declares most triumphantly that the exclusion and perdition of the reprobate is a truth that revelation can bear as its burden without being confounded, and that the eternal blessedness of Christ's new humanity, surrounding Him and reflecting His glory, does cause and will cause all else to be forgotten.

But the inference deduced by others is rather different. Hear what Professor Reuss says: "This incontestable fact, this tendency of the apostle to linger complacently on the consoling side which the perspective of the future presents, and to neglect the reverse of the picture, has, perhaps, contributed to beget, in the minds of certain theologians, the belief of a definitive re-establishment of the lost themselves, and of a happy end for all creatures endowed with reason. This doctrine of an apocatastasis, commended to us by many of the greatest thinkers of the early Church and of modern times, but delighted in also by some enthusiasts whose suffrage throws suspicion upon it, has been combated with more vehemence than it deserved

by the rigid orthodoxy of all Confessions to which the eternity of sufferings has always been a favourite dogma."

It is a hasty assertion that the doctrines of St. Paul have given encouragement to the theory of a Universal Restoration. That theory scarcely condescended in any age to ask counsel of the New Testament: it has found its elementary principle in the yearning desire of the human heart, and the supports of its aspiration in the visions of the Old Testament, which have been regarded as the sacred and authoritative utterances of the large hopes of mankind at large. But the "best thinkers" of the early Church and of modern times have always been satisfied with St. Paul's teaching on the subject. His doctrine of the judgment and its issues has never been amenable to their criticism; has never submitted to take its place in the scheme of which that theory is the centre. He certainly never once affirms in anything like clear and generous terms that He who tasted death for every man will save all men at the end. His consistent and unvarying doctrine of election also has been found to stand stiffly in the way, refusing to be reconciled. The few passages in which he seems to extend the benefit of the great mediation beyond the children of men, are carefully guarded, at least from the appropriation of this theory. "And, having made peace through the blood of His cross, by Him to reconcile all things to Himself; by Him, I say, whether they be things on earth or things in heaven" (Col. i. 20). Things under earth are not here mentioned, and the Gospel is immediately afterwards said to be "preached to every creature under heaven." The Corinthian passage, "That God may be all in all," does indeed open a wide and glorious vista to devout speculation; but it does not include in its perspective the glorification or transformation of evil into good. Searching round these words, and tracing them carefully in every direction, we fail to find any tendency in that direction. The very utmost the Apostle says is that Christ "shall have put down all rule, and all authority, and all power."

The suppression of all hostile authority is a very different thing from its transmutation into friendship, alliance and peace. Professor Reuss may make these brilliant generalisations at discretion, and his admirers may receive and applaud them; but they are not worthy of him, nor do they advance the cause of truth.

The Confessions of Christendom are here, in the same

spirit of unthinking dogmatism, said to be exceedingly fond of the dogma of the eternity of sufferings. A careful study of the symbolism of the Christian Church will show that this is far from being the case. Dr. Pétavel has quoted this hard saying of Reuss, and, as it were, made it his own. But he has elsewhere taken pains to show that some of the Reformation Confessions omitted the dogma, that the English articles excluded it, and that the two early Creeds admitted it only by implication, if indeed they admitted it at all. The fact is just the contrary of what Reuss asserts. The Creeds and Confessions, and even the dogmatics of the various Churches, have admitted the doctrine precisely as the books of Scripture admit it,—as a terrible necessity. “*Who is sufficient for these things?*” was St. Paul’s cry when he had been obliged to introduce, as he does in the strongest terms, the doctrine of eternal death. He has given a place to the doctrine because he shunned not to declare the whole counsel of God: *shunned not*, implying therefore that flesh and blood, if consulted, might have induced him to suppress it. There may be some creeds and formularies which seem to take a grim delight in the strongest assertions of the nature of the penalties of the lost. And there has been in all ages a kind of preaching which has dealt largely and lavishly with the lurid and awful imagery of the subject. But it is not true that Christian orthodoxy has been joyful or even complacent in the treatment of this topic.

Again, it is unjustifiable to say that the orthodoxy of all Confessions—we appropriate the term thankfully—has been disposed to combat with more vehemence than it deserved the doctrines that obscure the future penalty of reprobation. Multitudes, firmly believing the words of our Saviour that there is an “everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels,” and that there is a state hereafter concerning the inheritor of which it may be said that it had been better for him if he had never been born, have dared to maintain this truth, to argue for it though with much moved and troubled and even reluctant minds; have resisted vehemently and vigorously the arguments brought against it, though feeling all the time the anguish of men who are in a civil war; have preached it earnestly on all occasions, because firmly persuaded that it is the weightiest argument save one that may be used with success, and that every hearer may secure his escape from the terrors

preached. It is hard enough to have to bear the dreadful burden of the God of Judgment, without being constantly taunted with taking delight in the enforcement of the most dreadful truths that men can listen to.

One thing may be said on this subject. If the tendency of St. Paul's doctrine is in the direction of Universalism, then it cannot be in the direction of Annihilationism. Between these two theories there is no point of affinity. There is nothing common to them but the negation of an eternal penalty. Apart from that they are wide asunder as opposites can be. It is hardly possible to suppose a rational theological treatise penned that should, on a fair construction and explanation of terms, combine the two theories. If the Apostle Paul had held either of these, he would most certainly have adopted a style of expression which would have precluded the possibility of his being charged with holding the other. Now, some of the most plausible arguments of the Destructionist school in their polemics with the Restorationists, are drawn from the theological armoury of St. Paul. The same may be said, and with equal propriety, of the opposite polemics. This itself is a strong presumption in favour of the truth that lies in neither of these directions. He teaches another doctrine; but uses such language as may quite consistently favour a certain application of the fundamental principles of those two opposite theories. He teaches an everlasting exclusion of the wicked "from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power." But their state and the "penalty" they "pay" is described in terms which represent their life as the negation of all that "more abundant" life, which is fellowship with God: it is the obscuration, confusion, and internal ruin of all the elements of nature. It is death in life: hence the Annihilationist error. On the other hand, he so dwells upon the perfect realisation of every scheme of the eternal wisdom—if such unworthy words may be permitted—as to seem, though only to seem, sometimes to regard the universe as being rid and delivered from every trace of evil. He holds mankind to be saved, though men may be lost; humanity is retrieved, though some bearing the superscription and image of men may be marred; the eternal design of redemption is fully accomplished, though an addition of men to the number of the "spirits in prison" may be involved. So triumphant and perfect is his vision of the full realisa-

tion of all the purposes of God, that he speaks of God as all in all. Hence the Restorationist error.

Before closing, we must refer to an objection of the Swiss Divines, which was urged in a variety of ways, and with very much force: "The second death consists in the separation of the soul from God." To this Dr. Pétavel replies:—

"There is between the separation of the soul from God and the *second death* the whole distance which separates Genesis from the Revelation; the first commences in Eden, the other is consummated beyond the grave. For the rest, there is no existence possible for a being absolutely separate from God, in whom all exist. 'In God,' says St. Paul, 'we live, and move, and have our being;' and to be completely separated from God would be to go out of being,—in other words, to cease to exist. To threaten the sinner with separation from God without adding that this separation implies the annihilation of the creature, is to forget that communion with God, far from having any value in the eyes of impenitent sinners, inspires them only with repugnance; they would only congratulate themselves *in pecto* at the prospect of being entirely deprived of it. Threaten them, on the other hand, with a gradual extinction of being, the instinct of preservation, the strongest and the most vigorous of instincts, will speak out. The reason and the conscience of your hearer will confirm a decree in such perfect analogy with the laws of nature, with those of society, and the experience of every day. Death strikes the incurably evil; the sterile tree is cut down; and society deems itself justified in depriving certain criminals of life."

To all this we would reply that this much quoted word, "second death," refers to something which has no affinity with total annihilation. The Scripture, to which the appeal is made most positively connects the ideas of continuous and permanent misery with that of the second death, as we have already seen. The "twice dead" of the Apostle Jude are not those who are extinct. Moreover, it cannot be said, with the Scriptures in our hand, that souls absolutely separated from God cannot exist. The wicked of this world are said to be without God, but they exist. If to this it is replied that their death is only postponed, and that they are already on their way to extinction, it can only be replied that nevertheless they live; and, therefore, that in the universe of God, souls cut off from Him may exist. If they may exist for years they may exist for centuries, and may always exist. There is no indication in

the Word of God that the evil spirits are in the slow procession to a total extinction. They are cut off from God and they live. The argumentation here used would be valid enough if stern and awful facts did not show its hollowness.

But this leads to another consideration: that of the moral influence of the arguments respectively which are here confronted with each other. We are desired to believe that the threatening of separation from God would be, or is, meaningless, because sinners do not value communion with Him. There is no force in this plea. It is perfectly true that death is eternal separation from God; but it is not true that the threatening assumes that form only. Depart from Me! is really, and will be found to be hereafter, the real penalty; but, to obviate the objection here urged, other words are added which appeal to the fear and terror of the transgressor. In fact, Dr. Pétavel's argument is answered by almost every threatening of Scripture. It is answered by admitting one of the premises, but denying the argument that follows. Granted that sinners do not value communion with God, they are not threatened with the loss of that. What they are threatened with is the penalty of God's "indignation and wrath."

In fact, the more we consider this very point, the more forcibly are we struck with its irresistible strength as in favour of the tremendous doctrine of everlasting retribution. Were it the purpose of God to quench the existence of all beings hopelessly bent on evil it would certainly be proclaimed in language most express and unambiguous. Now it is most evident, to put the case most gently, that the threatening of death *seems* everywhere to imply a continuous existence which is not pure life. The most enthusiastic advocate of Destructionism must admit that the general tendency of Scripture is very much in that direction. Death and life are very often used in such a sense as to require the interpretation that makes life the enjoyment of the Divine nature and death the conscious sense of the displeasure of God. Now surely when the New Testament brought life and immortality to light, it would have expressly told us if the old phraseology had been changed, and life was to signify henceforward existence or being, and death extinction.

Finally, the Swiss divines who controverted Dr. Pétavel's premises laid very much stress on the tendency of this

new doctrine—they asserted it to be new as we do, taking leave to beg the question—to relax the force and energy of the functions of God's holy law. We must needs confess that much of Dr. Pétavel's defence is sound and good, and must be conceded to carry conviction. The advocates of the total extinction of the transgressor do not so violently assail the perfections of God, the majesty of His law, the necessity and the value of the atonement, and the general foundations of the Gospel, as they are sometimes charged with doing. They adopt their theory in the full assurance that they are honouring God by thus bringing His omnipotence into the service of His love, His absolute love which will listen to no plea of justice or expediency in relation to the universe. They do not intentionally dishonour the Saviour's work in taking away from the doctrine of atonement its eternal vindication upon the persons of those who wilfully despise and condemn it. They are, in fact, filled with a most amiable jealousy for the absolute supremacy of God, which must be, on their theory, a supremacy over a universe altogether happy. They have become blind, however, we doubt not, to the plain meaning of many sayings of Scripture, and the obvious current and tone of its general teaching. Especially they forget this, that the unanimous voice of the Biblical teachers, before and after the Eternal Oracle was in the flesh, declares the great redemption to have been a manifestation as much of the holiness as of the love of God, and that those who reject it not merely suffer a great loss but are held responsible for the dishonour done to the Person and work of the Redeemer.

We have a few words in conclusion. The solemn question which has been discussed in these pages—not formally but in a discursive manner—ought to be treated in the spirit of awe and deep self-restraint. Our French divine sets an example to some of the English champions of the new doctrine. Some of them deal with this subject in a spirit of confidence exceedingly painful. They seem to have persuaded themselves that those who hold the doctrine that has been prevalent for all Christian ages, are shutting their eyes to the testimony of Scripture, and hardening their hearts against the pleadings of eternal mercy. This is wrong. Still worse is it to be told, as we are constantly told, that we are blindly following the lead of tradition; prejudiced against new light, or afraid to follow

its leadings. The same charges are urged against us by the advocates of almost every new heresy that clamours for acceptance. Those who bring the eternal destinies of the human race into controversy should sternly and rigorously keep to the naked question.

This dreadful doctrine is not alone in its offence. Were it so, we might be very strongly tempted to adopt every possible artifice of exegesis to deliver the Scriptures from it. But it is bound up with the entire fabric of the faith of Christ. At least such is our clear conviction. It runs through all the economies. It belongs to one compact whole of truth. This truth is given to the Church to be kept as a deposit. It is imposed, as one of very many equally offensive to the unhumbled reason, upon every individual believer as his cross : to be meekly and humbly borne. There may be a sense in which it will never be an easy yoke and a light burden. It is not expected of us that we should find nothing but complacency in the sterner doctrines of Christianity. But the rest of soul which our Saviour promised shall be theirs who faithfully hold and teach the whole counsel of God : that rest which the Lord promised to the meek at the very time when He uttered His severest denunciation of a future woe.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

FERNLEY LECTURE, 1874.

The Doctrine of a Future Life, as contained in the Old Testament Scriptures. Being the Fifth Lecture on the foundation of John Fernley, Esq. ; Delivered in Wesley Chapel, Cambourne, July 28, 1874. By John Dury Geden, tutor in Hebrew and Classics, Didsbury College, Manchester.

It is matter of regret to us that we are obliged so late to join the chorus of commendations with which the last Fernley lecture has been received. We presume that most of our readers are already familiar with it; if any are defaulters in this respect they have a high privilege yet in store. We are thankful for this essay and proud of it. It is written in a theological style which is becoming more and more rare: giving the results of much research without the slightest indication of the process; presenting those results in pure, and indeed perfect English; and, above all, pervading the whole with the inexpressible grace of reverence. On every account we could wish this specimen of Biblical Theology to be circulated far and wide beyond the borders of the Methodist community.

So much for the lecture as an accomplished fact. But we must have a word about the future. Another edition will soon be called for; and in that edition the lecturer will not be restrained by the limits imposed on him by the conditions of the lectureship. He will, as we hope, expand those parts which concern the Warburtonian argument, the points of contrast between the doctrine of Immortality in Heathenism and the Scriptural doctrine, and especially the progressive stages of the development of the doctrine within the Scripture. What we desire might be added in notes. But, however added, we are sure the result will be a most valuable permanent addition, not only to Methodist literature, but to English theology generally.

The Legends of the Old Testament. By Thomas Lumsden Strange, late a Judge of the High Court of Madras. London: Trübner and Co. 1874.

WHATEVER this book may lack, it has one merit—it is plain-spoken, it does not mince matters. It affirms roundly that the Old Testament swarms with legends, and it undertakes to trace them to what the author, with an exceptional touch of modesty, calls on his title-page “their apparent primitive sources.” These sources, as he exhibits them, are, in brief, the religious faith and observances of the primeval Aryan race of mankind, especially of the Eastern branch of that race, transmitted with sundry modifications and developments to the Chaldeans, Egyptians, Greeks, and other ancient peoples; so adopted, mostly at second-hand, by the Hebrews; and after the Babylonish exile incorporated in the Pentateuch, and in the rest of the Jewish Scriptures. The Eastern Aryans, the forefathers of the modern Hindus, were originally, as the author believes—and no doubt rightly—monotheists. In process of time their monotheism passed by corruption into the nature worship which presents itself in the earliest Indian Shastras, and particularly in the Rig Veda. Last of all, things going from bad to worse, the portentous system of idolatry, mythology, tradition, and priestly ceremonial, which we encounter in the Ramayana, the Mahabharata, and the Puranas, was gradually elaborated; and the before unheard-of dogmas of triune deity, of sacrifice for sin, and of final punishment, swayed the realm of popular belief and life. And hence it was—so the author contends—that, at various epochs along the broad lines of migration and of commerce, those distinctive doctrines concerning God, and the world, and a life to come, with which the Old Testament, and indeed the entire Bible, has familiarised the nations of the West, made their way to the great historic and religious position in which they have so long been established.

The method pursued by Mr. Strange in arguing his thesis is sufficiently remarkable. It is in fact Mr. Darwin's method, and consists in the presentation of a multitude of phenomena, followed by the quiet assumption, or superlatively bold assertion, that, as matter of course, such and such consequences follow. In the outset, our author, through more than a third of his book, treats at length, first of the relations which modern science has found to obtain between the language and religion of the Aryan Hindus, and those of certain Occidental peoples, in particular the ancient Greeks; then of the successive phases of religious thought and belief through which the Hindu mind passed in the course of the centuries, as these phases are reflected in its marvellous literature. This portion of the work, wholly irrelevant as much of it is for the purposes of the author's argument, is full of interest, especially at

points where Mr. Strange draws upon his technical knowledge as an Indian lawyer; and had the volume ended here, we should have congratulated both ourselves and the writer. Unfortunately, it is not so; and in a second but briefer section of his book Mr. Strange proceeds to furnish a picture of the Hebrews, as they are represented in their own Scriptures, beginning with the earliest *origines* of the race, and going on to the vanishing-point of their history in the latest Old Testament chronicles. This performance of the author is creditable neither to his taste nor to his moral fairness. It is in fact a gross and offensive caricature, which can produce but one impression upon an ingenuous reader—an impression wholly unfavourable to the cause which it is designed to favour. To select but a single instance—not the most revolting of the whole—what shall we think of a writer who describes the God of the Hebrews as *cursing* from one end of the Bible to the other? Does Mr. Strange know of no cursing Deity beside the holy, blessed Being who ever and anon denounces sin in the Law and the Prophets? The burning of the Cospatrick is too late for him. But has he never heard of a Turkish plague or an Indian famine? Are the earthquake of Lisbon and the eruption of Tumboro quite beyond the range of his reading? If he will allow us to say so, his polemic is abundantly too narrow. He draws his bow at the God of Abraham. He must draw it at the God of the universe, if he will be rid of the cursing. But Mr. Strange's argument requires him to show that the hotch-potch of fable, myth, and legend, which, as he takes it, fills the sacred writings of these miserable Hebrews, was directly or indirectly drawn from the cosmogony, the historical fictions, and the monstrous religious dogmatics of Hinduism. And by what process of logic is it supposed he accomplishes his object? It is a signal example of the contempt which a foregone conclusion will pour upon all scientific reasoning, that our author ends his book with a miscellaneous attack upon the Old Testament in general—not only its "legends," as Mr. Strange will have them, but its history, its personages, its theology, its ethics, and of course its miracles. In point of fact, he marshals against it, in a loose and irregular manner, all the leading objections which Unitarianism, Rationalism, and Scepticism are accustomed to urge against its contents. He does indeed attempt to show that the Biblical accounts of the Creation, of Paradise, of the Fall, of the longevity of the Patriarchs, of the Deluge, of Abraham's sacrifice, &c., have their analogues *either among the Hindus or elsewhere*; but in most cases his argumentation in favour of the distinctively Hindu origin of these accounts is as vague and scanty as possible, while beyond the lines of his thesis he simply riots in declamatory flourish and unsustained assertion. Throughout the volume we note the familiar tokens of the school to which Mr. Strange

belongs. The inflexible determination to multiply discrepancies; the wholly uncritical habit of pressing popular language to unnatural meanings; the dogged persistence with which, despite all protest, "received opinions" are misconstrued and travestied; the systematic depreciation of the intelligence, and even of the honesty, of opponents; the amusing credulity which swallows camels of fable, while it strains out gnats of sacred affirmation; the partiality which refuses to see whatever does not consort with its polemic; to crown all, the insufferable dogmatism with which it denounces dogma;—these and the like are well-known characteristics of the quasi-scientific school of Biblical sceptics; and they come into prominence on almost every page of our author's volume.

"I have gotten a man from (*'eth*) the Lord," is the Authorised rendering of a clause of Genesis iv. 1. Mr. Strange affirms that *'eth* here cannot mean "from." And this with Exodus ix. 29, 33 before him, where *'eth* is twice used in describing Moses going forth from (*'eth*) the city of Pharaoh. "We may believe" in the Departure of Israel out of Egypt, we are told, "because here we have the independent testimony of Manetho's annals, which record it." Dear old Manetho, what a pity he said anything on the subject! But for him the Egyptologists would soon have stifled Moses, and the world been saved the reading of shelffuls of weary books. Then there is that blessed "Orphic theology"! Why the Hebrew Scriptures pretend to reveal—positively to reveal—the fact of a Divine Creator of the universe. In charming ignorance that the Orphics had taught the doctrine long before! Mr. Strange's chronology is his own, and we cannot meet him here on common ground; but we should vastly like to hear him expound, in the presence of half-a-dozen sensible Englishmen, either the historical or the logical connection between the Mosaic cosmogony and the passage which he quotes from the Orphics. The Tenterden steeple and Goodwin Sands method of syllogising, however, is dominant in Mr. Strange's book. We will not refer to any of the passages in which our author charges the defenders of the Bible with intellectual impotence or something worse. Neither will we formally impeach the straightforwardness of his criticism when, as in the case of the doctrine of a plurality of persons in the Godhead, he systematically caricatures some of their best known opinions. We will not even linger upon the instances, such as those of the Creation and Deluge narratives of the Book of Genesis, in which Mr. Strange, contemptuously ignoring or else sneering at the interpretations which make them self-consistent, finds in them a precious mine of blunders, disagreements, and contradictions. We are familiar with his sort of exegesis, and know the value of it. But it is worth while marking, by an example, after what fashion the writer can deal with the statements of the Sacred Text, so as to force them into colli-

sion with common sense, or with modern scientific discovery. Adverting to the fact that the Mosaic cosmogony makes man the latest of created beings on the earth, he says : " The last form for which Genesis gives place is man. The daily creation of the infusoria contradicts such a statement abundantly. The presence of parasites, vegetal and animal, infesting all organised objects, is also continuous evidence of after creation. . . . That man has preceded the parasites which infest him is sufficiently apparent, so that every nip which he suffers from these invaders of his peace is a protest to him against the truth of Genesis." Our readers will be ready to doubt the accuracy of this quotation. We assure them the words may be found, precisely as we give them, on pages 178 and 180 of " The Legends of the Old Testament." Does Mr. Strange really suppose that this pitiful logic will pass muster with men who have minds and consciences ? The terms are equivocal, the matter is doubtful, and the syllogism is hopelessly vicious. In point of critical captiousness the passage we have quoted stands worthily by the side of another in which Noah, prior to the Deluge, is compelled " to match " the creatures " sexually, even as to the minutest insects, themselves scarcely discernible with the highest modern magnifying instruments." But we regret to say that the book is full of lilliputianisms of the same description. What could Providence have been thinking of to confide the teaching of the nations to a blunderer like Moses, when a hundred *illuminati*, " parasites " and all, might have been had to do the work with scientific exactness ! *Apròpos* of the Deluge—when, on a preliminary glance through Mr. Strange's volume, we first read, on p. 210, how " it is certain that there was a period in the early literature of all the most ancient nations connected with Judæa, during which the event was unnoticed, and therefore unknown," we turned back to the title-page, supposing that we must have misread the date of publication. It did not seem credible that the author, writing in 1874, should know nothing of Mr. G. Smith's Deluge Tablets, and their profoundly interesting contents. But we were wrong. A moment after, we discovered that Mr. Strange was in full possession of the Chaldean Flood Legend ; and on p. 212, he describes how, under the hands of Mr. Smith, " the earliest known version of it " was " brought to light." But from what quarter did the story of the Deluge find its way into Chaldæa ? From India, of course, is Mr. Strange's answer. " The legend," he says [of the Flood] " first appears," [not among the Persians, Phœnicians, or Egyptians, but] " among the Hindus in the Satapatha Brahmana, which is an adjunct of the Yajur Veda, and one of the latest of the Brahmanas. This is the most ancient known version of the story " [of the Flood]. " It is not where it should be if based upon reality, namely, in the primitive Vedic literature, but occurs only in the

midst of the fanciful delineations of a highly imaginative people at an advanced stage of their history" ["Legends," &c., pp. 210, 211]. That is to say, according to Mr. Strange's own showing, a Hindu work, dating some eight hundred or—to reckon our time with a prodigal liberality—a thousand years B.C., contains a notice of the Deluge earlier than that of a monument, belonging, in its original form, to the period of the ancient Babylonian Empire, a period which Mr. Smith fixes, not without reason, at about 2,500—1,500 years before our era. It is not our business to rectify this anachronism; but with all respect to the theory of the Hindu derivation of the Old Testament "legends," we maintain that, so far as the witness of literary documents is concerned, the story of the Deluge first appears near the mouth of the Tigris and Euphrates, among a people who, if Mr. Strange's infallible test of language be good, might be Turanian, or might be Shemitic, but assuredly were not Aryan. Before parting with our writer, he will permit us to say that, if science and learning are to enter the lists against Scripture, they must come armed with very different weapons from those which he has employed in this volume. Procrustean hermeneutics, startling hypotheses, vague analogy, supercilious dogmatism, cynical satire—these will never destroy the credit of documents whose history, ethics, and theology alike bear so conspicuously on their forehead the *imprimatur* of heaven. Believers in the Bible need not be told that science and philosophy have questions for them, which are hard to answer. They are fully alive to this. They comprehend it entirely. And like all genuine sons of science truly so called, they are prepared to revise their position, on competent showing, and to adjust their views of Divine Revelation to the demands of reason and of fact. But they will not surrender the vast and manifold evidence of Scripture to the nibblings of critical scialism, any more than they will allow themselves to be thrown into panic by a tempest of burlesque and flippant jeers. The contents and historical influence of the Bible require that all questions affecting its claims to truth and Divine authority shall be treated with seriousness, tenderness, and reverence. No other mode of treating them deserves attention, or will receive it.

International Scientific Series. History of the Conflict between Religion and Science. By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor in the University of New York. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1875.

ONE naturally opens a book like this with apprehension. So much has been foolishly written on Religion and Science, so many imaginary difficulties started, and so many unsatisfactory solutions given, so often have forward men of science and over-confident

divines displayed ignorance and courted ridicule in this field, that some sort of prejudice rises against a fresh aspirant. To be historian of the conflict requires immense erudition, full acquaintance with subjects rarely studied by the same man, judicial and philosophical ability of the highest order, in short, such a diversity of talent as we almost despair of finding. Yet the importance and interest of the question disposes us gladly to welcome very imperfect success in exhibiting its bearings and tracing its development. Mr. Draper disappoints our faintest hopes, and exceeds our worst misgivings. It would be hard to find any writer on either side of the controversy who makes so ludicrous a betrayal of incompetence and conceit. We can only express our surprise and regret that the average excellence of the *International Scientific Series* should be lowered by the admission of such a volume, the more so as it does not seem to have been included in the original prospectus.

It needs only to read the preface to be prepared for the succeeding pages. After a few oracular paragraphs on "the mental condition of the intelligent classes in Europe and America," and "the serious political results" to which it will shortly give rise, we get a hint of the writer's high moral purpose in the declaration that "a few years ago it was the politic, and therefore the proper course to abstain from all allusion to this controversy." But this, it appears, is all changed, and now "it becomes the duty of those whose lives have made them familiar with both modes of thought to present modestly but firmly their views, to compare the antagonistic pretensions calmly, impartially, philosophically." At once we have an illustration of Mr. Draper's calmness in the grouping together of "ignorant and infuriated ecclesiastics, parasites, eunuchs and slaves." An intimation of his historical accuracy is given in the statement that "the Roman Emperors" (Diocletian, Constantine, Julian, and Theodosius are, we presume, examples) "left religious affairs to take their chance," and "in consequence of this great neglect of duty an intellectual night settled upon Europe, which is only just passing away." The barbarian invasions, it seems, are too insignificant to be noticed in Mr. Draper's philosophy. Next, by way of proving modesty, we have a list of the languages in which a previous work of our author's has been reproduced, where, after Polish and Servian have been mentioned, the more obscure tongues are represented by a humble *etc.* Impartiality he has cultivated by writing a History of the American Civil War, which has been received with approval by the American public, "a critical judge of the events considered." Precisely what is meant by a critical judge we confess we do not know; but from the instance adduced one would conclude it does not mean a judge who has not taken sides. Further light is perhaps thrown by the remark that our his-

torian does not mean to take account of moderate views. "It is with the extremists that the impartial reader is mainly concerned." The Protestant and Greek Churches need not be noticed; "as to the latter, it has never arrayed itself in opposition to the advancement of knowledge, but has always met it with welcome." The attitude of the Greek Church towards Science strikes the ordinary Englishman as that of sound slumber, equally removed from "opposition" and from "welcome." To complete the unfavourable impression, we have a brief sketch of the plan to be pursued, where, after Science has been defined as "depending on observation, experiment, and mathematical discussion," the first instance of its conflict with Religion is found to be the Mohammedan maintenance of Divine unity as opposed to the Trinitarian doctrine of the Church. It would have been interesting to watch the "experiment" by which this problem was decided.

After this sample we proceed to the History itself, where blunders and absurdities are more numerous, if not quite so thickly strewn. However, we have covered a foolscap sheet with jotting down, as we read, instances of error, misrepresentation, bad logic, bad style, bombast and downright ignorance. On the very first page we are told, by an historian who has distinctly repudiated the "artistic" or rhetorical method of composition, that "four centuries before the birth of Christ" the philosophers of Greece "had been profoundly impressed with the contrast between the majesty of the operations of Nature and the worthlessness of the divinities of Olympus." And her historians "demanded why oracles had become mute." Has Mr. Draper ever read the *Anabasis*, or does he suppose that Plutarch lived "four centuries before the birth of Christ"? Indeed, all the references to ancient philosophy show the thinnest, worse than second-hand acquaintance with the subject; partial statements, unauthentic facts, and frequent confusions abound. "Greek philosophical criticisers"—by which is probably meant the Sophists—"compared the doctrines of different schools"—which did not yet exist—"with each other," and maintained "that right and wrong are nothing more than fictions," a theory which almost every Greek school repudiated. The New Academy is confounded (p. 26) with the Neo-Platonists; that "all revelation is necessarily a mere fiction," occurs among the tenets of the Stoics; the method of Aristotle is declared to be purely inductive, "and all our exact knowledge to be traced back to the Macedonian campaigns." Accordingly, we have an account of the wars of Alexander, occupying several pages with a feeble narrative of hackneyed facts, diversified now and then by an error, or by a touch of "the romantic and popular" which has been ruled out of place. Alexander is "troubled by no revolt in his rear"—that of Agis, notwithstanding;—his army passes the Euphrates "fringed with its weeping

willows," feels "the hyperborean blast of the countries beyond the Black Sea," and sees the crocodiles of the Ganges. It is in a land of "interminable sandy plains," which nevertheless "is truly the garden of the world;" and to crown our astonishment, Jupiter Ammon proclaims "the immaculate conception" of the Macedonian King. So fond is Mr. Draper of this brilliant joke, that he at once adds that in the opinion of the Egyptians the mother of Plato "suffered an immaculate conception through the influences of Apollo" (p. 8). On p. 14 we have a similarly accurate allusion to the "bestial gods," not of Egypt, but of Greece. Still more amusing is the statement (p. 120) that "the Romans had their lares or spirits of those who had led virtuous lives; their laræ, or lemures, the spirits of the wicked; their manes, the spirits of those of whom the merits were doubtful."

What shall we say to p. 257, where, after enumerating the sieges of Rome by Alaric, Genseric, Ricimer, Vitiges, Totila, &c., he adds: "We must, however, bear in mind the accusation of Machiavelli . . . that nearly all the barbarian invasions of Italy were by the invitations of the pontiffs"? Surely Machiavelli was better acquainted with Roman history than our "Historian" with the mediæval use of the word "barbarian" in Italian. Again (p. 214), we are told that the Papacy "instigated the frightful wars that for so many years desolated Europe, and left animosities which neither the Treaty of Westphalia nor the Council of Trent, after eighteen years of debate, could compose." The relative position of the Treaty and the Council, and the eighteen years of debate in the latter (during ten of which not a word was spoken) may be due only to carelessness; but throughout the book, whether from ignorance or inaccuracy, it is requisite that the reader should know more than the writer. Turning, now, for a moment, to Mr. Draper's proficiency in the history of Religion, and to the impartiality with which he weighs "the antagonistic pretensions" of Theology and Science, we may instance his strange theory that the deification of the Roman Emperors was due to the tendency of polytheism to pass into monotheism (p. 38); his statement that the annals of the "Median, Babylonian, Assyrian, and Chaldean empires reached back through more than twenty centuries" (p. 5); his vouching for the historical trustworthiness of Eratosthenes' Chronicles of the Theban Kings, which have long been "thrown into discredit by the authority of our existing absurd theological chronology" (p. 29); his quoting *Cosmas Indicopleustes* as containing the opinion of the Church; his quiet assurance that the doctrine of Redemption "originated among the Gnostic sects" (p. 224), and that of the Trinity "in Egypt, the land of Trinities" (p. 53), that Ezra claims (*Esdras* ii. 14 *sic*) to have written the Pentateuch, that the Egyptians were determined the worship of Isis should be restored under the name

of the Virgin" (p. 71); his list of conflicting sects, where Basilidians and Valentinians are distinguished from Gnostics (p. 79); his opinion that Melanethon was resolved to banish philosophy from the Church (p. 215); and many more; but it is abundantly proved that he has no qualifications to be the historian of anything connected with religion.

The book is almost void of references—excepting many to previous works by the same author, which the reader is continually requested to "turn to," as though they must necessarily be on the shelves of every poor student who already begrudges his ill-spent five shillings—otherwise one would gladly investigate the truth of many a startling announcement, which we confess our poor information is quite unable to test. Who were the Marionites, and what authority is there that they "regarded the Trinity as consisting of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Virgin Mary"? (p. 79.) On what grounds does Mr. Draper differ from Hallam as to the supposed discovery of the Pandects of Justinian? Why should we believe that Mohammed's claim to establish a new religion was a calumny invented against him in Constantinople? or that the Nestorians "eventually outnumbered all the European Christians of the Greek and Roman Churches combined"? and why should their founder be called "Nestor"? Who was Chakia Mouni? and how can we judge for ourselves of the "masterly manner" in which he developed the idea of emanation and absorption? Why should Wickliff be brought forward as an instance of the opposition of Science to Religion?

Even on the side of Science, where one would be willing to let the Professor speak with authority, one cannot help wondering if observation and experiment support the hypothesis of "countless myriads of stars, each a sun, surrounded by revolving globes, *peopled with responsible beings like ourselves*," and whether political economy warrants the belief that "the condition of nations as to their well-being is most precisely represented by the variations of their population." The absurd depreciation of Bacon (p. 233) can only be the result of inability to understand scientific logic, while to say that "except among English readers his name is almost unknown," is simply untrue.

Two chapters (x. and xi.) are devoted to the influence of Latin Christianity, and Science on modern civilisation, in which a striking contrast is easily gained by putting down all the evils of Mediæval Europe to the Church, and all the good to Science. Want of drainage, difficulties of communication, the spread of new diseases, and similar defects and calamities, are all attributed solely to the Papacy, and that long after the Papacy had ceased to rule in Northern Europe, while not a single benefit can our impartial historian find owing to later Christianity. All the improvements of modern times, without any credit given to forms

of Christianity other than Latin, are the work of Science, which colonised America and abolished slavery in Russia and the United States. The English emancipation, which set the example, but was the undoubted work of religious enthusiasm, is passed over without mention.

The style of the book is almost as bad as the matter. Slipshod and vulgarly fluent, it shows on every page that long practice has only confirmed in his faults a writer entirely destitute of the literary sense. The American spelling must, we suppose, be excused, but it is a shame to make America responsible for the astonishing words and phrases which decorate the paragraphs. "Inception," "exploitation," "betterment," "the holy souvenirs of Jerusalem," "the mind that pensive that veiled enchantress," "surrounding and reluctant peoples," "the death of the flesh is the auspices of the restitution of things," "in eternity nothing transpires"; such are the unexpected beauties to be found as one reads. The last quoted occurs in a translation from the Confessions of Augustine, which it is very unnecessarily pointed out is the author's own; and not Dr. Pusey's. But the crowning glory is the reflection on the constancy of Bruno. "What a contrast between this scene of manly honour, of unshaken firmness, of inflexible adherence to truth, and that other scene which took place more than fifteen centuries previously by the fireside in the hall of Caiaphas, the high priest, when the cock crew, and the Lord turned and looked upon Peter; and yet it is upon Peter that the Church has grounded her right to act as she did to Bruno" (p.181).

Mr. Draper, amid all his sneers at revelation, and denials of the common faith of Christendom, frequently declares that he attacks Ultramontaniam alone, which he always identifies with the Church and with Religion. Rome has many a controversialist in her service who would not fear to take up the defence; but the reader may decide whether it is worth while.

Nature, the Utility of Religion, and Theism. By John Stuart Mill. London: Longmans and Co. 1874.

THE chief interest attaching to these Essays arises, in our judgment, from the light they throw upon the mental history of the writer. They complete a remarkable autobiography, and reveal the strange inconsistencies of theory and belief that may exist in a character generally supposed to be a marvel of logical development. Like many others who reject Christianity, Mr. Mill held a good deal more in sentiment and practice than his formal principles would warrant. Though not spiritually great enough to break entirely with the dreary philosophy of unbelief in which he was trained, his was not the frost-bitten nature that could be consistent with such principles throughout.

The distinction he makes between the region of Belief and that

of simple Hope is the saving clause of his system, affording a practical relief in the working which Mr. Mill seems to have found necessary, but the more consistent of his followers repudiate. He is of opinion that there is not sufficient evidence to bring the supernatural within the domain of belief, and that "scepticism is the rational attitude of a thinking mind towards the supernatural, whether in natural or in revealed religion." But the loss which such scepticism inflicts upon man's moral nature he could not but see and admit. It is not every man who can give up the hope of future life at the bidding of a philosophical scepticism without a very decided sense of being the poorer for the sacrifice—the religion of humanity and other dainty devices for softening down the sense of bereavement notwithstanding. Mr. Mill therefore provides a region of Hope in which the imagination is encouraged to enrich itself with some at least of the cheering possibilities which the reason is compelled to reject. In other words, though our opinions should be regulated strictly by evidence, there is not the same necessity as regards the feelings.

The value of this suggestion appears to us so small that it was not worth while for the sake of making it to break the consistency of the scheme to which it is appended. If regard for truth compels us to give up our belief in the existence of man after death, our homage to truth is not complete till, along with the belief, we have surrendered the pleasures arising out of it. If it were possible to derive pleasure from anticipations that we knew to be groundless, there would be something false and unworthy in the attempt. But in truth it is as little possible as it is desirable. We cannot play fast and loose with hope and incredulity in this manner. The small probability, not enough for a basis of belief, will hardly serve as a ground of hope.

A similar inconsistency may be noted in what Mr. Mill has to say on the moral value to the individual of a belief in God. In the Essay on the *Utility of Religion*, it is suggested "whether the idealization of our earthly life, the cultivation of a high conception of what it might be made, is not capable of supplying a poetry, and, in the best sense of the word, a religion, equally fitted to exalt the feelings, and (with the same aid from education) still better calculated to ennoble the conduct, than any belief respecting the unseen powers." Then follows an encomium of the Religion of Humanity, which "fulfils the conditions of religion in as eminent a degree, and in as high a sense, as the supernatural religions even in their best manifestations." But in the closing pages of this volume Mr. Mill returns to the subject as though with some misgiving as to his proposal. "Human excellence has been found to depend very greatly upon a certain most important exercise of imagination, kept up principally by means of religious belief. This exercise of the imagination consists of familiarity

with the conception of a morally perfect Being, and the habit of taking the approbation of such a Being as the *norma* or standard by which to regulate our own characters and lives."

It would be surprising, indeed, if the most sceptical thinkers did not look with some little anxiety on the withdrawal from mankind of those high ideals for which it has been indebted to religion, and which have had an immense power in elevating character and generally affecting human life for good. Mr. Mill was certain, from his humane and benevolent disposition, to feel this anxiety at least as strongly as most of his order; and we find him suggesting a double remedy, so that by one or other of them, or by both combined, any evil results arising from a loss of belief in God might be prevented. In addition to the Religion of Humanity, Mr. Mill finds refuge in the "idealization of our standard of excellence in a person," and thinks it quite possible, even when that person is conceived as merely imaginary. Nothing surprises us more than the way in which the confessedly non-existing and imaginary is relied on to do for man, through the conscious effort of his imagination, what has hitherto been only partially accomplished, through his sincere belief in an actually existing Divine Being. If the more powerful motives arising from real belief are hardly sufficient, what may be expected from a make-believe?

Mr. Mill's remarks upon the character of our Lord are deeply interesting to us. They add one more to the long list of testimonies to its wholly unique excellence received from non-Christian sources. "Above all, the most valuable effect on the character which Christianity has produced by holding up, in a Divine Person, a standard of excellence and a model for imitation, is available even to the absolute unbeliever, and can never more be lost to humanity. It is the God incarnate, more than the God of the Jews, or of Nature, who, being idealised, has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind. And whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left; a unique figure not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching. It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical, and that we know not how much of what is admirable has been superadded by the tradition of his followers. The tradition of followers suffices to insert any number of marvels, and may have inserted all the miracles which He is reputed to have wrought. But who among His disciples, or among their proselytes, was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? . . . But about the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profundity of insight, which, if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision where something very different was aimed at,

must place the prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in His inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of possibly the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission, who existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity ; nor, even now, would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract to the concrete, than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life." This remarkable passage has received, and doubtless will receive, a good deal of comment. To us it is not without considerable pathos in relation to its distinguished writer. There are among us able and thoughtful men on whom Christ's character appears to have made literally no impression, neither exercising fascination nor awakening interest. But Mr. Mill was not one of these. Utterly inadequate as was his conception of Christ, it is evident that he recognised some at least of those attributes of power and goodness that all Christians ascribe to their Lord. But that, seeing so much as he did, he saw no more, is the painful riddle whose explanation must be sought partly in the circumstances of his life, and partly in his mental and moral characteristics.

To refer for a moment to these. Who that has read the "Autobiography" can forget the melancholy picture of the over-tutored boy, reading Plato and Aristotle at seven years of age, from whose education every element of religion was so carefully excluded that he could afterwards say, with truth, "that he had not thrown off religious belief, but that he never had it"? In our judgment, John Stuart Mill's spiritual nature never recovered from the grievous injustice it received in youth. Naturally sensitive and emotional, he was not only shut off from the influences which such natures demand perhaps beyond all others, but it was a main purpose of the intellectual system in which he was trained to kill and cut out by the roots all susceptibility to religious impressions. It is true that no amount of violence done to the spiritual nature can destroy it beyond the possibility of some after-wakening ; but the powers of that nature may be so impaired by mischievous treatment as ever after to be imperfect organs, disqualifying their possessor for the accurate investigation of spiritual questions. A man's capacity in relation to poetry and music might fairly be set down as low if he professed indifference or contempt for the works of Shakspeare and Beethoven. We should feel that such a mind was in the strictest sense *self-registering*, and that nothing could be added to the accuracy with which it revealed itself. Similarly, Mr. Mill appears to us to indicate his spiritual capacity in the way he speaks of St. John's Gospel.

"What *could* be added and interpolated by a disciple we may see in the mystical parts of the Gospel of St. John, matter imported from Philo and the Alexandrian Platonists, and put into the mouth of the Saviour in long speeches about Himself such as the other Gospels contain not the slightest vestige of, though pretended to have been delivered on occasions of the deepest interest, and when his principal followers were all present; most prominently at the last supper. *The East was full of men who could have stolen any quantity of this poor stuff*, as the multitudinous sects of Gnostics afterwards did." There are certain criticisms that reveal in a sentence, in an expression, the capacity of the critic. The writer who dismisses the discourse of the Last Supper, and the great Intercession that follows, with the words "poor stuff," tells us much about himself. He gives us the measure of his spiritual insight in those two contemptuous words. Mr. Mill was of a humane, in many respects a generous, disposition; he was susceptible to a high order of poetry—the reader will remember how he speaks of his indebtedness to Wordsworth—and yet sympathy, imagination, moral discernment, religious instinct, all fail him in the presence of the chapters which beyond all others have revealed to men the deep things of God; and the sole comment is, "The East was full of men who could have stolen any quantity of this poor stuff"!

Along with this singular want of what we can only call spiritual perception, there is noticeable in Mr. Mill a constant assumption of the adequacy of his method, and the complete character of his knowledge. He repeats, in many different forms, his conclusion that the Creator of the World, if there be one, cannot be omnipotent; or, if omnipotent, he is not morally perfect. Under the former head we find this curious piece of reasoning: "It is not too much to say that every indication of Design in the Kosmos is so much evidence against the omnipotence of the Designer. For what is meant by Design? Contrivance: the adaptation of means to an end. But the necessity for contrivance—the need of employing means—is a consequence of the limitation of power. Who would have recourse to means if to attain his end his mere word was sufficient?" The argument, if for a moment we may call it so, in the passage just quoted, is little better than a word-skirmish as distinguished from proper reasoning; and it is closed by an assumption which might as well have been put first as last, since it is a begging of the question discussed. Who is so confident respecting the *à priori* fitness of things that he may safely assume that an Omnipotent Being will never use what we call means to an end, but must always work by immediate *fiat*? The assumption is characterised by those very faults of the untuitional and *à priori* method which Mr. Mill was never weary of rebuking. Can anything show more clearly than the following sentence how

Mr. Mill allowed himself to confound words and things? "Wisdom and contrivance are shown in overcoming difficulties, and there is no room for them in a Being for whom no difficulties exist." That is, because wisdom may be shown in overcoming difficulties as indeed in a thousand other ways, therefore, where there are no difficulties there can be no wisdom. We submit one or two parallel propositions whose logical value is very similar. Goodness is shown in patiently enduring wrong; therefore, where there is no wrong to be endured, there is no goodness. Strength is shown in carrying loads; therefore, where there are no loads to carry, there is no strength.

But an error far more noteworthy than the poorness of reasoning into which the great logician sometimes lapses is the assumption, already alluded to, of the adequateness of his method, and of the trustworthiness of his results. Mr. Mill appears to have given little attention to the positive evidences of Christianity, nor does he face the difficulties arising with the hypothesis of Christianity being untrue. It does not appear to occur to him that there may be modes of inquiry and tests of truth other than those he employs, or that objections which have a certain force may yet be very far short of fatal to the views against which they are urged. He found the existence of evil a difficulty in the way of believing in an Almighty and morally perfect Being; but the assumption that the former disproves the existence of the latter is wholly unwarrantable. Our knowledge of such questions is so small as to afford no ground whatever for such conclusion. As it is, we are not without hints towards the solution of the great difficulty, that which Whately called "the only difficulty in theology," viz., the existence of evil; but if it be true that the solution requires other faculties than those we now possess, it may be also said that a man need have other faculties than those possessed by his fellow-men before taking upon himself to affirm that the existence of God is disproved by the existence of evil.

The Paraclete: An Essay on the Personality and Ministry of the Holy Ghost, with some reference to Current Discussions. Octavo; pp. 402. London: Henry S. King and Co. 1874.

HERE is a work which might justly claim from us an article, rather than one of these brief notices. In that torrent of literature which the press now pours forth without ceasing, few books more fresh and vigorous, more truly devout and without pedantry, have come under our observation. *The Paraclete* was, we believe, published anonymously, but since its appearance the name of the author has been announced. The Rev. Joseph Parker, D.D., is, we doubt not, already favourably known to many of our

readers, and this work will still further commend him to them. In parts of his chapter on "The Witness of the Spirit," the Methodist reader will at once feel himself at home, and will thankfully rejoice that so much of the truth concerning this glorious privilege is taught—and taught so well. But when he touches the conflicts of the spiritual life, and expounds his view of the great struggle described in the seventh of Romans, then his divergence from our Methodist theology and exposition is wide and manifest enough. His chapter on "The Convictive Work of the Holy Ghost," is a beautiful piece of practical theology, worthy a place in any minister's library. In discussing the question of the Divine Spirit's agency as the interpreter of Scripture, Dr. Parker treats of preaching; what it too often is, and what it should be. As a specimen of his style we select the following. "It cannot, other things being equal, be an offence to the Holy Spirit to ask Him for extemporaneous utterance that shall reach the hearts of the congregation—a very different thing, be it observed, from literary expression, sentences meant for a book, paragraphs measured and numbered for printing. There is an utterance which belongs to the speaker, and not to the writer, an urgent, rapid, percussive, and living utterance, that cannot be printed. In the very hour of duty such utterance shall be given by the Holy Ghost to the faithful and honest servant. But ought not a minister to prepare a sermon? There we come upon a difficulty,—the difficulty of *sermonising*, writing and speaking by the hour-glass, and running the risk of artificialising the divinest life. Preaching so soon becomes an art, a craft, a profession. . . . Will it be unduly bold on the part of a writer to give counsel to—what ought to be the greatest of all men—the Christian preacher? The advice would be, not that he should prepare his *sermon*, but that he should prepare *himself*. His exegesis he has of course prepared in secret; he has meditated upon it in the night-watches, and prevented the day by an eager desire to know it more perfectly; he knows what things, new and old, he has in the treasury; and as for his searching of the Scriptures, he has dug in them, as for choice silver and stones of great price. So far the preparation has been honest, full, even jealous, lest aught should have failed in the minuteness of detail; but as to verbal expression, what if he should have left it to the inspiration of the moment? Were it a question of mere phraseology, there is no reason why he might not have prepared it in secret; but it is phraseology with a difference: it is phraseology *plus*, and what that *plus* is no man can determine exhaustively. Perhaps it is most fitly expressed by the word *life*,—that word being a compound of such terms as sympathy, *rapprochement*, adaptation, responsiveness. When the preacher knows his subject, and clearly apprehends the line upon which his thought is to proceed, it may

show a trustful and humble spirit on his part to depend upon the Holy Ghost for the gift of suitable and efficient utterance. But may he not write, so to speak, to the dictation of the Holy Ghost? He would be a bold man who would answer such an inquiry in the negative; yet he might be reverent and wise in hesitating (considering the peculiar vocation of the pulpit) to answer it in the affirmative. . . . The fluent reader may have failed. He may not have lingually stumbled, and yet he may have spiritually broken down, and grieved the Spirit of God. His breakdown was not towards earth, but towards heaven: to man he was a hero much applauded and flattered; to God and the angels what if he was a coward and a hireling much pitied and wept over? 'Failure' is a word often wantonly used in the Church, greatly to the grief of honest workers and godly souls. . . . One thing only we must ask to be borne in mind, namely, that there is a success which is failure; there is a failure which is success. Given the kind or degree of dependence upon the Spirit of God indicated above, and probably there may be great changes in the form or mode of public ministration. Sermons may be less artistic, language may be less ornate or polished, appeals may be more abrupt and penetrating, methodical propriety may be disorganised, the pulpit may cease to be a refrigerator; great changes of many sorts may take place,—amongst the rest the Lord Himself may come to His holy temple, as in these latter days he seldom comes, and the eloquent orator may be silent before Him. In the olden time the word came very brokenly; but did it not come with wonderful power? Did not the 'babbler' arrest the attention of the world, and force new themes upon its reluctant consideration? We shall be told that times have changed, and that the education and intelligence of the age must be addressed. Herein, then, the *distinctiveness* of the preacher is in danger of being lost; and instead of standing alone, in a noble and awful solitude as to method and claim, he may become but one of a crowd,—he may become weak as other men. The philosophical lecturer, the academician, the travelling elocutionist, the Christian preacher, each has his manuscript, and each his private art. Where is the ancient distinctiveness? Where the voice of the Lord, the background of eternity, the momentum of infinitude, the old signals of a direct representation of the Invisible and Everlasting? Preaching should never lose its *distinctiveness*? it should stand apart; all coalitions it should avoid as unholy and unequal. When it tampers with the mean idolatries of the common arts, it goes astray from the Cross, and sells its power to the enemy; it does not adapt itself to the age, it allows the age to take its crown and despoil its power. But what if others imitate the preacher and rival him in his peculiar vocation? Let them try. Their imitation will be the highest compliment, but beyond imitation they

can never go. The servant of the Lord will for ever hold a secret entirely his own; his method may easily be borrowed, but his fire is hidden where thieves cannot break through and steal." Admirably true and to the point! Such sentiments as these surely furnish a pleasing illustration of the influence which Methodism has been privileged to exert outside its own pale. To our readers many things just quoted will be far from new, will indeed appear familiar truisms; but to find them so earnestly maintained by others as we have them in the volume now under notice will at least justify the remark that the Methodist testimony is not in vain, even where the whole of it has not been received. Meantime let us as a Church see to it that the clearness and firmness of that testimony are in no degree abated.

The chapter on "Holiness" is the great "failure" of this book. It is at the best altogether rudimentary, and most of it is utterly negative. It consists mainly of a description—broad almost to the verge of caricature—of a worldly-minded minister, and of two specimens of the covetous, carnal, inconsistent, professor of religion. It is in painful contrast with many other parts of the volume. We seem to have been led through a noble temple to find the shrine—empty! Of holiness, regarded as a spiritual attainment and a Divine communion, we find absolutely nothing. Dr. Parker cannot be unaware that there is a whole literature on the subject of Christian holiness well worthy of his attention, but it would seem to have escaped his notice altogether. In particular, the late Professor Upham's (U.S.A.) *Principles of Interior or Hidden Life* might render him some service. In future editions of *The Paraclete*, the author might expunge the present chapter on Holiness with great advantage. Or if he should still desire to retain it, let it be under another title, and in another part of the treatise. Sad as are the things which in that chapter he describes, he may know them for facts; but even then they are pitifully out of place when he professes to be treating of Christian holiness. Godly men and women of all Churches, by thousands, have attained to a degree of Divine purity and blessedness of which not one word here is said. The chapter should be headed "Inconsistency," or "False Profession," and not "Holiness."

In another part of the book is a sentence which we cannot but regard as very unsatisfactory. The author is speaking of the wonderful blending of the marvellous and the familiar in the Bible (p. 40), and he says, "The bread is such as has been used at supper, yet presently it will become the body of Christ!"

We, of course, acquit Dr. Parker of sympathy with the views of those who would use such words in the Romish sense. But, whether intentionally or not, he has just simply repeated their Shibboleth. Knowing all that he knows of the controversies of our own day, and of past centuries, on this subject, it is a most

indiscreet thing to use the words he does, without any kind of guard or explanation. By doing so he plays into the hands of the adversary in a truly dangerous manner. The latter portion of the work is controversial, and is as trenchant as the didactic chapters are often clear and beautiful. The writings of Mr. Huxley, Dr. Tyndall, and Mr. J. S. Mill, are very acutely adverted upon; and the author ranges widely and easily over the immense field covered by the controversy between Materialism and Christianity. We have not space to attempt to follow him here; but one passage on Mr. Mill's unfairness, is worth extracting. "Mr. Mill says, 'The world is full of evil,' but does he tell us that a scheme of redemption and purification of proportionate grandeur is at least *proposed* in the Bible? He is careful to suggest that God made hell, but does he give one hint as to the existence of heaven? He speaks broadly of 'horrible and everlasting torment,' but does he say that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man, that no man should die? It is important to accumulate these questions, or to set the same inquiry in different aspects, to show how utterly unworthy of confidence as a religious guide, or a guide in religious inquiry, is any man who can be so one-sided and incomplete in his statements. What if the bigotry of religion be only less than the bigotry of impiety?" It would be so easy, by a few additions and alterations, to make this volume much better, even, than it already is, that we trust it may pass into other editions.

THE BIBLE OF PROFESSOR REUSS.

La Bible : Nouvellement Traduite sur Textes Originaux, avec une Introduction à chaque livre, des Notes explicatives sur l'Ancien Testament, et un Commentaire Complet sur le Nouveau Testament. Préface et Introduction Générale.
Paris : Sandoz et Fischbartier. 1874.

PROFESSOR REUSS of Strassburg is one of the most learned, accomplished, and indefatigable of modern divines. He writes with equal facility in Latin, German, and French; in each language having issued works of permanent value. The present work, the first issue of which now lies before us, will be his *opus magnum*. We welcome the instalment with due homage; but not without much uneasiness. Our readers have been put in possession of our views on the general characteristics of Professor Reuss' genius, and his doubtful relations to Christian orthodoxy. Having again and again shown how unsafe a guide he is on every point which seems to honour the development of dogma outside of the Bible, it will be needless to repeat our hesitations, or give the grounds of them afresh. Our author is far from being latitudinarian, or loose, as to the authority of Scripture, but he is bigoted in his

adherence to Biblical theology proper, and unduly opposed to the systematisation of theological science. His fascination, however, is so great, that his new edition of the Bible, with a new translation, brief annotations on the Old Testament, and copious exegetical commentary on the New, will exert great influence. We cannot advise our readers to abstain from studying him; for there are some points of special peril in these days where Reuss will be a more influential defence than a sounder man would be. But we shall give a few paragraphs which will indicate where the true danger lies.

"But the historical tendency of modern studies, in so far as they are engaged with the Bible, has set itself a much higher aim still, and has made progress in theology on ground important in quite other respects than that which we have just put before our readers. In fact, literary questions are only interesting here because, in reality, religious ideas are discussed, what there is most sacred for men, and most essential to the Church. Now, in old times, a man was content with the tacit supposition, or if necessary took some trouble to prove, that the Apostles and Prophets could furnish passages in support of the theses of the manual of confessional dogmatism which he preferred, or of such a fashionable philosophic system as he considered the adequate expression of true Christianity. Now we have begun seriously to listen to the writers themselves before all, to permit them to express their ideas in their entirety, under their native form and colour, in such a manner that modern readers learn to know them as directly as could the contemporaries of the different authors, and without the interposition of any strange conception between them and their actual public. Men no longer contested, as did the Rationalists, the reality of the contact of the mind of the sacred writers with that divine strength without which truth is never seized, and without which, above all, no great action is accomplished; but they applied themselves also to do that which traditional theology had neglected, namely, to study the human conditions of their literary activity; to understand the influence which the medium in which they had lived might have exercised over the form and the direction of their thoughts. All which had been before accomplished in this respect was subject to revision, and the auxiliary science of exegesis became one of the fields explored with the utmost ardour. Sacred philology (as it is called), that is to say the study of Hebrew, and the Hellenistic idiom of the two tongues used in the composition of the Old and the New Testament, was pushed to a degree of perfection which leaves little to be desired, and has rendered inappreciable services to the interpretation of the text. It was the same with the much more fastidious work, which consists in the comparison of manuscripts, the sifting the ancient translations, and utilising, in short,

all means at our disposition to reconstitute the text in its purity ; here, also, men often arrived at surprising results as to the meaning of passages until then not properly understood. The more and more active exploration of Palestine which was in olden times the theatre of the national life, from whose bosom Biblical literature has sprung, has rendered acquaintance with it more profitable, and one is no longer reduced to depend upon the accounts of credulous pilgrims, in order to take our bearings in a region sacred to so many remembrances. The image of the diverse phases of the civilisation of the Israelitish people, which was at first developed almost exclusively in the restricted sphere of nationality, later on at once under the influence, and by the antagonism of the Greco-Roman world, becomes clearer before our eyes since we have learned to compose it without prejudice, while assembling together the thousand little scattered traits in the Biblical sources.

"All that, however, is only preparatory work, indispensable to assure to us the chance of success in the last and supreme task, that of recognising the circle of ideas in which the poets, the prophets, and the sages among the Hebrews moved, and to see one's way clearly in that sphere in which lived the first Apostles of Jesus, and all who have preserved and transmitted to us His words. All these men were the children of their age, attached by ties of all kinds to their native land and to their own people ; and the new and powerful force which animated them, that religious enthusiasm which led them to act and to write, which elevated them above their surroundings, and made them the guides and spiritual chiefs of their generation, must have begun by conducting their own education, by working in them a transformation which has not caused all the traces of an inferior starting point to disappear. But this fact itself attests the co-operation of a different original element, of a higher power which came to the help of human nature without doing violence to it, without subjecting it to a constraint in which the ancient theologians with a mistaken view saw a privilege to be envied. On the other hand this same theology contented itself with registering the notions, the doctrines, the religious and moral precepts which the texts offer in large numbers, with classifying them, and representing them as a settled system in the first place, and embracing without distinction all parts of Scripture. In the present day science becomes truly historical, instead of theoretical as it had been, regards all the facts of this nature which it can gather together as the indices or symptoms of a progressive development, the flowering of a life of religious thought and of the moral conscience. From this point of view the personages of the sacred history, depositaries and heralds of truths which they proclaim, gain in grandeur ; and what they teach no longer appears to us like a collection of oracles issuing from the same source. As they defile

before us through the series of ages, we seem to be assisting at the various scenes of a grand spiritual drama, in which each had his part, sometimes more brilliant, sometimes more modest, but the progress and issue of which Providence overruled."

Professor Reuss is the best living representative of a school of theology which wants to have all the benefit of inspiration without paying the cost. The perpetual testimony of the Bible to itself is that it differs from all other religious works by being the effect of a direct and specific influence of the Divine Spirit on the mind of men. There is nothing more habitually declared. The evil of sin, the obligation of holiness, the necessity of prayer for Divine help, are not more systematically insisted upon than this: that an objective inspiration produced the books, and another kind of inspiration suggestive must enable us to understand them. Now neither of these can the modern scientific spirit of which the Professor speaks, accept, as he says: "This manner of understanding the Bible, its method of teaching, and the nature of the forms into which this instruction is cast, is, doubtless, diametrically opposed to that which has prevailed extensively in the schools. But modern theology does not confess that it has sacrificed anything essential or necessary to the true Scripture. It does indeed frankly confess that its historical method has required it to abandon a principle hitherto erected into an irrefragable axiom: that of the homogeneity of all parts of Scripture and their absolutely equal value. Renouncing that, it renounces at the same time the right, which the science of our fathers arrogated, to explain every part by every other: for example, to seek in the New Testament the key for understanding the Old, whereas in many instances the contrary course would lead more surely to the truth. The more science was convinced that the question here is of facts which must not be moulded arbitrarily . . . the more firm grew the ground under its feet."

In these words we see the elements of all confusion. We are to go to the Old Testament to understand the New, most certainly; but why is that method opposed to the other, the going to the New Testament to understand the Old? An adherent of Biblical theology ought not to be found opposing one of the most fundamental principles of both Testaments, that one is the precursor of the other, and that Christ Jesus is the unity and the life of both.

But in the closing words of his introduction our Professor speaks more plainly still, and renders our own comment almost superfluous: "If we cease to abuse the Old Testament by finding in it the ideas and teachings of the New, by means of exegetical artifices, certainly its proper nature, its religion, its poetry, its morality, its legislation, the sacred enthusiasm of its prophets, and the altogether spiritual simplicity of its traditions, will only gain

by being considered altogether from an historical point of view. The Hebrew literature shines out with a far richer lustre from the doctrines of ancient Paganism, as indeed it could not do while the theological theory wrapped it in mists." This is fatal. We cannot think that, apart from its great prophetic character, the early Hebrew literature is so wonderfully distinguishable from the best profane literature. The economy, legislation, and sacrificial institutes of Moses, are very different, very much more sublime, and, we make bold to say, more comprehensible, when the future Christ is everywhere seen in them. The wound which these sentiments inflict on the mind which has been accustomed to listen to the Redeemer's words, "They testify of Me," is very great. We lose our confidence in this author and in this book. Again :—

"If we cease to make the authority of the Apostolic writings depend on their connection with certain proper names, which are some of them questionable, and prefer to authenticate them by the truth itself which they give, and which commends itself to the conscience in a manner so direct; if we prefer to convince ourselves of the truth, and to put it to the test by practice and application, rather than adopting the retrograde and illusory method of human testimonies and arguments farfetched, do we anything more than what Jesus demanded for Himself (John vii. 17)? And as to the Holy Spirit, is He denied or disavowed if we seek and discover His traces in more extended spheres, and in manifestations more various; if we leave Him to act as He will, each feeling His breath in the depths of the soul, instead of circumscribing Him within narrow limits, and binding Him down to formularies? The science of past times vainly tried to trace the line of demarcation between an exceptional inspiration, which was supposed to have been the privilege of a small number of writers, and that illumination, that communication of new forces, which has been promised to all those who are united to Christ."

Our Professor persuades himself, and so do many others, that this freedom of spirit will have its reward; and that with this more elastic theory, peace must come. They write as if here was the panacea of every malady of the times. But they ought by this time to know better. "It is to this spirit, the living spirit of the Gospel, and not to the spirit of the petrified metaphysics of another age, that theology will fearlessly leave the care of choosing at every crisis the best way to make its action felt; persuaded as she is that what has been once gained for humanity will never again be lost by it. As to changing the Bible in respect to its contents and its composition, there is no question, nor can be; what will be changed, is the idea which men hold as to the manner of establishing and confirming its authority,

whether as to communities or as to individuals. To believe in the Bible, will signify, for the future, that it reveals itself to the heart and to the conscience, in all that it has of Divine origin ; but that this revelation has nothing to fear as to its clearness and as to its power, from the diversity of its forms or the imperfection of its organs—provided only that we, on our part, interpose to it no obstacle. In a word, the Biblical question will no more consist in drawing up a catalogue of books, with official approbation and privilege of apostolical authority. This last point of view is not adapted to our time. Theology has a loftier aim ; and the fact that it has been able to propose an object so high, guarantees, at the same time, the possibility of attaining it."

As an answer to all this, we have only to point to such a book as "*Supernatural Religion*," which is not content with remaining in this most pleasant and genial neutral ground, this vague and ideal region, where confidence dwells, and whence doubt ought to retire. No one knows better than M. Reuss that the Christian world, so called, is swarming with these spirits, more or less learned, whose business seems to be to undermine the internal authority of every book of Scripture, and, having done that, to prove that there is no ground whatever for thinking that a Personal God exists, or has anything to do with the world. We certainly have nothing to say against the internal evidences of the faith, or the self-evidencing light of scriptural truth. We attach as much importance to this as Professor Reuss does. But we are bound to say that the unity of the great book that contains the authentic records of the world's religious history, must be defended and maintained, if we would maintain successfully the defences of our common Christianity.

Aids to the Study of German Theology. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark. 1874.

THIS anonymous little book is one of the most piquant and profitable treatises that has for a long time come under our notice. It is not exactly what the reader of the title might be led to expect. It is not a history of German theology ; nor a sketch of German theologians ; nor a classification of the types of German theological thought. It is not an exhibition of the dangers incident to the reading of foreign divinity ; nor a comparison of home and foreign teaching. It is nothing of the kind. But it is precisely what it pretends to be : an aid to the student in the endeavour to ascertain what are the tendencies of philosophical thought which have moulded modern German exegesis and doctrine.

The book is not complete : indeed it is somewhat tantalising in its incompleteness. We are obliged to supply a great deal, and develop the writer's hints for ourselves. In other words,

the book is really what a good book should be, "suggestive." It has the fault, perhaps, of presuming on too much anterior knowledge, on the one hand, and too much faculty for developing germs of thought on the other. But it cannot be read without stimulating the right reader, and giving him a clue that may be usefully followed.

What we now quote is suspicious, and might have the effect of alienating the unguarded reader from the admirable translations from the German which make a feature of our modern theology. But the reader who reflects on the subject will be saved from that danger, while admitting the truth of what he reads. "It has long since been discovered that the views of a German author cannot be unveiled by the mere translation of German words into an English vocabulary. The views of a Frenchman can be made manifest in this way; but the reason is plain. There is a certain analogy between the French and the English mind; in both, the empirical predominates over the ideal; with both, the testimony of sense is received as the surest starting-point. But the German is radically different; his thoughts run not so much from without to within, as from within to without. It is vain to say that this manifestation of the German mind is an ephemeral growth, an accident of the present century; to speak thus is to betray an ignorance of all history. It is a notorious fact that, while the greater part of Europe was in bondage to the sensualism and legalism of the Roman hierarchy, the Teutonic intellect had already begun to exhibit the germs of that speculative epoch which in modern times has burst into flower. It was here that originated that wonderful anticipation of the Protestant reaction which has been stamped, though we think erroneously, with the name of Mysticism; for mysticism is in truth the only exhibition of practical Christianity which we meet with in the Middle Ages. It withdrew itself, indeed, from the things of sense; but why so? because these things of sense had been invested with a mystical and magical bias. The Romanists were the true mystics, and they who bear that name were really the precursors of a practical faith. The so-called mystics, Tauler, Ruysbroek, Staupetz, Wesel, and such as they, were men who saw in God something more than could be represented in a pageant, or imaged in a crucifix; who sought a deeper life than that of sensuous worship, and who found a benign joy in sources which the world had not fathomed." But we must leave the reader to follow out, under the author's guidance, this true and most important thought.

The following observations will be startling to many, but they are sound nevertheless: "We have taken as our starting point the theology of Kant. Indeed, German theology, in its most recent aspect, may be said to begin with him. It is with Kant that, for the first time, the German mind completely emancipates

itself from contact with foreign elements, and stands out in absolute unalloyed originality. . . . Leibnitz is the father of German Rationalism ; but Leibnitz was the pupil of Descartes, and, therefore, the Rationalism which he bequeathed to his country was something transplanted, not indigenous. The expression, German Rationalism, has become almost proverbial, but in truth Rationalism never found in Germany anything but a foreign soil ; it was always in direct antagonism to the spirit of the nation. . . . To the mind of German Rationalism and Romanism have been equally obnoxious, and for precisely the same reason ; both have sought to rest truth upon an authority inferior to itself—Romanism on tradition, Rationalism on Apologetic evidences. Indeed, neither of these systems would have existed for an hour if they had not proclaimed themselves the allies of Christianity. For, it is to be observed, that in Germany Rationalism did not, any more than Romanism, begin by antagonism to the revealed Word. On the contrary, she announced herself as the handmaid of Christian truth ; she professed to surround revelation with a bulwark which all the efforts of scepticism and all the attacks of infidelity would never be able to destroy ; she began by accepting the entire testimony of Scripture in all the integrity of its doctrines and precepts, and only requested permission to render its authority more secure by establishing on grounds of reason what had been received by the light of faith."

The sequel, and the fall of Rationalism through pride, and the connection of that fall with the recent history of German theology, the reader must pursue for himself. We have said enough to excite curiosity to read this striking little volume.

The Catacombs of Rome, and their Testimony Relative to Primitive Christianity. By the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A. New York : Nelson and Phillips. 1874.

THIS book adds one to a series of works on the subject which have appeared during the present century in continuous succession. But, as the writer says, his predecessors—at least those that have real value, have written in foreign languages and costly folios. This book is simple and cheap, though admirably printed. And, what is to our readers of greater importance, it is a thoroughly theological book, and entirely Protestant. "The writer has endeavoured to illustrate the subject by frequent Pagan sepulchral inscriptions, and by citations from the writings of the Fathers, which often throw much light on the condition of early Christian society. The value of the work is greatly enhanced, it is thought, by the addition of many hundreds of early Christian inscriptions carefully translated, a very large proportion of which have never before appeared in English. Those only who have given some attention to epigraphical studies can conceive the difficulty of this

part of the work. The defacements of time, and frequently the original imperfection of the inscriptions and the ignorance of their writers, demand the utmost carefulness to avoid errors of interpretation.

"The writer has been fortunate in being assisted by the veteran scholarship of the Rev. Dr. McCaul, well known in both Europe and America as one of the highest living authorities in epigraphical science, under whose critical revision most of the translations have passed. Through the enterprise of the publishers this work is more copiously illustrated, from original and other sources, than any other work on the subject in the language; thus giving more correct and vivid impressions of the unfamiliar scenes and objects delineated than is possible by any mere verbal description. References are given, in the foot-notes, to the principal authorities quoted, but specific acknowledgment should here be made of the author's indebtedness to the Cavaliere de Rossi's *Roma Sotterranea* and *Inscriptiones Christianæ*, by far the most important works on this fascinating but difficult subject.

"Believing that the testimony of the Catacombs exhibits, more strikingly than any other evidence, the immense contrast between primitive Christianity and modern Romanism, the author thinks no apology necessary for the somewhat polemical character of portions of this book which illustrate that fact. He trusts that it will be found a contribution of some value to the historical defence of the truth against the corruptions and innovations of Popish error."

Mr. Withrow has fairly and modestly stated his claims. His book is, on the whole, the most interesting and most complete which we can recommend to our readers. It is all the better because it is not bitterly controversial: the tone is temperate and judicial, though no opportunity is lost of vindicating the truth. Nothing is more revolting than the spirit of those who can carry an acrimonious temper into the presence of our forefathers' ashes, and wage war among the bones of these blessed departed. The tender and reverent sentiment that befits the subject is exhibited in this volume throughout. Mr. Withrow is as much alive to the æsthetic and even the artistic interest of the Catacombs as he is to their theological importance. We must give a specimen of his method of treating the subject under both aspects:—

"One of the most striking contrasts between the art of the Catacombs and that of later times is the entire absence in the former of those gross anthropomorphic images of the Persons of the Holy Trinity, either together or separately—except our Lord under His proper Human form—of which the latter, in striking offence against piety and good taste, exhibits so many painful examples. In the earlier ages a solemn reverence forbade the attempt to depict the Eternal Father or the Holy Spirit, except

by means of symbolical types. The universal testimony of Christian antiquity is opposed to this practice so common in mediæval art. Origen, Ambrose, and Augustine unite in prohibiting the representation of the Deity by any material object. The latter declares it to be impious for any Christian to set up such an image in the church, and much more to do it in his heart, or to conceive it possible that the Divine Being may be circumscribed by the limits of the human frame. Paulinus of Nola, in his account of the symbolism of the Holy Trinity in the church of St. Felix, describes Christ as represented by a lamb, the Holy Spirit by a dove, but for the Father nothing but a voice from heaven. Gregory II., the champion of image-worship, denies that it is lawful to make any representation of the Divine nature, but only of our Lord, His mother, and the saints. Such figures were also condemned by the Second Council of Nice. John Damascenus, a zealous defender of the images of Christ and the saints, yet declares it is as great impiety as it is folly to make any image of the Divine nature, which is incorporeal, invisible, without material or form, incomprehensible, not to be circumscribed, nor to be figured by the art of man. Urban VIII. ordered all representations of the Trinity to be burnt, and Benedict XIV. forbade the depicting of the Holy Ghost in human form. Dupin asserts that the most zealous defenders of images have condemned these; and the learned and judicious Bingham declares that 'in all ancient history we never meet with any one instance of picturing God the Father, because it was supposed that He never appeared in any visible shape, but only by a voice from heaven.'

"Some recent Roman Catholic writers, however, assert the contrary of this to be the case, and refer for proof of the assertion to one or two sarcophagal bas-reliefs of the fourth or fifth century. One of these represents Cain and Abel, bringing their gifts to an aged and bearded figure sitting on a stone, who is interpreted by the Romanists as the Omnipotent Jehovah. But that distinguished archæologist Raoul Rochette, himself a Romanist, opposes this view. 'I doubt,' he says, 'the reality of this explanation, contrary to all that we know of the Christian monuments of the first ages, where the intervention of the Eternal Father is only indicated in the abridged and symbolic manner proper to antiquity, by the image of a hand.'

"The other alleged sculpture of the Godhead requires more careful examination. 'The Holy Trinity,' says Dr. Northcote, 'is nowhere represented, as far as I know, in the paintings of the Catacombs.' But he asserts that a sculptural example occurs on a sarcophagus of the fifth century, from the Ostian basilica of St. Paul's, now in the Lateran Museum. The group referred to consists of two bearded figures of advanced age, and of grave and strongly-marked features. One of these, whom Dr. Northcote

designates 'the Eternal Father, the source and fountain of Deity,' is seated in a raised chair or sort of throne. Behind the chair stands another, described as representing the Holy Ghost, and in front of it the third, identified as the 'Eternal Word.' At the feet of the latter are two diminutive figures, one standing, the other prostrate, said to represent the creation of Eve from the side of the sleeping Adam. Padre Garrucci, who has published a monograph on this subject, identifies none of the adult figures in the same manner as Dr. Northcote, but describes the one seated as the Son, the one behind him as the Father, and the third as the Holy Ghost."

We can accept neither of these explanations, both of which are so strongly opposed to the entire spirit and character of early Christian art. The formulization of the doctrine of the Trinity by the Council of Nice, in that noble creed which still expresses the faith of Christendom, left, it is true, its impress on Christian art and literature. Both in pictorial representation, and, as we shall hereafter see, in inscriptions, is there a recorded protest against the Arian heresy which at this period convulsed the Church. De Rossi cites eight examples in early Christian art which he conceives to have reference to this doctrine; but in seven of these it is indicated by the association of the sacred monogram with the triangle, the symbol of tri-unity, and the eighth is the unique and anomalous bas-relief under discussion."

One of the best sections in the volume is that on Mariolatry. "The testimony of the early Christian inscriptions is not less strikingly opposed to the modern Mariolatry of the Church of Rome. 'In the Lapidarian Gallery,' says Maitland, 'the name of the Virgin Mary does not once occur. Nor is it to be found in any truly ancient inscription contained in the works of Aringhi, Boldetti, or Boltari.' No *Ave Maria* or *Ora pro nobis*, no *Theotokos* or *Mater Dei*, occurs in any of the subterranean crypts or corridors of the Catacombs. Even the name Maria, now so commonly applied in varying forms to both males and females throughout Roman Catholic countries, does not occur till the year 381, and only twice afterward, in 528 and 536; an evidence of the entire absence of that devotional regard now lavished upon the Virgin Mary.

"This religious homage was only gradually developed to its present full-blown idolatry. Its traces in early Christian art are extremely infrequent and obscure. In the numerous mosaics of the fifth and sixth centuries at Rome and Ravenna, the figure of Mary very rarely occurs, and never but as accessory to the divine child in the Nativity or Adoration of the Magi. In these there was no attempt at literal portraiture, but only the expression of the virtues that adorned her character, 'that,' as Ambrose expresses it, 'the face might be the image of her mind, the model

of uprightness.' Indeed, Augustine expressly asserts that we are ignorant of her appearance.

"During the seventh century, along with a progressive barbarism of treatment may be observed a gradual exaltation of Mary in the Roman Mosaics to those places previously devoted to the image of Christ. In the eighth century, according to D'Agincourt, 'the homage paid to her was no longer distinguished from that rendered to the Lord of all;' and the Council of Constantinople decreed, 'that whoever would not avail himself of the intercession of Mary should be accursed.'

"In extant pictures of the ninth century she is exhibited in jewelled purple robes as the crowned Queen of Heaven, receiving the homage of the four and twenty elders and of the celestial hosts. In this century also the legend of her bodily assumption to the skies, which has since become such a prominent theme in Roman Catholic art and doctrine, is first represented in the crypts of St. Clement's, at Rome.

"The rapid development of Mariolatry, the great corruption of Christianity, as Hallam has justly called it, may to some extent be regarded as a reaction against the harsh and austere character which was given to our Lord, both in art and dogma. He was enthroned in awful majesty as the dreadful Judge of mankind. Removed from human sympathy, inspiring only terror to the soul, he was no longer Christ the Consoler but Christ the Avenger. Religion was darkened by dismal bodings of endless doom, and embittered by the fierceness of polemic strife; and the moral atmosphere seemed lurid with the hurtling anathemas of rival sects. To the yearning hearts of mankind, the multitude of the weary and the heavy-laden, to whom the Saviour's voice, 'Come unto me, and I will give you rest,' was inaudible amid the conflicts of the times; and especially to those bowed down with a sense of sin and sorrow, and trembling at the thought of the severe, inexorable Judge, the gentle gospel of Mary came with a sweet and winning grace that found its way into their inmost souls. All images of tenderness and purity surrounded her. The blending

‘Of mother's love with maiden purity’

touched the hidden springs of feeling which exist in the rudest natures, and made the worship of Mary a religion of hope and consolation. She became the new mediatrix between the sinful human soul and the Father in heaven. Those who shrank from God fled for succour to the Virgin Mother. The pitifulness of her human nature was esteemed a stronger ground of confidence than that infinite compassion and everlasting love which was manifested in the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane and the cross and passion of Calvary. Hence Mary has often been regarded as a sort of tutelar divinity by the ferocious brigand

who stained with blood the scapular which he wore as a sacred talisman; and by the daughter of shame, who, in strange blending of profligacy and devotion, cherished her image in the very fair of vice."

We should have been glad to make some more selections, especially from that part of the volume in which Mr. Withrow vindicates the character of the art of our Christian forefathers. But we forbear: content to recommend this handsome little volume, as being at all points profoundly interesting; whether to the antiquarian, the artist, the reader of Church history, the controversialist, or the Christian.

Memoir of the Rev. William Shaw, &c. Edited by his oldest surviving Friend. Wesleyan Conference Office, 1874.

THIS is an interesting and instructive memoir of a thorough Englishman, a competent and laborious minister of religion, and an eminent missionary to Colonists and heathen, written by another man like, and yet unlike him, with fidelity, vigour, and vivacity. It is another of those Lives of Methodist Preachers, early and modern, which vindicate the claims, and explain the philosophy of Methodism. What is Methodism essentially? What is the use of it? What is the secret of its success? Are these questions asked? Read this book.

The details of Mr. Shaw's early life are scantily given; and there is an air of worldly respectability thrown around it, which, in our judgment, does not heighten the impressiveness of the narrative. We suspect Mr. Boyce's manuscript has been subjected to injudicious revision. The story would have pleased us more had it told plainly of original obscurity, hardship, and struggle—the fight with circumstances which won such a victory over them. He was encouraged to preach before he had attained his sixteenth year, a circumstance which we are glad to notice Mr. Boyce does not commend. It would be well if less were made of like events in the histories of other eminent men. "I said days," some appreciable number of them, "should speak, and"—or in order that,—“multitude of years,” may, with some probability, “teach wisdom.” But there are exceptions. Mr. Shaw was altogether in a hurry to start life. At nineteen, he married; and so, according to connexional usage, shut himself out of the ministry in England. But the door into the proper sphere of labour soon opened. A number of families, chiefly Wesleyan, availed themselves of certain facilities for emigration to South Africa, which the Government of the day,—not, by the way, so bad an one as Mr. Boyce seems to think,—wisely furnished. They wanted a minister, and found one in the village school-

master at Long Sutton. Accordingly Mr. Shaw was duly ordained to the pastoral oversight of this interesting flock.

His own narrative of the story of his mission, published in 1869, and noticed in this Review, now takes up the story. Mr. Boyce has made copious use of that most interesting record of wise and persevering labour, first among the Colonists, and then, more extensively and with wonderful success, amongst nearer and remoter tribes of heathen. William Shaw did much to build up a prosperous and well-ordered civil community in lands which are already influencing, and will increasingly influence, the destiny of the great continent of Africa; as indeed those also of the parent state. More than this. This civil community, mainly under his teaching and oversight, became a Christian people. Yet more. He was the apostle of large tribes of men of fine physique and of considerable mental aptitude,—of races which bid fair to survive their new intercourse with European immigrants. Thousands of these fear God and love the Saviour, and live constantly improving lives, as the result of this one man's introduction among them of the converting and civilising Gospel.

After long labour in this chosen sphere, Mr. Shaw returned to England, and sustained there an honourable and useful ministry. Mr. Boyce has done full justice to the closing part of a great career. He has by no means over-coloured the picture of the sound, and capable, and earnest preacher, or of the cautious, prudent, and moderate counsellor, or of the ecclesiastical chief and leader. The speech on the vexed education question (pp. 358—364) strikes us as a very remarkable effort.

* We have said enough for the present: the subject will occupy us more at large.

James Everett. A Biography. By Richard Chew. London: Hodder and Stoughton, Paternoster-row. 1875.

OF the dead say nothing but good. The rule applies even in a case like this, in which, undoubtedly, neither the biographer nor his subject seem to have, or to have had, the slightest sense of its propriety, nor that it has commended itself, alike in heathen and in Christian times, to the common instincts of humanity. Let it be kept by us all the more sacredly because this book ignores it.

James Everett was a remarkable man, if we judge him by his aims, rather than by his attainments. He was a popular preacher with considerable masses of people. He had a lively intelligence, cultivated, under many disadvantages, to, probably, its highest capability. He had a taste for general literature, and was respectably conversant with the theology which was his proper

study. He was a cordial friend, and, its usual counterpart, "a good hater." People liked him, when he would let them; and he was not always fastidious in the choice of his friends; though a distinguishing merit undoubtedly was, that he often sought the friendship of men superior to himself. He browsed, if we may so say, on the amplitude of Adam Clarke's large learning and unbounded benevolence. He sat at the feet of a man even more loveable than Clarke,—the placid, modest, and sweet-toned James Montgomery. If we may trust this volume,—which we do not implicitly,—Dr. Newton stole his sermons, and Dr. Bunting vainly tried to secure his sympathy and esteem. He wrote one book that, possibly, posterity may care to look into; it was the *Biography of Sammy Hick*. He tried to be a Boswell, but lacked a Johnson. Had he found one, he would not have lost himself in his subject. His prose writings are diffuse, lack taste, and are crowded with inappropriate quotations and illustrations.

He wrote much verse, but no poetry. Thus much an impartial criticism is bound to record concerning him. Christian charity delights to be assured that, in his earlier days, he was a good man, and a zealous and successful minister. It was not likely to be for his soul's welfare that his bodily health compelled him to alternate, from time to time, between the duties of the ministry and those of the shop. He honestly confesses that, during some portion of this life of change, his sermons were as chopped straw; but he professes to have been subsequently revived by the study of the Puritan writers, and we believe him.

The story of his latter days is made pleasant by the reflection that, if he never forgave his enemies, they abundantly forgave him; and that he remained implacable to the last must, in extremest candour, be attributed rather to the infirmity of age than to any deficiency of piety. To those who knew him well, there is much in the narrative which sanctions this comfortable impression.

The book which contains his eulogy shall be respected for his sake. It is very long. Holland and Everett crushed Montgomery's memory, as far as foolish friends could crush it, by the weight of the monument they raised to it. A retributive Providence has visited them both. Mr. Chew is an easy, slipshod writer, who knows a thing or two, and tells us all he knows. His style is a very bad copy of that of Everett, and makes us mourn the degeneracy of the literary race. What will Mr. Chew's own biography be! But the book is very readable, especially by those who have been conversant with the men and times of which it treats, are free from the prejudices it so injudiciously fomented, and know more about what is written than appears on the face of the record. Everett was an industrious, if not an accurate, observer, and put down all he saw; and, for the mere purpose of

amusement, accuracy is not material. Mr. Chew has obviously no means of correcting any misapprehensions. A reader outside of the Methodist community will get many pleasant peeps at its history, economy, and leading men, and will probably learn all he cares to know about us. To ourselves, it is not an unpleasant occupation, as we listen to the old man's stories, and the young man's comments, to supply, contradict from our better knowledge, and generally correct and supplement. But, with any reference to possible readers twenty years hence, it seems useless to go into details.

We should have felt real pleasure could we have spoken more favourably of the literary character of the book. Its moral tone compels unqualified reproof. Mr. Chew is a minister, much respected, we believe, of a community of Christians to whom we heartily wish all success and blessing; and for their sakes, if not for his own, he should have been cautious. He is most careful to protest that the origin and the merits of this community have nothing whatever to do with the anonymous publications with which, unhappily, Mr. Everett's name is now, as well by the noticeable silence of this volume as by some of its statements, inseparably identified. Yet he vindicates anonymous attacks on personal character, and asserts, as boldly as he dares to do so, the truth of the particular attacks referred to. We avoid reviving the controversy. But, were it to be revived, it must be by a calm discussion of the real principles involved in it, as to which good men have differed, and will continue to differ; and not by the slander either of the illustrious dead, or of the still susceptible living. We believe that some, at least, connected with Mr. Chew's denomination sympathise heartily with these sentiments.

II. GENERAL LITERATURE.

The Works of Edgar Allan Poe. Edited by John H. Ingram. In Four Volumes. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1874-5.

No man of genius was ever more sorely in need of a faithful, intelligent, and enthusiastic biographer than Edgar Poe, notwithstanding the fact that his name certainly stands among the three highest literary names of America. When the task of editing the works, and writing the life of this gifted poet, fictionist, and student, fell to the share of Rufus Griswold, the situation was as grotesquely cruel and hopeless as if one should entrust to some such obscene creature as an alligator of the Nile the task of editing the remains and writing the life of Cleopatra. Rufus Griswold had, indeed, some cause for a personal grudge against Poe, on account of criticisms which the latter, in his unbending integrity, had passed upon the trashy writings of the former; but it would have been reasonable to expect any man, worthy of the name of man, to leave on the grave of a dead brother any such paltry grudge, and do the best for his memory and fame which the circumstances of the case allowed. How far wide of this reasonable mark the performance of the treacherous and foul-minded Rufus Griswold was, has been long known to a few, both in England and America; but no one has till now been found to make more than a passing remonstrance, and the black account of Poe's life and character, which Griswold fabricated, has not only remained prefixed to the only collection of his works approaching completeness, but has been followed by nearly all the small biographers who have had occasion to give any account at all, whether in collections of his works, in cyclopædias, or in separate articles. The consequence is that the conception of Poe's character, usually received, is that he was an unscrupulous, immoral, unpleasant person, without sense of honour or gratitude, and without self-control; and, specifically, that he was an inveterate drunkard, who, through this vice, lost all his chances in life, and, indeed, life itself.

The utter falsity of this view is amply demonstrated in the memoir which Mr. John H. Ingram has prefixed to an edition of Poe's works, as far superior to the best American edition as the memoir is more pleasant to read and to believe than the hideous and abominable tissue of slanderous lies which disfigures that collection of Poe's works. Mr. Ingram meets every important misstatement of Griswold's with a direct refutation; and he shows, in numerous cases, how Griswold garbled, and trimmed and

suppressed, not even scrupling to interpolate entirely new matter of his own, in his endeavours to make Poe's works bear out his vile statements. Without following the two biographers through the several steps of their two opposite paths, we may say, generally, that ample evidence is now adduced to the effect that Poe's aspirations in literature were of the highest and purest kind (at all events, intellectually), that his integrity, as a critic, was of the most uncompromising character (which, by the bye, accounts for the tacit consent of many local magnates, attacked by Poe, and the calumnies of Griswold), that his honour in matters of business was spotless, his household character admirable, and his addiction to drink one of those myths that have so often been based upon the thinnest substratum of fact. On this point, however, we must in justice be explicit as to what the substratum of fact was. It seems, then, that Poe's was one of those delicate, excitable, or, perhaps we had better say, inflammable temperaments, to which ever so little stimulating liquor of any kind was enough to upset the whole organisation. The effect of a single glass of wine on him was, in fact, to make him what is vulgarly called "mad-drunk;" and we have heard, on good authority, that instances are still on record of his having been so completely upset by unwittingly taking the very slight quantity of alcohol sometimes served at table in sweet sauces, as to have to leave the company, and lie down to recover himself. His extreme delicacy in this respect placed him most awkwardly, as a man much courted and lionised in literary circles. Of course there can be no doubt that his duty to himself, and to society, was to abjure absolutely the use of any stimulant; and this is precisely what, for a time during his brief and sad career, he did. But after the loss of his beloved wife, and the failure of several cherished literary schemes of a purist character, it is hardly to be doubted that he occasionally sought relief from bodily and mental affliction by the use of those small doses of alcoholic drink, which sufficed to take him out of himself, and to leave him as little his own man as the miserable drunkard who has to sit deliberately for hours before he can effect the transformation to beast's estate at which he aims.

The concession of this point even by the friends of the much-maligned poet is important, because it enables simple-minded persons to gauge precisely the culpability of Poe, in view of the established facts of his case, and to reject definitively the ingenious and immoral hypothesis of the late M. Charles Baudelaire concerning Poe's use of stimulants, which hypothesis we characterised as a piece of special pleading, to be received with great reserve, when, in July, 1873, we reviewed one of the most impudent of the late Mr. John Hotten's many impudent attempts at imposture—his selection from Poe's works, issued as a "complete edition." It will be remembered that Baudelaire assumed Poe to have

deliberately adopted drunkenness as a "mnemonic means," a method by which he obtained those *quasi*-scientific inspirations that form such admirable stories, and that the Frenchman said of the American, "The works that give us so much pleasure to-day were, in reality, the cause of his death." For this hypothesis there is no jot or tittle of evidence. If Poe drank deliberately at all those small doses of stimulant to which we have alluded, he did it, not to remember, but to forget, and be out of pain; and the "mnemonic means" theory is as empty as it is ingenious. We need only add, on this painful subject, that Griswold lied deliberately in saying that Poe lost situations through drunkenness, and died drunk; he did neither.

There are certain points in Mr. Ingram's biography that call for remark before we pass to the contents of the four volumes of Poe's works. First, Poe is said to have been born in Baltimore on the 19th of February, 1809, whereas there seems to be no doubt that he was born in Boston on the 19th of the previous month; a slight though important error, which Mr. Ingram has derived from previous biographies, and from an imperfect copy of an affidavit made by Mr. Secretary Wertenbaker, concerning Poe's conduct at Virginia University. During the three months that have elapsed between the issue of Vol. I. and Vol. II., Mr. Ingram has obtained a *fac-simile* of the affidavit, and he rectifies the mistake in the preface to Vol. IV. The corrected place of birth was that constantly alleged by Poe himself; and the establishment of his veracity is important, because Griswold insisted on this statement as an instance of Poe's mendacity. The following paragraph, though no doubt to some extent true, requires, at all events, support and elucidation:—

"In 1842 appeared 'The Descent into the Maelstrom,' a tale that, in many respects, may be deemed one of his most marvellous and idiosyncratic. It is one of those tales which, like 'The Gold Bug' and others, demonstrate the untenability of the theory first promulgated by Griswold, and since so frequently echoed by his copyists, that Poe's ingenuity in unriddling a mystery was only ingenious in appearance, as he himself had woven the webs he so dexterously unweaves. The tales cited, however, prove the falseness of this portion of Griswold's systematic depreciation of Poe's genius. They are the secrets of nature which he unveils, and not the riddles of art; he did not invent the natural truth that a cylindrical body, swimming in a vortex, offered more resistance to its suction, and was drawn in with greater difficulty than bodies of any other form of equal bulk, any more than he invented the mathematical ratio in which certain letters of the English alphabet recur in all documents of any length. He did not invent the 'Mystery of Marie Roget,' but he tore away the mysteriousness and laid bare the truth of that strange story of real life. He

did *not* invent, but he was the first to describe, if not to discover, those peculiar idiosyncrasies of the human mind so wonderfully but so clearly displayed in the 'Murders in the Rue Morgue,' 'The Purloined Letter,' 'The Imp of the Perverse,' and other remarkable proofs of his mastery over the mental strings and pulleys of our being."

Now, with all due deference to Mr. Ingram as a close student of Poe, and with all due respect to so great an artist as Poe, we conceive that Griswold and his followers are substantially right as to the unriddling; but that they systematically depreciate the value of Poe's ingenuity and invention. In the matter of "The Gold Bug," regarded as a tale, it seems to us that the invention of the particular piece of cryptography and treasure-hiding which is there unravelled is of far greater *artistic* value than the fact of the underlying calculation as to ratio of recurrence, in English documents, of certain letters; and yet Poe's discovery of that ratio is so far valuable that telegraph alphabets are generally based upon Poe's scheme as laid down in this story. As regards "The Mystery of Marie Roget," we have always believed, and, in the absence of the least bit of evidence to the contrary, we are still most decidedly of opinion that Poe *did* invent the whole mystery for the sake of unravelling it, just as he invented the wonderful and awful story of the gorilla which murdered two women, "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," and just as he invented the cryptography of "The Gold Bug," and the ingenious hiding and finding of "The Purloined Letter." But even if he had formed those three obscure situations and solved each mystery, as Mr. Ingram alleges to have been the case with "The Mystery of Marie Roget," that feat would only have given him a claim to great reputation as a detective, and would not have enhanced his fame as an artist: *that* depends more on his powers of invention than on his keenness of analysis, and after all the reference to his "mastery over the mental strings and pulleys of our being," is as wide of the mark as it is to classify among the "secrets of nature," the mere mathematical recurrence of certain letters. It is most important to observe that most of the mental and emotional situations which Poe chose to make the subject of his keen analytic talent are of an abnormal kind; and his work strikes us generally as being not so much true to nature as *vraisemblable*,—simply because few of us have any experience of those phases of abnormal humanity which might, to judge from the admirably simple and direct method of treatment, exist in reality, but which more probably do not exist at all.

A little elucidation on the part of the writer of the memoir is needed at pages xlv and xlvii, where there is a reference to Poe's "introduction into the office of Messrs. Willis and Norris," followed, in the very next paragraph, by a reference to his con-

nection with *The Mirror*, a daily paper belonging to N. P. Willis and General George Morris." Those two gentlemen are the "Messrs. Willis and Norris," of the first reference; and even if there were no misprint of "N" for "M," the identity is not at all clear from the context.

Speaking generally, we think it would have been better, in a memoir wherein such constant production of witnesses is necessary for the object of clearing Poe's fame, if the author had invariably stated the name of his witness, and where and when each document called in evidence appeared, instead of making such frequent vague allusions as he does to "an author," "a writer," and so on. We do not mean to throw,—indeed, we do not entertain,—the slightest doubt as to the genuineness of any one of these documents put in evidence, or authors called to witness; but for the satisfaction of those who are habitually sceptical, the uniformly explicit method we allude to would have been a decided advantage.

We have already stated that the present edition of the works of Edgar Allan Poe is better than the best American edition; and we shall perhaps be expected to say precisely on what grounds. In the first place, then, it contains a great deal that is not in the American four-volume edition; in the second place it is better printed and handsomer altogether; in the third place certain of the tamperings of Griswold are set to rights; and in the fourth place it is *inodorous*. By a curious poetical justice, the four-volume edition, which begins with Griswold's memoir, and which alone, up to the present time, gave anything like the whole works of Poe, was printed upon a paper that had the most abominable odour; so that, beside being mentally and morally repelled by the mal-odorous qualities of Griswold's horrid tale, the reader could not even pass to the nobler contents of the book without a physical reminiscence of ill-odour; it was as though anything connected with so pestilential a creature was, not to put too fine a point on it, bound to stink. But now, in this English edition, obtainable for less than half the cost of the other, both moral and material odour have disappeared, and the reader is at once prepared for the enjoyment of a perusal with which there is nothing at all to interfere, except the few blemishes in Poe's own work.

The first volume is made up, so far as Poe is concerned, of tales. These have all appeared before, both in America and in England, but there are two characteristic pages omitted by Griswold from the "Oval Portrait," which Mr. Ingram has recovered and inserted, and there is a good deal not included in the afore-named "complete edition" of Mr. Hotten, consisting of about a quarter, or perhaps a third, of Poe's works. The important story of *Hans Pfaal*, omitted by Mr. Hotten, is, of course,

restored to its proper place, next "The Gold Bug." In the second volume we have *Arthur Gordon Pym*, Poe's most important tale as to length, not even mentioned in Mr. Hotten's edition, though several times printed in England, and extending to nearly two hundred pages of close print; while there are three fresh pieces, entitled, "The Power of Words," "Colloquy of Monos and Una," and "Conversation of Eiros and Charmion." The first two have never before appeared in England, and the third not even in America, except during Poe's lifetime, in a periodical, from which the present editor has recovered it. We also get here the important tale (important as a specimen of Poe's humorous satire) called "A Predicament," and forming a part of the piece entitled, "How to Write a Blackwood Article," which piece Mr. Hotten stupidly printed *without the tale*. The remaining two volumes contain, beside Poe's recognised poems, essays, &c., and his great prose poem *Eureka*, some hitherto uncollected essays on Autography and Cryptography, and, indeed, everything that can be traced to him except certain drudgery tasks such as translations, editings, or compilations, in which he was concerned, and the paragraphs of mere daily and weekly journalism which he was compelled to produce in large quantities in order to earn, with difficulty, the ordinary necessities of that life out of which he seems to have been hunted by inexorable circumstances still shrouded in a certain mystery.

The essay on Cryptography (in Vol. III.), is very ingenious, and is valuable, taken in connection with "The Gold Bug;" and the collection of longer and shorter scraps, given in the same volume, under the titles of "Marginaka," "Pinakidia," and "Suggestions," contain much that is amusing, suggestive, and characteristic, but nothing that will add to Poe's fame. The "Chapter on Autography," which occupies the first sixty-two pages of Vol. IV., comes under the same general remark: it does nothing to add to a fame so justly high without it; but it is another most characteristic specimen of Poe's ruling genius,—ingenuity. It is a really interesting collection of signatures of persons, eminent and obscure, with notes about the facts connected with such persons, and remarks on the characters indicated in their caligraphy. Of the critical essays which make up the rest of Vol. IV., it would be untrue to say that they do nothing for Poe's fame; for not only are they excellent criticisms, many of which are new to English readers in general, but some of those, already well-known through Griswold's edition, were so shamelessly garbled by that literary criminal, as to belie Poe's character and intuitions entirely. It would repay those who are really interested in Poe's works to compare with the edition of Griswold the essays on T. D. English, Longfellow's Ballads, and Nathaniel Hawthorne. These, Griswold seems to have had to

alter to suit the purposes of his own narrative ; but Mr. Ingram has hunted up the several essays in the periodicals where they first appeared, and they are now given accordingly, and not as edited by Griswold.

The whole of the materials upon which the English public are to form an ultimate and deliberate judgment on this extraordinary man are now before us in such a form, and at so moderate a cost, that there is no further excuse for excluding him from the place his greatest lovers would accord him,—unless, indeed, his works, when weighed in the balance, be found wanting. For our own part, we should accord him an undivided supremacy as a writer of tales wherein, by a subtle and masterful art, curious and weird imagination, are depicted with scientific, or *quasi*-scientific, accuracy, and in such a way as to be intensely realistic and interesting. In some dozen or so of these tales, he has attained absolute perfection ; and there are no other tales of the like difficult perfection in the language. Of the narrative of “Arthur Gordon Pym,” thus much cannot be admitted ; we are bold to say that, as a simple invention of realistic narrative, it is of a quality equal, so far as it goes, to *Robinson Crusoe* ; but when Poe had got his hero to the south pole, his strength of hand gave way, and he broke the narrative off short, with a palpable absurdity, and a magnificent realistic story is abruptly closed with the grandiloquent description of a supernatural gigantic human figure. In *Eureka* there is another of these fearful blemishes : at the opening of a thoroughly serious essay, displaying a great amount of scientific knowledge, speculative genius, and metaphysical subtlety, he inserts a grotesque narrative of the year 2848 of the *present era*, in which he insults the memory of Aristotle and Bacon, and makes himself ridiculous. This of itself would be sufficient to bias serious readers against *Eureka* ; but the book itself has no genuine claim on the attention of men of science and philosophers, who seem to have rejected it tacitly when it was published in England before.

As a poet, it must be admitted that Poe had a fine invention and a genuine impulse, a keen sense of verbal harmony and a fine ear for musical recurrence of sound ; but perfection was beyond him. Many of his small pieces are very beautiful,—full of beauties ; but scarcely one is without many considerable faults of taste and execution. One of the most musical and faulty of them is “Eulalume” ; and, curiously enough, Mr. Ingram, certainly one of Poe’s most devoted admirers, has given us, in regard to this poem, an instance of the poet’s wonderful genius for spoiling his work. At page lxx of the memoir is inserted a final stanza, which Poe was induced by Mrs. Whitman to omit from “Eulalume,” and which, summing up in itself and exaggerating all the poem’s

worst faults, without any compensating merit, would have ruined it completely : it runs thus :—

“ Said we then—the two, then—Ah, can it
 Have been that the woodlandish ghouls—
 The pitiful, the merciful ghouls—
 To bar up our path, and to bar it
 From the secret that lies in these worlds—
 Had drawn up the spectre of a planet
 From the limbo of lunary souls—
 This sinfully scintillant planet
 From the Hell of the planetary souls ? ”

No poet of the first, second, or third order could possibly have conceived such a stanza. It seems likely that the same defect of perception evinced in the faults of which this is an exaggerated instance, straitened the spirit of Edgar Poe within the limits of an art in prose, wherein we discern, not exactly a taint, but an absence of moral aspiration.

Social Pressure. By the Author of “ Friends in Council.”
 London : Daldy, Isbister and Co., 56, Ludgate-hill.
 1875.

SOCIAL PRESSURE was the last of a long series of works with which Sir Arthur Helps had for many years periodically delighted the more thoughtful section of that body usually spoken of as “ the general reader.” “ The last of a series ; ”—too truly the last. The sudden death of Sir Arthur invests this volume with a peculiar interest, and in referring that fine, suggestive, and by no means unoriginal set of thoughtful books to the special domain of “ the general reader,” we mean, not that Sir Arthur Helps did not aim at and reach various intellectual magnates of the day, but that, treating of subjects which demand popular consideration, he was careful to use a method and a style adapting his works to the needs of popular reading. *Social Pressure*, besides being the last of the volumes reporting the discussions of the “ friends in council,” is, on the whole, the best ; and this is high praise. The quasi-dramatic method is more compactly used than in some of the books of the same series ; the style is even more than usually luminous and rich ; the small, slight illustrative allusions more plentiful and more striking ; and, most important of all, the themes dealt with by the friends are of higher moment than Sir Arthur Helps had dealt with before—being at the same time treated with practical sagacity and a breadth of view by no means common even to writers who set up for thoughtful. But the volume has an accidental value superadded to its absolute intrinsic value ; and this accidental worth is derived from the official position which the author

held as Clerk to the Privy Council,—to which he attained after a successful official career, dating from the time when he was private secretary, as was the case with so many of the leading men of the Civil Service. His long experience of high and confidential official life, gives a particular weight to his opinion on several of the questions treated in *Social Pressure*; and when the leading spirit of “the friends in council,”—the same “Milverton” whom we meet in all this series of works,—holds forth on these questions, we feel, and are justified in feeling, that we are getting the benefit of Sir Arthur Helps’s official experience. Milverton is pretty generally recognised as the Clerk to the Council in disguise,—the second self of Sir Arthur Helps; and when Milverton lays his finger on flaws in our present system of administration,—shows how the choice of men for office is shackled, and how the shackles might be removed; puts forward a practical scheme of local government, or discloses a plan for securing permanent parliamentary chiefs to such departments as the Post Office, and to the Office of Works,—we need not doubt for a moment that the criticisms and suggestions are those of Sir Arthur Helps, based upon his actual experience, and inspired by his keen and sound judgment. *Social Pressure* is a book which should be read by every one who cares to form a just opinion on these and several other pressing questions of social morality and administrative ethics.

Sketches in Italy and Greece. By John Addington Symonds, Author of “An Introduction to the Study of Dante;” and “Studies of the Greek Poets.” London: Smith, Elder and Co., Waterloo-place. 1874.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Symonds’s *Sketches in Italy and Greece* do not form so coherent a volume as either of his former works, they are extremely readable, and something more. Some of these “Sketches” have appeared already in *The Fortnightly Review* and *The Cornhill Magazine*, and in our opinion some of the best of them. That, for example, on the Popular Songs of Tuscany, which is perhaps the most valuable Essay in the volume, we remember to have seen in *The Fortnightly Review*, on which occasion we were favourably impressed both by the critical treatment of a most interesting subject, and by the dexterity and grace with which some of the charming flowers of the naïve popular genius of Tuscany were transferred to our harsher tongue. In reading the reprint of this Essay our original impressions of it are confirmed and strengthened. The songs in it read as delightful little English poems, and have none of the stiffness of vulgar transplantation. Of course they are frail, simple things of no great

depth or scope; but they have the charming freshness of a populace at peace with itself; and that is the highest merit of a folk song. With its perfect simplicity, the following little poem might have been written by Blake:—

“The whole world tells me that I’m brown.
The brown earth gives us goodly corn;
The clove-pink too, however brown,
Yet proudly in the hand ’tis borne.
“They say my love is black, but he
Shines like an angel form to me:
They say my love is dark as night,
To me he seems a shape of light.”

Some of the songs have more intensity and aspiration, as this:—

“I planted a lily yestreen at my window;
I set it yestreen, and to-day it sprang up:
When I opened the latch and leaned out of my window,
It shadowed my face with its beautiful cup.
O lily, my lily, how tall you are grown!
Remember how dearly I loved you, my own.
O lily, my lily, you’ll grow to the sky!
Remember I love you for ever and aye.”

The essay in which these gems of popular song are put into English, is fraught with travel reminiscences; and similarly, the travel-sketches, which are the bulk of the book, are fraught with critical observation and historic reminiscence; so that there is a kind of propriety in putting the essays together under a general title; and the looser texture of the more strictly geographical sketches will, perhaps, be found more acceptable to the general reader than those portions of the book that are really the best. We must not omit that Mr. Symonds’ translations of eight sonnets of Petrarch, placed not very fittingly at the end of the volume, are extremely well done,—quite as good, only in a different way, as the Tuscan popular songs.

Forty Years of American Life. Second Edition. By T. L. Nichols, M.D. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1874.

SOME of our readers will doubtless remember that, in that terrible time of war between the Northern and Southern States of America, Dr. Nichols, the author of *Forty Years of American Life*, was among the more distinguished of the many Americans who sought refuge on the friendly shores of “the old country” from the turmoil in which the New World was embroiled. In 1864 the work alluded to was published in two large volumes; and it attracted a considerable share of that attention which was then being specially devoted to works treating of America. Those who cared to form a nearer acquaintance with the home, the feelings,

the opinions, and the institutions of their cousins across the water found in Dr. Nichols an intelligent guide to a great deal of what they sought. His volumes were at once received as full of instruction and entertainment; and the fact that he wrote sympathetically as a thorough American, added a value to his descriptions which no length of residence could confer on the work of a European. And yet, while writing of his country as a patriotic American should write, Dr. Nichols is no more to be accused of undue prejudice than of want of patriotism. He is thoroughly and keenly alive to the defects of the national character and institutions, and is certainly not more lenient in his judgments of them than other intelligent and loyal writers are in their judgments of their national institutions and characteristics. His book has a permanent value as the record of forty years of temperate and far-sighted observation; and in revising the two volumes, omitting passages of merely temporary interest, writing fresh chapters to render the record more complete, and embodying the whole in a single handy and readable volume, Dr. Nichols has produced a work which will doubtless take its place among the standard books on the United States.

Fairy Tales, Legends, and Romances. Illustrating Shakespeare and other Early English Writers. To which are prefixed Two Preliminary Dissertations;—1. On Pigmies; 2. On Fairies. By Joseph Ritson. London: Frank and William Kerslake, Booksellers'-row. 1875.

LOOKING at the vast array of books relating to Shakespeare, or bearing on his works directly or indirectly, it is no easy matter to earn even a trifling distinction in that field of literature; but we have no hesitation in saying that a considerable amount of distinction has been merited by and awarded to the two works on which the above-named volume is based. Ritson's *Fairy Tales*, published in 1831, and Halliwell's *Illustrations of the Fairy Mythology of a Midsummer Night's Dream*, published in 1845, are both books far beyond the average of Shakespeare literature; and both have become so scarce as to be to all intents and purposes unavailable for general use at the present time. The two works in question cover, to a certain extent, the same ground; but there are certain things in Ritson's book not to be found in Halliwell's, and *vice versa*; and in amalgamating the two, with additions and corrections, Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt has produced a highly creditable and valuable work, not only useful to Shakespeare students, but to every one interested in the wide subject of fairy folk-lore. And who, now-a-days, among men of culture, is not interested in that subject?

This volume is one of a series of reprints of a highly valuable character, in course of publication by Messrs. F. and W. Kerslake,

and of which we have previously had occasion to notice two, namely, Sir John Suckling's works, in two volumes, and Allan Cunningham's *Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry*: to this latter volume the present Fairy Mythology book is specially a companion; and it is a better and more important work than that—being strictly a book of fairy-lore that has become classical, while Allan Cunningham's book has a deal of his own invention in it,—a very pleasant element, truly, but not of the same consequence in our literature as those native traditions which have really been handed down from mouth to mouth, indefinitely, and date from very primitive times. We have here metrical romances of considerable magnitude, such as the romances of *Launfal*, of *King Orfeo*, and of *Thomas and the Fairy Queen*: there are dainty songs of all sorts and qualities bearing on the elf world; and there are prose pieces in profusion, both short tales and the more important romances, such as *Sir Gawen*, *Huon of Bordeaux*, and *The Life of Robin Goodfellow*. In the arrangement of all this material, and in its redaction, the editor's work has been carefully and judiciously performed; and the work is at the same time a very handy one and a beautiful specimen of refined typography.

Fretwork. A Book of Poems. By C. E. Bourne. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

IT is a strange simplicity on the part of a great crowd of gentlemen and ladies, who have tried to imitate Mr. Robert Browning in the manufacture of monologues, that they even go so far as to copy his prefatory note, and assure the hoped-for reader that the sentiments are not theirs, but so many imaginary utterances of imaginary speakers. The conclusion of Mr. Bourne's preface (or Mrs. Bourne's,—which is it?) is another variation of this theme; and the book of verses that follows the preface is another tribute to the genius of the master who has set the fashion of dramatic monologue. But more than a tribute we cannot say that it is. The writer can write grammatical English and smooth verse, such as does not pull you up short at every other turn; but there is not sufficient quality, as far as we can discern, to justify the book's existence. "Tom Morland," the first bit of "fretwork," is a dreary, long monologue in blank verse, by a man who, like his speech, was a failure. We have looked anxiously for something a little striking to pick out as a sample, but there is nothing; and, after all, the reader can always see a fair sample of such work as this in any stray volume of mediocre verse, or in the *Athenæum's* reviews of minor poets.

THE
LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW.

JULY, 1875.

- ART. I.—1. *Memoir of the Rev. William Shaw*. Edited by his oldest surviving Friend. London: Wesleyan Conference Office. 1874.
2. *The Story of My Mission in South-Eastern Africa*. By WILLIAM SHAW. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1866.
3. *The Past and Future of the Kaffir Races*. By the Rev. WILLIAM C. HOLDEN. London: Published for the Author. 1866.

A VARIETY of circumstances has of late years tended to invest South Africa with growing interest. No one could ever have marked its position on the surface of the globe, or been acquainted with the salubrity of its climate, without predicting for it, earlier or later, an important part in the programme of the world's progress. The diamond and gold discoveries of recent years are but supplying the impetus which it was anticipated that some such event must ere long furnish to the more rapid colonisation of so extensive and healthful a region, and the increased development of its industrial resources.

Mr. Froude's recent visit to the Cape may be regarded as representing the natural growth of desire on the part of Englishmen to know more of one of the most valuable dependencies of our colonial empire. His defective conclusions, though to be regretted, are an inevitable result of the superficial study which is all that the passing visitor, however intelligent, is likely to give to complicated social and political problems amid entirely untried surroundings. His utterances, however, have provoked response and correction, and will continue to do so; and, in the long run, though as a people we are slow to learn the truth, it may be confidently anticipated that the ignorant indifference of the past will be succeeded by such an enlightened acquaintanceship with facts and circumstances, as is

essential for the satisfactory fulfilment of the duties which lie before us as a governing race. The grave complications arising out of Langalibalele's case, involving as they do important constitutional questions, as well as the safety and welfare of multitudes of our fellow-subjects, both white and coloured, in South Africa, will ultimately yield to the earnest and well-intentioned efforts of our statesmen. Not at all too soon has the Government recognised the importance of instituting a searching and comprehensive investigation into the position of the Natal colonists, in particular, and their relations to the natives who surround them in such overwhelming numbers.

The tried experience of Sir Garnet Wolseley, and the unsurpassed reputation which he has acquired as a military administrator in connection with native races, amply vindicate the Government selection, and afford a hopeful guarantee that, by the blessing of Providence, satisfactory measures will be taken for the safety and prosperity of the country, even should the period not be ripe for the unification, which time must bring about, of South African empire. When that hour shall arrive, and one consolidated and harmonious rule shall be free to do its part in welding so many heterogeneous elements into a young and vigorous nationality, with the noblest aims and an ever-growing success, it will be seen that the Gospel here, as well as everywhere else, has been the mainspring of true social life. A deepened, instead of a diminishing, interest will then be displayed in the *origines sacrae*, which have had so much to do with sweetening and hallowing the streams of social progress. And we may safely venture to predict that, as our transatlantic cousins lovingly cherish the memory of their Pilgrim Fathers, so the tale of the settlement of 1820 will never be forgotten in South Africa, and a suitable place will be found in the national reverence for the apostolic name of William Shaw.

Within two years of the death of this great and good man, a fitting memorial has been reared by "his oldest surviving friend," who appends his well-known initials to the preface to Mr. Shaw's life. A singular combination alike of sympathy and contrast in character attracted to each other this modern David and Jonathan. Each the complement of the other, the sober and well-balanced sagacity of the one naturally blended with the penetrating originality of the other. No one could for a moment vie

with the survivor in adaptation for the labour of love to which he addressed himself; and the Christian public are all the richer for the lucid, admiring, and sympathetic portraiture with which they are thus supplied. It is in various parts characterised by the writer's quaint and racy style, and contains valuable information on South African affairs, alike from himself and his deceased friend, than whom two witnesses of greater ability and competence could nowhere be found. Mr. Shaw's instructive and comprehensive volume, the title of which stands at the head of this paper, is very largely quoted by his biographer, who wisely lets him tell his own "Story" as far as possible; and right well is that story told. Without any pretence to brilliancy, it is at the utmost remove from what is commonplace. Marked by a modest self-assertion, it has not a particle of egotism in it, and displays a truly generous appreciation of the excellences of others. In fact no Christian can read it without unflagging interest, largely augmented knowledge, growing love and respect for the wise and genial writer, and gratitude to the great Head of the Church, who, when He has required a labourer, has never failed to raise and send the right one forth.

William Shaw was born in Glasgow on December 8th, 1798, and was the son of devout parents connected with the Church of England. One great disappointment awaits the reader of his biography. A few lines on its first page contain all that throws light on his boyhood; and the second commences with his superintendent minister's letter, authorising him to preach, which he did for the first time when barely sixteen years old. His father was connected with the North York Militia, from which he retired in 1812, "leaving his young son William under the care of his elder brother. From the education and general ability of his younger son he had some reasonable expectation of being able to procure for him a commission in the regular army. This scheme was frustrated by his conversion and connection with the Methodist Society in November, 1812, at Harwich. Persecution, not favour, was now the order of the day." This is all that his Memoirs tell us of Mr. Shaw's early training, a circumstance possibly owing to his own reticence on personal subjects, and to the extreme scantiness of the written memoranda which he left behind him. Whatever the cause, the fact is much to be regretted, as the study would have been most profitable of that pro-

cess whereby a character so singularly harmonious and symmetrical was built up. Whilst sharing the just objections to which some portraiture of the departed are open, where every defect is concealed, and every virtue magnified, we contend that the Church needs an ever fresh supply of judicious biography. Each successive age has its peculiar difficulties, and nothing can be more instructive than to observe how a higher discipline enables men not merely to surmount them all, but to turn them into instruments of self-culture. The transparent simplicity and integrity of Mr. Shaw's character afforded the best guarantee for the reliability of his statements in all that concerned himself. With such conditions secured, the growth of such a life would have beautifully illustrated that marvellous process whereby the Holy Spirit out of the rough quarry of human nature shapes the unhewn block into conformity with the Supreme Pattern. The experiences of life are the tools employed in this highest triumph of Divine art; and, whilst we mark the rougher strokes of earlier days, and the more delicate gravings of later years, it is with augmented admiration that we anticipate the accomplishment of the great final purpose, suggested by the Apostle, where he thus defines it, "that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honour and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (1 Peter i. 7). These words at least suggest that even where, as is probable in this instance, the modesty of departed saints has succeeded in now partially veiling their inner life from human inspection, the final *discovery* will hereafter illustrate the Saviour's glory, and proportionately enhance the happiness of the heavenly state.

Suggestive light is given us, notwithstanding what has been said, as to some of the influences which Providence employed for preparing Mr. Shaw for his life-work. He was a soldier's son, and his early youth was spent among military associations, than which nothing could be better calculated, with suitable parental restraints, for the formation of those habits of punctuality, order, and business aptitude, and for that manly self-possession which marked Mr. Shaw's character. Born, too, in Scotland, of English parents, we find him preaching his first sermon at Newry, in Ireland. Like those other eminent African missionaries, Moffat and Livingstone—the former of whom, after an early

training in Presbyterianism, was inspired by Moravianism with missionary zeal, then for a brief period, whilst away from home, united with Methodism (having actually been a class-leader), was finally identified with Congregationalism—so William Shaw's early life placed him in circumstances peculiarly calculated to save him from sectarian narrowness, and to adapt him for effectively dealing with every class of society, from the highest to the lowest. Throughout his African experiences he was brought into constant contact with military men and civilians, and, eminently judicious as he was, his earlier associations so guided his sympathies and relations, that he was never at a loss how wisely and self-reliantly to demean himself, so that men ultimately learnt to attach very great weight to his opinions. The early surroundings to which we have adverted likewise engendered a chivalrous patriotism of tone, which was invaluable in a leader like Mr. Shaw in a young, unsettled colony. His life may even be said to have ultimately fallen a sacrifice to this sentiment, combined with his innate politeness and Christian kindness; for the final disease appears to have had its origin in a severe cold taken in sheltering with his umbrella a public officer, who was engaged in transshipping the mails on board the steamer to which Mr. Shaw had accompanied his missionary friends, Mr. and Mrs. Calvert, when starting for South Africa. No one that ever came into close contact with William Shaw could fail, in the erect dignity of his bearing, and the extreme urbanity of his manner, to mark much of that which lay at the root of his remarkable influence over men. Could we have had but a peep at his school-days, it would not have at all surprised us to hear of his receiving the prize sometimes awarded by common consent, in well-conducted schools, to the "best-liked boy."

His biographer, referring to his marriage when just nineteen years old, characteristically observes that this "would, in the case of most men, have been an imprudent step; but it must be borne in mind that the bridegroom, though young in years, was never, strictly speaking, *a young man*." And nothing is more remarkable than his early maturity of judgment. Leaving the army in his seventeenth year, when his regiment was disbanded, he joined his parents at Wisbeach, "was immediately placed on the Local Preacher's Plan," and at Long Sutton, a few months later, commenced a school, which "succeeded

beyond all expectations, financially and otherwise. In this village Mr. Shaw became the prop and stay of the small Methodist Society," during a period of nearly four years; and the means which his success as a teacher placed at his disposal fully justified him in his exceptionally early marriage to one, of whom it may be safely said that she was every way worthy of him. The name of Ann Shaw is perpetuated, not only in one of the most flourishing Kaffrarian Stations, but in the grateful memories of very many in other parts of South-Eastern Africa, who admired the singleness of purpose, amounting in some respects to heroism, the rare judgment, and the deep piety with which she supported and supplemented her husband's devoted labours. She did "him good and not evil all the days of her life," which is not the only expression in the wise man's picture appropriate to the course of this admirable woman. It is no derogation to Mr. Shaw's varied excellences to say that his happy and congenial domestic relations greatly enhanced his public usefulness. We rejoice to be informed that a memoir of this excellent lady is preparing for the press; such a life ought to have permanent record. His marriage occasioned some delay in Mr. Shaw's entrance on the ministry, for which he had been accepted as a candidate in 1817, his mind being "powerfully impressed with a desire to engage in the missionary work;" but Providence, ere long, in a remarkable manner, opened his way to "the position in which he was, above all men, most qualified to serve his generation by the will of God."

Extensive distress affected large portions of the population of Great Britain, whom the termination of the European war in 1815 had thrown out of employment; and widespread political disaffection, augmented by Ministerial indiscretions, alarmed the country. We cannot do better than quote from the biography:—

"It was," we are told, "during the height of this social hurricane that, on the 12th of July, 1819, being the last day of the session, Mr. Vansittart, Chancellor of the Exchequer, made that far-famed speech which was the leading cause of the embarkation for the Cape of Good Hope of more than 4,000 settlers of various descriptions. Lord Sidmouth, in the House of Lords, harangued to the same purpose, and fanned the deluding flame, which had been lighted up in the Commons. Mr. Vansittart is reported to have said, 'The Cape is suited to most of the productions both

of temperate and warm climates, to the olive, the mulberry, and the vine, as well as to most sorts of culmiferous and leguminous plants; and the persons emigrating to this settlement would soon find themselves comfortable.' The considerate and grave character of two ministers, so at war heretofore with everything like fancy or fable, caused their statements to be received with full credit and confidence, and they were regarded as a warrant of success. It is strange to relate such to have been the infatuation, that those who disagreed on all other subjects agreed on this alone. On the representation of the Ministers the faithful Commons at once and unreluctantly voted £50,000 to carry the emigration into effect. The promulgation of the governmental scheme was received with avidity by the public, and the applications for permission to avail themselves of the facilities offered were numerous beyond expectation. The number to be accepted was restricted to 4,000 souls, and the disappointment to the unsuccessful candidates, amounting to above 90,000, was bitter beyond conception. The utmost care was employed in the selection of the emigrants. The regulations issued from Downing-street required certificates as to character from ministers of parishes, or some persons in whom the Government could repose confidence; offered passages to those persons who, possessing the means, would engage to carry out at least ten able-bodied individuals above eighteen years of age, with or without families; that a deposit should be made of £10 for every family of one man, one woman, and two children; others beyond this number to pay £5 each, &c.; so that, notwithstanding an ungenerous sneer of the 'Civil Servant,' 'that it was the wish of the Ministry to get rid of the dangerously disaffected,' Government had reserved to itself the right, and exerted it successfully, to prevent the emigration of such useless and ill-assorted characters for its new settlement.

"In the Government proposal, provision was made for the supply of the religious wants of the settler. Parties of not less than 100 families, uniting to form a settlement, were entitled to take a minister, of whatever denomination they might prefer. To this minister the Government guaranteed a salary of £100 per annum. A number of Wesleyan families, chiefly connected with Queen-street Circuit, London, and others, not Wesleyans, united for this purpose, and wisely resolved to take out a Wesleyan minister with them. They advertised for a minister, and of course found out that no respectable, accredited preacher would be willing to go out, unless duly sent, and in connection with the authorities of the Wesleyan body at home. Mr. Shaw justly viewing this as a providential opening to a field of labour, missionary in its character, corresponded with Mr. Wynne, the then manager of the affairs of the Queen-street party, and expressed his willingness 'to accompany them, provided they would consent

to receive him in the capacity of a Wesleyan missionary, appointed by, and in connection with, the Missionary Committee and the Methodist Conference in England.' The Missionary Committee received the proposal at first with some disfavour. Why, it is difficult to say. Missions to English colonies had been the rule since the first missionaries were sent out in 1769 to New York, followed in due time by missionaries to what is now called Eastern British America. To these missions, and to the West Indian colonies, Dr. Coke's labours had been mainly confined. After due consideration, however, the Committee adopted the mission, and accepted Mr. Shaw as their missionary, influenced in a great measure by the advice of the Rev. George Morley, Superintendent of the Queen-street Circuit, who was interested in many of the emigrants, and especially solicitous for their spiritual welfare."—*Memoir*, &c. pp. 8—11.

Such were the circumstances under which Mr. Shaw commenced his remarkable career. Let us take a retrospective survey of the history of the country into which this important element of English life and energy was about to be introduced. The "Cape of Storms" was discovered in 1486 by Bartholomew Diaz, the celebrated Portuguese navigator, and two years later received from John II. of Portugal its present title, the "Cape of Good Hope," a name of cheering prophetic import, in view of its lofty mission in the Southern Hemisphere, as the home of an enlightened Christian civilisation, destined to extend its influence northward through Africa. The year 1500 is interesting from the fact that the Portuguese then began to form settlements on the west coast of Angola, and that the Kaffir nation came into notice as reaching as far as the great Kei river, which is the present eastern boundary of the Cape Colony, and separates British from Independent Kaffraria. Twenty-five years later, the Portuguese seem to have attempted the formation of a settlement on Robben Island, a low spit of land at the mouth of Table Bay, now used for lepers and lunatics, among whom Langalibalele has recently been suffering imprisonment. The first account chronicled of an English visit to Table Bay was in 1591, when Captain James Lancaster, afterwards the famous Arctic navigator, anchored there. The first Dutch fleet did likewise four years later under Jan de Molenaar. These two nations long competed for superiority, and their rivalry was singularly illustrated at this southern extremity of the world. In 1619 we find the Dutch "Chamber of

Seventeen declaring the advisableness of founding a port at the Cape of Good Hope, for the assurance of the refreshment necessary to the navigation of India, and the preservation of the seafaring people, which is of much importance." As the result, possibly, of this announcement, Captains Shillinge and Fitzherbert in the following year, 1620, took formal possession of the Cape of Good Hope, in the name of His Majesty James I. Nothing further was, however, done, though Table Bay now began to be "a place of resort for ships of all nations, who were in the habit of leaving letters under certain stones, which are still sometimes found in Table Bay." But in 1652 the Dutch, under Van Riebeeck, proceeded to make a settlement, and the port was commenced, which formed the nucleus of the present Castle of Cape Town. For the foregoing information we are indebted to the appendix of Mr. Henry Hall's valuable *Manual of South African Geography*. The same summary supplies us with some extraordinary and amusing incidents; such, for example, as that, in October of the last-mentioned year, poor "Herman Van Vogelaar, volunteer, was sentenced to one hundred blows from the butt of his musket, for wishing the purser at the devil for serving out penguins instead of beef or pork." A despatch of three years later from the Governor-General and Council of the Indies, pronounces "the proposal of Mr. Van Goens to cut off the Cape from the Continent indeed a good thing, *if it could easily be effected!*" At this period Bushmen were first encountered, warlike Hottentots threatened the infant settlement, and lions, rhinoceroses, and elephants abounded all around. In 1666, "Anthony Jans and Anthony Arents, for stealing a cabbage, an offence tending to the ruin of this growing colony, were sentenced to be flogged, to work in irons on Robben Island for three years, and to forfeit four months' wages!" Thirty-four years later the Dutch purchased the Bay of Natal and the surrounding country from the natives; and in 1721 an expedition left Cape Town to establish a port at Natal, but could not find the place, and returned to Algoa Bay!

The Dutch supremacy terminated in 1795, when Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig, the latter of whom was the first English Governor, took possession of the colony; but it was returned to its former possessors eight years subsequently, in compliance with an article of the treaty of Amiens. It was finally captured by Sir David Baird in

1806, and formally ceded to England in 1815, since which times it has not passed out of our hands.

It will ever redound to the honour of the Dutch at the Cape, that they gave generous asylum to a portion of the French Huguenots, who made an exodus to that distant region between 1685 and 1690, and had lands assigned them in the neighbourhood of Paarl and Stellenbosch. Religious sympathy was singularly combined with national jealousy, as evidenced in the stringent refusal of the Dutch authorities to permit the children of the refugees to receive instruction in the French language. They were welcome as Dutchmen of the same faith, but not as Frenchmen. Fransche Hoek (French Corner) still exists, a small vine-clad, oak-embowered village, in the midst of the most romantic mountain scenery, not far from the two towns of the Cape already specified. Here the ruins are pointed out of the first rude buildings, erected by men who were willing to sacrifice nationality to conscience, and whose industry gradually turned the wilderness into a beautiful garden, that once seen can never be forgotten. The descendants of the Huguenots are still more or less traceable in people of small stature, gentle bearing, and dark hair and complexion, bearing such names as Du Plessis, Le Roux, Malherbe, Russouw (so now spelt), and De Villiers, the last of which is scarcely recognisable in the barbarous Dutch corruption, Viljee. It is credibly stated, that a plain Cape farmer, wearing one of these surnames, received a cordial invitation from the late Napoleon, when Emperor and in search of an aristocracy, to return to *La Belle France*, and reassume the ducal dignities of which he was lawful heir. The course of events has perhaps proved that he was wise in declining to exchange his broad acres, and the freedom and safety of South Africa, for the brilliant but precarious prize. One of the most primitive communities existing is to be found at the foot of Bain's Kloof, a magnificent mountain-pass near the town of Wellington, about a dozen miles farther from Cape Town than the Paarl. Here in a sequestered spot a Huguenot party settled under the guidance of a leader named Charron, after whom the romantic glen was called *La Vallée du Charron*. It so happens that this surname is the Dutch word for wagon-maker. The modern visitor would scarcely recognise the rhythmical old title in the outlandish translation, "*Wagen-maker's Vlei*," which Dutch ignorance and jealousy probably

combined to form into a substitute. In this quiet retreat is the little chapel which has succeeded the original structure used by the early Huguenot forefathers of the community, and where an excellent French missionary ministers *in the Dutch language* to French descendants, unacquainted with their ancestral language. A simple unworldly people, they a few years ago retained many earlier customs, one of the community (a Dutchman, by-the-by, in that instance) inheriting the semi-patriarchal dignity of general umpire, to which the common consent designated him. No one who has shared the warm-hearted hospitality of that mountain-home could fail to mark the natural politeness which a rough exterior could not disguise, or the priceless heritage of traditional piety which nearly 200 years have not bedimmed. Contented with little of this world's wealth or influence, they were rich in God's favour, and He has rewarded the piety of those who set their fellows such an example of devotion to His service. Earnest leaders in the Dutch Reformed Church have recently opened what they call Huguenot seminaries, at the head of which are devoted ladies from the excellent American institution of Mount Holyoke, founded by that admirable woman Mary Lyons. Our readers will be glad to know that many of these interesting pupils have through their instrumentality been converted.

We have but touched upon a subject which would prove a mine of interest in competent hands, in the history of the Cape Huguenots, who have supplied the country with the majority of its indigenous Gospel ministers. Their hospitable reception by the Dutch would tend to intensify the Protestant conservatism of the latter, who have ever displayed the strongest antipathy to Romish error. As early as 1660 the annals of the colony refer to the wreck in Table Bay of the French ship, *Le Maréchal*, when the crew and passengers, including a governor and a bishop, were disarmed, and put under restraint until the ship was got afloat again; and a proclamation was made on the wreck, with the Romish bishop on board, declaring, "that no Divine worship except that of the Reformed Church is permitted." Those who have perused the thrilling story of the eighty years' struggle of the Netherlands with Spain for religious liberty, can scarcely wonder at a feeling so intense, or that the Church of Rome has almost utterly failed in making proselytes among the Dutch population of the Cape Colony. Motley

has pointed out in his philosophic pages how the physical peculiarities of Holland have tended to stamp on the national character a sort of moral *vis inertiae*. The centuries of patient, persevering watchfulness against the encroachments of the ocean alike anticipated and prefigured the mighty struggle with error and despotism in which William of Orange was the central figure. But the same cause would lead us to expect in the Dutch character more of what is conservative and defensive than of that which is boldly aggressive. The restrictions of the Calvinistic creed, which was the natural extreme of reaction from Papal superstitions, fitted in with the Hollander's idiosyncrasies, and intensified his inherited immobility of nature. Hence we are not surprised at the fatalistic views which the Cape Dutch from the beginning held as to the heaven-appointed inferiority of the coloured races, or at the entire absence of missionary enterprise for the benefit of those whom they believed to inherit the curse of Ham. There is reason to rejoice that Dutchmen themselves can now scarcely realise the fact that when, three years after founding the first mission on the site where the Genadendal institution now stands, the Moravian Schmidt had proceeded to baptize five Hottentots, he was, by a resolution of the Government, prohibited from baptizing Hottentots for the future. The following year he was actually compelled to leave the Cape; and a parish clerk, accused of heresy, and of being associated with "the great Hottentot converter," Schmidt, was ordered to Batavia. Remembering the wretched time-serving policy of the old East India Company, which refused to allow Carey and his brethren to commence mission work in Calcutta, Englishmen have no reason to cast the stone of reproach. Let us rather rejoice in the progress of public opinion, and the advent of more enlightened times. The Dutch Reformed Church of the Cape Colony now has both its home missions among the coloured classes and its foreign missions in the interior of the Transvaal Republic, though these are far from extensive. No one can withhold his sympathies from the admirably conducted Dutch Theological Seminary of Stellenbosch, which is doing a great work in gradually awakening the Church which it represents to its duty towards the African races. It is no marvel that, holding the views which they did, the Dutch farmers, of whom it may be truthfully said that, on the whole, they treated their slaves with kindness,

should have deeply resented the emancipation of the latter in 1834, an act which to many of them—strange though it may seem—wore the aspect of an irreverent interference with the Divine enactment, “Cursed be Canaan; a servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren.” The dissatisfaction was greatly increased by the reckless manner in which compensation was doled out to its claimants, their dues being payable in England, an arrangement involving the intervention of agents, through whose speculations and robbery they ultimately realised only a fraction of the originally small amounts awarded to them. The dormant resources of the Hollander’s resistant nature were called forth, and, rather than submit to the hated English rule, which, truth to say, was at that time marked by much of suicidal folly in its relation to the native races, large bodies of Dutchmen crossed intervening mountain ranges, and came into collision with Udingaan, the ferocious son of the terrible Utshaka. Fearful massacres amongst the unsuspecting strangers at first resulted from the savage treachery to which they were exposed, when peacefully inclined: but, thoroughly aroused, they rallied to the conflict, defeated the despot, burnt his great kraal, and ultimately dethroned him, founding the colony of Natal in 1840. This was taken two years later by the English, and pronounced a British colony in 1845. The Boers then retreated across the Orange River, where the Queen’s supremacy was again proclaimed in 1848; and this led once more to their crossing the Vaal River, and founding, under Pretorius, the extensive Transvaal Republic, continuous at its northern extremity with the Amandebele territory, into which they had succeeded in driving the celebrated Umzilikazi. In 1854 the great political mistake—as it is now pretty generally admitted to have been—was made of acknowledging the independence of the two Dutch States north of the Orange River, an arrangement the permanence of which is inconceivable, but which it is trusted will be set aside by no other force than that of common interests and sympathies between Dutch and English. Indeed, both in the Orange Free State and in the Transvaal Republic, the English element is rapidly extending itself, and even penetrating to the regions beyond.

The very characteristics to which we have adverted make the Dutch splendid colonists. Their patient tenacity of

purpose is invaluable in the conquering of initial difficulties ; and this feature has been admirably displayed, alike in Natal and the two Northern States, and also in the old colony where the Dutch Reformed Church numbers more adherents than all other Christian bodies put together. But alike in political and commercial enterprise, the palm must be awarded to the Anglo-Saxon, and hence the marvellous impetus which British rule and British immigration have given to South Africa. As Mr. Shaw's biographer says elsewhere, " The British settlers have drawn out the slumbering energies of their Dutch fellow-colonists ; and now both English and Dutch rival each other in all the undertakings which tend to increase the prosperity of their country." Dutch backbone and English sinew are in fact being brought into mutually helpful relations, and the prospects are highly encouraging of a vigorous Anglo-Dutch power which, with blended traditions of the most glorious description, shall fill extensive regions of the southern world with its hives of healthful industry, carry with it the blessings of civil liberty, constitutional government, and religious freedom, and, like Australia in the Pacific, imitate, if not emulate, the triumphs of Christian principle and influence wrought out in the home lands.

We make no apology for a digression which brings out into strong relief the importance of the enterprise, of which, without prejudice to any other party, Mr. Shaw was in 1820 the most prominent representative and leader. His biographer justly observes :—

" To young people, or to those in the prime of life, blessed with vigorous bodies and sanguine dispositions, and unencumbered by family cares, I can imagine nothing more delightful than to engage in the noble enterprise of founding a new colony, especially in such climates as South Africa, Australia, and New Zealand. The undertaking makes and educates the men and women engaged in it. The first settlers in Albany (the Eastern Province) were, to begin with, a fair specimen of the average worth of the middle and lower classes of English society. Those of them who lived to see the completion of their great undertaking felt themselves, and were acknowledged by others, to be a class altogether different from men whose faculties had not been tried and drawn out by similar experiences. A more thoroughly practical, sensible, manly, and in all respects respectable population than that which formed the nucleus of the British Colony in South-Eastern Africa, I never heard or read of, though no doubt the Puritan settlers in

New England, more than two hundred years ago, and the population of New Plymouth (Taranaki), New Zealand, in 1853, may have been somewhat equal to them."—Pp. 32, 33.

The young minister's own narrative is most vivid and interesting, and we are tempted by the reference to the Puritan settlement of the Western World to transcribe some extracts from his story:—

"We anchored," he writes, "in Algoa Bay on Monday the 15th May (1820), being exactly three months from the day on which we left Gravesend. It was night when we reached the anchorage, and our first engagement, after the noise and confusion consequent on casting the anchor, and making the ship snug and trim, was to assemble between the decks, and hold a meeting to offer solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for all the mercies of our passage out, and to implore His blessing on our entrance into the country now before us. Next morning, as soon as the day dawned, most of the people came on deck to view the land of their future residence. As the sun rose over the wide expanse of ocean towards the east, and gilded with his light the hills and shores of the bay towards the west and north, a gloom gradually spread itself over the countenances of the people. As far as the eye could sweep, from the south-west to the north-east, the margin of the sea appeared to be one continued range of low white sand-hills: wherever any breach in these hills afforded a peep into the country immediately behind this fringe of sand, the ground seemed sterile and the bushes stunted. Immediately above the landing place, the land rose abruptly into hills of considerable elevation, which had a craggy and stony appearance, and were relieved by very little verdure. Two or three whitewashed and thatched cottages, and Fort Frederick, a small fortification crowning the height, and by its few cannon commanding the anchorage, were all that arrested the eye in the first view of Algoa Bay; with the exception of the tents of the British settlers, many of whom had already disembarked, and formed a camp half a mile to the right of the landing place. The scene was at once dull and disappointing. It produced a very discouraging effect on the minds of the people, not a few of whom began to contrast this waste wilderness with the beautiful shores of Old England, and to express fears that they had foolishly allowed themselves to be lured away by false representations to a country which seemed to offer no promise of reward to its cultivators. However, the needful preparations for landing, and the anxiety to be relieved from the discomforts and monotony of their long confinement on board ship, changed the current of their thoughts, and thereby afforded some relief to their gloomy forebodings."—*Story, &c.*, pp. 29—31.

Then, in the following month, after describing the journey from Algoa Bay to Salem, Mr. Shaw adds :—

“We were first taken to Reed Fontein, near the western banks of the Kowie River, where it was understood the party was to be located ; but after a short time it was ascertained that we had been placed on lands designed for another body of settlers ! This was felt to be very vexatious, but there was no remedy ; and wagons were sent to remove us to another location, some twenty-five miles distant, and which we had already passed on our journey up the country. We arrived at our final destination on the 18th of July, 1820. Here we were immediately joined by the bulk of our party from Algoa Bay. It is not easy to describe our feelings at the moment when we arrived. Our Dutch wagon-driver intimating that we had at length reached our proper location, we took our boxes out of the wagon and placed them on the ground ; he bade us *goeden dag*, or farewell, cracked his long whip, and drove away, leaving us to our reflections. My wife sat down on one box, and I on another. The beautiful blue sky was above us, and the green grass beneath our feet. We looked at each other for a few moments, indulged in some reflections, and perhaps exchanged a few sentences ; but it was no time for sentiment, and hence we were soon engaged in pitching our tent, and, when that was accomplished, we removed into it our trunks, bedding, &c. All the other settlers who had arrived with us were similarly occupied, and, in a comparatively short time, the somewhat extensive valley of that part of the Assagaay Bosch River, which was to be the site of our future village, presented a lively and picturesque appearance.”—Pp. 37, 38.

Three years and a half later the settlers were reduced to great distress by terrific damage inflicted by a great storm, which destroyed their crops and many of their dwellings. We make one more extract, in connection with this catastrophe, as it lucidly describes alike the initial difficulties encountered by the colonists, and the success attending the experiment of the Government, which both at home and at the Cape deserved great credit for the fostering care which they lent to the enterprise.

“This,” says Mr. Shaw, “was the crisis of the settlement. Many who remained on the lands were in great difficulties. The clothes which they had brought with them from England were now worn and threadbare ; there were but very limited means of purchasing, at the enormous prices then charged, the needful materials for replenishing their wardrobes ; and not a few were glad to attire themselves in the costume that had prevailed among the Dutch farmers and others in South Africa before the arrival

of the settlers. At this period I was myself obliged to ride about the settlement, dressed in a sheepskin jacket and trousers, with a broad-brimmed hat made from the leaves of the palmiet, which grew in some of the streams. My dress was in fact similar to that worn by a large number of persons; and it was well adapted for 'roughing it' on the road and in the jungle; but not exactly such a dress as an Englishman prefers when circumstances pecuniary and otherwise will allow of an alternative. Even the females had to exhibit their characteristic ingenuity in devising dresses from the coarse kinds of cotton stuffs which at that time were brought to the Cape from India, and sold at high prices. In some instances the well-dressed sheepskin was formed into a skirt or frock; and hats and bonnets, made also from the same material as those worn by the men, were in very general use. It is a pity that all this occurred before the days of photography, or many highly respectable families in Albany and other portions of the Cape Colony might now possess some portraits of their fathers and mothers, the 'founders' of the Albany Settlement, exhibiting very grotesque costumes of a highly historic character.

"It was complained at the time, and it has occasionally since been rather sneeringly said of the first English settlers in Albany, that they were generally unfit to form the population of a new country. It was affirmed that they were a race of Cockneys; and that persons with such unpromising antecedents as weavers, pen-makers, pin-cutters, &c., were found in considerable numbers among them. I need hardly say that this was a gross exaggeration, founded upon a few exceptional cases. That in such a large body of people there were some who had probably mistaken their providential call when they resolved to emigrate to South Africa, is not unlikely; but, after a long and intimate acquaintance with the settlers, I have been led to regard them, on the whole, as a very suitable class of persons for founding a new colony. About one half had emigrated from London, and other large towns and cities in Britain, and the remainder came from various agricultural villages and districts. Observation and experience have led me to the conclusion that these proportions in the classes of emigrants to an entirely new country, are better than a body of people selected *wholly* from agricultural districts. Those from the towns and cities comprised a large number of artificers and mechanics, possessing skill of a kind most valuable in a new community; while others from the towns had a perfect knowledge of the principles of trade and commerce, and a general intelligence far exceeding the average of that displayed by the class of agricultural labourers in England. There was also a fair proportion of half-pay officers, and other educated persons of gentlemanly tastes and feelings, who, from various causes, had been led to emigrate from Great Britain at this period. Hence the settlers

of Albany really had amongst them men adapted to every want of society as it exists in a newly-forming community.

"The advantage of this diversity in the capacities and qualifications of the settlers became very evident when the people were reduced to their lowest state. Nearly the whole body of mechanics soon found very profitable employment in the town; and when that seemed to be overstocked, many of them removed to Algoa Bay, Uitenhage, Somerset, Graaff Reinett, and other towns or villages in the eastern districts of the colony. Those who did not possess mechanical skill, but who, having come from the cities and towns of England, understood trade, obtained small supplies of goods, and travelled, at first as hawkers, among the Dutch farmers, selling goods at rates that were held to be mutually advantageous. Notwithstanding very stringent laws to prevent all traffic with the native tribes, a smuggling trade was also commenced by some of the settlers. It is among my earliest pleasant reminiscences that I availed myself of an opportunity to write a long communication to the Government to show how much better it would be to legalise this trade, and to appoint fairs at which the settlers and Kaffirs might meet for the purpose of barter. In 1823 the first attempt of this kind was made by authority of the Government; and it afterwards grew into a system which continued for some years, till at length the trade was released from all restrictions, and greatly extended. Into these openings for trade, both among the Dutch farmers and the native tribes, many of the settlers entered with much skill and energy; and thus not a few individuals, who hardly seemed likely to succeed as cultivators of the ground, commenced trafficking with the investment of only a few pounds sterling, or, in some cases, with goods obtained entirely on credit, in reliance on their known good character. And this was the foundation of a long course of successful trade, which has in almost every case supplied them with ample means of support for their families in comfort and respectability, and, in some instances, led to the realisation of very handsome fortunes. As a further evidence that a full proportion of well-educated and intelligent persons were included in the number of the emigrants of 1820, I may mention that, in the course of years, the Colonial Government was glad to avail itself of the services of some of them, who have been engaged in the civil service of the colony as Civil Commissioners, Magistrates, Justices of the Peace, or in other prominent and responsible offices; while, as will soon appear, others, became teachers in academies and ministers of religion.

"Thus many of the very individuals whom some would have thought unsuitable to people a new country proved most valuable members of the community, and, by their skill and general intelligence, have developed the resources of the colony; while, by

drawing off from their locations, they left more scope for the class of agriculturists, for whom by their mercantile energy they provided markets which have gradually stimulated and rewarded their industry in the cultivation of the soil and the care of cattle and sheep."—*Idem*, pp. 56—60.

One cannot but reverently acknowledge the striking Providence which first assigned to Barnabas Shaw the Western, and afterwards to William Shaw (who was not a relative, though of the same name) the Eastern Province of South Africa, as a field of labour. Either of the two would have been a comparative failure in the other's district. The younger man could have effected little in a territory where Dutch conservatism has only of late years yielded to external impulses. What was there wanted was single and chivalrous deeds of Christian enterprise, the contemplation of which, as they were repeated from year to year, should elicit the latent but genuine powers of a sluggish race, capable of great things when once fairly aroused. Such has been the history of mission work in the Western District of the Cape Colony, in which, amid peculiar difficulties arising from the degrading influences which slavery leaves behind, from the weakness which characterises the mixed coloured people, and from the want of interest in their religious welfare on the part of most of their employers, Christianity has but slowly advanced. The Rhenish and London Societies and the Moravians have done great things in the way of personal effort, and perhaps still more toward the formation of a healthy missionary sentiment; and Wesleyan labour, if on a less extensive scale, has contributed a valuable and appreciated quota in the same direction, with something of the heroic element in its Namaqua Missions, one of which still flourishes at Khamiesberg, the best monument to the memory of Barnabas Shaw. In the Eastern Province a mind of a different stamp was needed, one endowed with the rare powers of organisation which were bestowed on William Shaw. Here a young country had to be supplied with Christian ordinances, scattered over a widely extended and thinly peopled region, whilst on its borders lay one of the noblest savage races that the world has produced, with a rude but distinctive nationality, which offered a splendid stock on which to graft a Christian civilisation. Mr. Shaw has always appeared to us to have handled the difficult problem which lay before him with a

wisdom and courage which were simply marvellous, and the secret of which can be found only in special Divine grace operating through remarkable natural and acquired endowments. He never yielded to the temptation—though enforced by the opinions and practice of such eminent missionaries as Barnabas Shaw and the lamented Threlfall, who was his junior colleague for a time—to leave the European settlers unprovided for, in order to enter on the more romantic enterprise of work amongst the heathen beyond the border. Yet he proved his missionary zeal and won his title as the Apostle of the Kaffirs, by entering on his work among that savage people little more than three years after his arrival in the colony, as soon as he could be relieved by brother labourers sent from home. The wisdom of the brief delay has been amply vindicated by the happy results; but Mr. Shaw's statement of his views is so valuable, that we will let him be his own spokesman. He writes:—

“I am fully satisfied by our past experience, that, wherever there is a British colony in juxtaposition with heathen tribes or natives, it will be our wisdom to provide for the spiritual wants of the colonists, while at the same time we ought not to neglect taking earnest measures for the conversion of the heathen.

“This view of the matter is in strict accordance with the original intentions of the founders of the Wesleyan Missionary Society, as may be seen by the second article of its ‘Laws and Regulations,’ which declares its object to be to systematise and give full effect to the exertions of all ‘who are friends to the conversion of the heathen world, *and to the preaching of the Gospel generally in foreign lands.*’ In point of fact, at the time when the Society was founded, the Methodist Missions had been in operation for many years, and already included several important stations among British colonists; while the formation of the Society, as declared in the same article, was for the purpose of promoting ‘the support and enlargement of the foreign missions, which were first established by the REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A., the REV. THOMAS COKE, LL.D., and others, and which are now, or shall be from year to year, carried on under the sanction and direction of the Conference of the people called Methodists.’ In this respect the Wesleyan Missionary Society differs from most of the other modern missionary societies, whose efforts are limited to the extension of Christianity among the heathen. I think it a subject of gratulation and thankfulness that, by providential circumstances, the Methodist Missions have been left entirely unfettered in the range of their operations; and the missionaries

rejoice that they have a message from God to all men. Whether to white or black, to bond or free, to European or Asiatic, American or African, they are alike at liberty to proclaim to all within their reach 'a free, full, and present salvation.' By a judicious administration of its affairs, the Society, however, expends only a limited portion of its funds for the support of missions amongst European colonists; and the grants in aid of missions among them are merely continued so long as may be needed to afford opportunity for the colonial congregations to provide for the sustentation of their own ministers and religious establishments.

"It is a great charity to take the Gospel to our emigrant population in the colonies in their early struggles. How many professed Christians and their children are thereby saved from degenerating into heathenism! And surely this is no less an appropriate work for a missionary society than its unquestionable duty to strive to convert the heathen to Christianity. What glorious results may be expected from these efforts, as the colonies grow and expand into numerous peoples and nations! These colonial missions have already been greatly owned of God; and the Society is even now reaping immense benefits, and enjoying extended facilities for the prosecution of its noble enterprises, from its having adopted the plan of sustaining missions among the colonists. From this portion of our missionary operations more than one analogy may be found in the New Testament. Our Saviour commanded His Apostles to go *first* to the lost sheep of the house of Israel; and, while they afterwards joyfully acted on their extended commission to preach the Gospel to the Gentiles, yet we learn from the sacred record of their labours, that in every city their ordinary custom was first to address themselves to the resident Jews or Jewish proselytes. In like manner our colonial missions aim *first* at promoting the spiritual welfare of the colonists, already possessing some knowledge of revealed religion, and with the hope that, by awakening an earnest piety among them, they will, as a natural consequence, in due season furnish both men and means to aid in the vigorous prosecution of the work of evangelising the heathen around them."—*Story of My Mission*, pp. 123—126.

We have no hesitation in saying that the moral effect of Mr. Shaw's personal advance into Kaffirland was simply incalculable. He had been sent out as the minister of the settlers, and had shared their initial hardships; so that no one could have taken exception to his declining at so early a period to enter upon fresh ones and upon greater perils amongst a nation of bloodthirsty barbarians, whose whole trade was war, and who were steeped in savage vice

and filth. But the step which he took called out all the moral heroism of which his coadjutors were capable. With such an example as their leader had given them in these six consecutive years of hard work among the heathen, who could sigh for the amenities of colonial life? An *esprit de corps* was thus created, with an affectionate loyalty to their chief, which produced the happiest results, so that the ablest men were emulous of pushing to the front, and such names as Shrewsbury, Boyce, Cameron, Dugmore, Shepstone, Davis, Pearse and others have indefinitely enriched the annals of missionary literature, whilst those who have worn them have quickened the pulse of Christian interest at home, and been the instruments of saving multitudes who must otherwise have perished. One by one they fall in the ranks, and "rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

The commencement of Mr. Shaw's direct missionary work among the heathen beautifully illustrates his own spirit and that of his wife and companion. He says:—

"It will not surprise the reader that a happy connection with the settlers of Salem, which had lasted for nearly four years—reckoning from my first introduction to them as their pastor in London, before we migrated to Southern Africa—could not be severed without mutual pain and regret. But I was satisfied as to the path of duty; and the people who were thus to be deprived for a season of the residence of a minister in the midst of them, believing that it was better they should submit to this temporary disadvantage, rather than the opportunity for establishing a mission should be lost, kindly acquiesced in the arrangement and sent us away with many tears, offering, at the same time, many prayers for our safety and success. Thus the little Society at Salem became a mother Church not only to the other Methodist Churches within the colony, but likewise attained the honour of standing in that relation to many native Churches which have since been formed 'in the regions beyond.' . . . At length all things seemed to be ready; the wagons were already partially loaded, and our departure was near at hand, when suddenly there was an alarming rumour of a Kafir inroad. Parties of the natives had, within a few days, carried off many cattle from some frontier farms, and murdered two or more herdsmen; going off with the cattle with such rapidity to their fastnesses in the mountains, that the small body of troops in the neighbourhood had no chance of overtaking them, or recovering the plundered property. This report naturally produced much excitement in the country; and some of our kind-hearted friends, who had often expostulated

with me on the folly of going to live among these native tribes, now resolved to offer a final remonstrance on the subject. They represented to me that the mission was, as yet, too hazardous; that time and the course of events, bringing the Kaffirs more into intercourse with the English, would be likely to smooth, if not entirely remove, many existing difficulties; that it was doubtful whether I ought to leave the various congregations which had been gathered in Albany to the care of one missionary, even for a few months, supposing that the Missionary Committee should send another missionary within a year, which they regarded as doubtful; and, above all, it was urged that recent events showed the untamed and ferocious character of the Kaffirs, and that nothing could be expected to result from this rash procedure, but that myself, and wife, and children, with all who accompanied us, would be robbed and murdered, since even the Government regarded the Dhlambi and Congo, or Coast tribes, as the most audacious of the whole Kaffir nation, they having actually stormed and nearly captured Graham's Town only five years before that time!

"I cannot say that these suggestions and remonstrances produced no effect on me. I felt my mind burdened and oppressed with a load of care and anxiety. But happy is the missionary who has a good and faithful wife, that sympathises in his objects and aims, and who, in addition to an affectionate heart that affords solace in sorrow, likewise possesses a sound judgment, qualifying her to offer counsel in time of difficulty. Many missionaries have been so favoured, and can understand my feelings, while I acknowledge how much benefit I derived from the self-sacrificing spirit and noble bearing of my wife at this trying crisis. When I repeated to her what our friends had urged upon me, and asked what she thought we ought to do, entering into the whole case with calmness and clearness, she gave utterance to several pertinent remarks, saying in substance, and nearly in the following words: 'You have long sought and prayed for this opening; Divine Providence has now evidently set the door open before us; expenses have been incurred in the purchase of outfit; you stand pledged to the chiefs; and the character and conduct of the Kaffirs only show how much they need the Gospel. We shall be under Divine protection;' closing all with these emphatic words, *'Let us go in the name of the Lord.'* With a full heart and streaming eyes, I answered, 'That reply has settled the matter, and we will start as soon as I hear that the Great Fish River is likely to be practicable for the wagons to pass.' I now felt that I could almost have addressed our kind friends in the words which Paul spake to the disciples at more than one place, when going on a mission which portended danger: 'What mean ye to weep and to break my heart?' 'None of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy,

and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.' But when our friends heard my final resolve, they 'ceased' from further importunity, and said, 'The will of the Lord be done.'"—*Story*, pp. 348—351.

A little further on Mr. Shaw adds :—

"At the period to which I am referring (1823), for Europeans to go with their wives and children among the Dhlambi tribes, or coast country Kaffirs, was considered to be an almost certain course to destruction. The amazing difference which time and the changes produced by missionary labour, commercial intercourse, and political events, now present in this respect, is only a part of the manifold evidence which is patent to all men, proving the steady progress and improvement which has taken place in that country."—*Story*, p. 353.

We may here appropriately devote part of the space at our disposal to a description of the native races of South Africa. Of the Hottentots we need say but little. They were found by the earliest European visitors in South West Africa, and are, generally speaking, short and slight, "with yellow or white olive skins and hair in little woolly tufts, and speak various dialects of a language articulated with clicks, and distinct from any other known." They are of negro affinities, and include several branches, the pure line being well-nigh extinct in the colony. As the compiler of *Statistics of Protestant Missionary Societies* observes :—

"These Aborigines, no doubt, by the occupation of their territory, became subject to restraints and even oppressions which cannot be justified. But, as a race, they were saved, first by the Dutch, and then by the English power, from extinction by the more warlike and powerful Kaffir tribes, who, in the sixteenth century, advanced from the north-east, and first came in contact with the Hottentot races."

With the exception of the Kat River Settlement, to which we shall have occasion hereafter to advert, and the Griquas, a bastard race of mixed blood, of Dutch fathers and Hottentot mothers, dwelling under independent chiefs, along the north bank of the Orange River, the Hottentots are still confined to the south-western part of South Africa, and are dispersed, as the labouring class, of more or less mixed descent, throughout the western districts of the Cape Colony.

The history of the Kaffir tribes is much more defined and interesting. To the careful and persevering investiga-

tions of the Rev. W. C. Holden, a Wesleyan missionary of now thirty-six years' standing, who has also compiled a valuable history of Natal, we are indebted for a comprehensive volume, published nine years ago, on *The Past and Future of the Kaffir Races*. It is possible that, had Mr. Holden been content with a less faithful delineation of the heathenism amid which he has so long laboured, his book would have secured more extensive diffusion. If any one wished to discover a *raison d'être* for missions in Kaffirland, he need but peruse some of the chapters of the central portion of Mr. Holden's book, "On Manners and Customs." But however essential it may be for those who are labouring to eradicate evil to be acquainted with its nature, its details, as disclosed in this volume, must be acknowledged to be scarcely adapted for ordinary English readers. Appalling disclosures are made of the depths of degradation into which long-continued heathenism has plunged this fine race, and many less repulsive but deeply interesting particulars are supplied as to their social life. At a time when so much attention is directed to this people, it is well that so full a repertory of valuable information is available, supplied by a thoroughly competent witness. Mr. Holden's style is at times somewhat rough and unpolished; but his plea for consideration, on the ground of incessant ministerial toil amongst the heathen, disarms criticism, whilst his hope is justified "that clearness, correctness, and completeness have been attained." He has four introductory chapters on the history of the Kaffir races, which display great research; and his concluding chapters, under the general head of "Improvement," on "The Native Land Question," the "Province and Responsibility of the Government," and the "Province and Duty of the Colonists," and "of the Church," are alike creditable to his head and heart. There are passages in this last part in which, under the enthusiasm of conviction, Mr. Holden attains to a simple, nervous eloquence. We shall freely avail ourselves of the stores which he has so industriously accumulated.

Livingstone's experiences in Central and Northern Africa appear to go far to justify the late Rev. J. W. Appleyard's theory that the parent of the Kaffir varieties of dialect is likely to be found, if found at all, among the numerous tribes to the south of Abyssinia. He expresses his opinion that "on many accounts there are good

grounds for supposing that they are of Ishmaelitic descent, and consequently they are of the same origin as many of the tribes of Arabia." Should this very plausible opinion be entertained, the warlike predatory character of the Kaffirs is certainly what one might expect from such an ancestry. For, split up into various families, their history has remarkably answered to the predictive description of Holy Writ: "He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him: and he shall dwell in the presence of his brethren" (Gen. xvi. 12). "The Kaffirs are a fine tall race of men, many being jet black, and some of a dark copper colour. Their features are often fine, with the forehead well developed, and the whole of their physical and mental character standing out in broad contrast against the Hottentot race, and apparently having no affinity with the negro." The Rev. H. H. Dugmore has devoted much time to the preparation of genealogical tables, for which his lengthened experience, and richly cultured mind, have eminently fitted him. The result of his investigations, as indicated and authenticated by Mr. Holden, is unfavourable to the supposition that the Kaffirs reached South-Eastern Africa at a comparatively recent date, but may be accepted as demonstrating that "they descended from the north at a very early period, before any civilised nation whatever could take any distinct account of them." "The great divisions of these Kaffir races," according to Mr. Dugmore, "consist of the Abatembu, Amampondumisi, Amampondo, and Amaxosa; besides which there are the Amambaca of more recent origin," the last being "formed out of the remnants of several tribes after the wars of Utshaka" (Holden). The Amaxosa have been "the powerful tribe with whom most of the desolating wars have been waged on the eastern frontier, and often with such sad results. Their power is now greatly reduced." Careful calculations, based on regular and reliable historical tradition, enable investigators to "trace the history of the Kaffirs back to about A.D. 1300 or 1400," which is a period "quite sufficient to secure to them the undisputed right to the occupancy of the country they now possess."

The operation of the Kaffir law of succession has ever been to diminish the strength of the nation by perpetual sub-divisions, as will be evident from the following description of Mr. Dugmore's, quoted by Mr. Holden:—

"At some specific period, the chief of a tribe, who, it is assumed, has a plurality of wives, assembles his relatives, with his principal officers and councillors, to decide as to the investment of two of his wives with the respective dignities of 'the great one' (*omkulu*) and 'the one of the right hand' (*owasekunene*). These two wives rank superior to all the rest. The eldest son of the 'great' wife is presumptive heir to his father's dignity, and succeeds him in his general government. The 'right-hand wife,' however, lays the foundation of a new 'house,' as her eldest son is constituted the head of a certain allotted portion of the tribe, and assumes, on the death of his father, the separate jurisdiction of that portion. He thus becomes the originator of a new tribe, acknowledging precedence of rank on the part of his brother, 'the great,' but independent of him, except in matters involving the general relations of the tribes at large. The sons of the inferior wives possess no distinct authority, excepting among such retainers as their personal influence may gather around them; unless, indeed, the 'king' be 'a child,' in which case one of them is invested with a kind of regency until the period of minority has expired. They are, however, attached to the *courts* of their 'great' brothers, enjoying their share of the exclusive privileges of the 'blood royal,' and constituting the aristocracy of the nation. As their immunities extend to all their descendants through successive generations, this class now forms a considerable portion of the population. The subdividing system above explained has been in operation amongst the Kaffir tribes from the earliest known period of their political existence. An additional element of subdivision was introduced by the chief of Gaika (*Ngqika*), who was an innovator, in several respects, upon the customs of his forefathers. He originated the custom of investing *three* of the chief's sons with distinct authority, instead of *two*, as had previously been the case. The third son thus invested was made the representative of his grandfather, and the families of his grandfather's councillors were attached to him, as standing in the place of their own deceased chief. As these families were naturally among the most influential of the tribe, the young chief, who was constituted their head, assumed at once a high relative position amongst his brethren. The introduction of this new custom has greatly accelerated the geometrical ratio of subdivision into separate tribes, and its effect, if undisturbed, would be to break the nation up into fragmentary clans in the course of a very few generations. The only existing check to its influence is that its operation is not uniform. Some of the branches *wither*. The unpopularity of the head of a particular 'house' will gradually lessen the number of his adherents, and reduce his tribe to insignificance, while it increases the power of others. The

relative inferiority of the tribes in point of rank increases in proportion to the distance of the period of their separation from the original stock. The people share in a sense of this inferiority, and as they have not the privileges of 'blood' to compensate for it, they relieve their feeling of humiliation by joining the more modern and influential 'houses,' and leaving the representatives of their ancient chiefs 'alone in their glory' of aristocratic descent and immunity. The predominating influence of the principal divisions of the ruling family overpowers that of the inferior branches, and, the moral gravitation following the analogy of the physical, the greatest body exerts the most powerful attraction. Despite of this, however, the number of distinct tribes is rapidly increasing, and their various relations are becoming increasingly complicated and embarrassing. This is especially the case since the institution of the *Owasezibeni* (as the representative of the grandfather is called); for, the institution being a modern one, the relative rank of this third participator in hereditary dignity is not yet fully adjusted; and the disputes for priority serve to show that the desire for pre-eminence is a vice of human nature not confined to civilised nations."—*Holden*, pp. 148—150.

It will be observed that the tendency of this principle of subdivision has been indefinitely to diminish the formidable aggressive power of a race, whose warlike energies must otherwise have long ago led to the utter extirpation of every other native people in the southern part of Africa. The history of the Kaffirs indicates a process of subdivision attended by a rapid increase of population, until the rivalries of adjacent hostile tribes have led to devastating internecine conflicts, which have ultimately resulted in the creation of some barbaric sway that has built its supremacy on the ruins of more limited powers. And thus the centuries have presented a dreary alternation of tribal disintegration with augmented aggregate population and despotic unification of empire, involving prodigious sacrifices of human life. The process, alas! is not very different from that which has been discernible throughout a large part of the record of civilised history.

The most tremendous illustrations of savage conquest and empire in South Africa have been those of the ferocious Utshaka and his defaulting general, the almost equally sanguinary Umzilikazi. May we not recognise the Providence of God in the manner in which, at the birth of the Anglo-Dutch power at the southernmost extremity of the continent, the unnumbered hosts of this warlike people

were permitted to work out their own destruction, whilst their numerous tribal chieftaincies made way for two compact native dominions, the one in the south, and the next in the north, so that these again, gradually weakened by a process of intestine disintegration and by external pressure, might present a more favourable field for the introduction of Christianity and civilisation? Had Utshaka come into collision with European antagonists, there is little doubt that the progress of his arms would have been at least less continuously successful. But this mighty warrior, whose name, signifying "Break of Day," marks a distinctive era in the modern history of his people, never encountered any but African foes, though he received a friendly visit, with responsive cordiality, from a party of English, when Lord Charles Somerset was Governor at the Cape. Mr. Holden's description of Utshaka's great final series of military achievements may be taken as vividly illustrating the nature of those terrific tempests of war which have from time to time desolated extensive regions of the African continent.

"That part," says our author, "of South-Eastern Africa now included in the Natal Colony was peopled by numerous and powerful tribes, some of whom could trace their pedigree many generations backwards: they were rich in cattle, and dwelt in security. The aged men, when describing the state of the country, represented the people as being 'numerous as the blades of grass, spreading over the hills and filling the valleys,'—they literally covered the land. But their days were numbered, their glory was about to depart for ever, unless in the under-working providence of God it should rise again in a new and more enduring form under the fostering care of Christian Britain. About the years 1816 to 1820, Utshaka, crossing the Tugela river, swept all before him, filling the land with a deluge of blood, the victims of his merciless wrath thickly strewing the ground, and their bones left to bleach beneath the fire of many suns. As the raging volcano vomits forth from its fiery crater smoke, and ashes, and burning lava, entombing villages and cities at its feet, spreading dismay, destruction, and death around, so, from the mouth of this despot a stream of fire was vomited forth, which 'burned up the land round about,' leaving scarcely a vestige behind in its scorching, desolating course. Battle succeeded battle, victory crowned victory, nation fell after nation, until the stream of fire was only interrupted by the Umzimvoobo, instead of the Tugela. But to attempt any description of these scenes of misery and death would be vain. The heart sickens at the bare

statement of the facts. The feet of the writer have trod many parts of the country where the heavens have been rent by the yells of these savage hordes, and the echoes have reverberated from rock to rock, and from dell to dell, whilst the piercing wail of death died away upon the tremulous foliage of the trees. Before them it was the animation of thickly-peopled busy life; behind them it was the awful silence of universal death: before them it was a beautiful country covered with gardens, corn, grass, and cattle; behind them it was one vast graveyard, with the unburied masses sinking to corruption. . . . The following boasting lines, sung by his exultant warriors and crouching sycophants, fitly celebrated the completeness of his conquests, and the vastness of his domains:—

“Thou didst finish, finish nations,
Whither wilt thou send to battle?
Yea, whither wilt thou send to battle?
Thou didst conquer kings,
Whither wilt thou send to battle?
Thou didst finish, finish nations,
Whither wilt thou send to battle?
Yea! yea! yea!

Whither wilt thou send to battle.”—*Holden*, pp. 25—27.

We shall not detail the peculiar principles and plans by which this bloodthirsty African conqueror raised himself from obscurity to such widespread power. Suffice it to say that at the height of his supremacy, when there was not a warlike enemy within reach, he was suddenly assassinated, pleading for mercy, and promising if spared to be a servant for ever. The tragedy was enacted at noon in his own kraal, at the instance of his younger brother Udingaan, who had been, however, the rightful heir to the Amazulu throne according to Kaffir law, as the son of their common father's “great wife.” Utshaka's successor inherited his ferocity, but not his genius; and he it was whose cruel treachery exposed him to the successful attacks of the infuriated Dutch boors, who espoused in turn the cause of his younger brother, Umpanda. A civil contest ensued, in which the elder brother was defeated, and subsequently also assassinated. The last days of Umpanda were again embittered by the rebellion of his sons, Umbulazi and Kechwayo, who first fought with one another, and then the latter with his father. These constant conflicts have greatly abridged the Zulu power, though it is still sufficiently formidable to need careful watching; and hence the importance of Langalibalele's case, and Sir Garnet Wolseley's mission to the adjacent colony, in and near which vast numbers of these warlike barbarians abound. Mr. Holden's opinion is

strongly expressed in favour of the abolition of Kaffir chieftainship, the establishment of the authority of English law, and the assignment of lands to the natives, with legalised titles, which he urges should be entailed, in order that they may not be alienated before their possessors have become sufficiently civilised to know their value. We are bound to say that he enforces his views by very weighty reasons, both social and moral, and conceived in the interests alike of the white and the coloured inhabitants of South Africa.

It is a very pleasing circumstance in connection with Mr. Shaw's career, that, at a comparatively early stage of his mission among the Amagonakwaybi, he was made instrumental in the conversion of Pato's younger brother Kama, an event which saved his people from the destruction which overtook more powerful ones. Mr. Holden observes that the history of Kama

"is not only full of instruction, but stands out in broad contrast to the downward desolating course of his compeers. In the list of Kaffir chiefs, his name is the last but one in dignity, being next to Pato. . . . When the Wesleyan mission-station at Wesleyville was established by the Rev. W. Shaw, Pato, Kama, and Kobi were there. At an early stage of missionary operations, Kama, a young man of gentle disposition, embraced Christianity, and was baptized. Pato did not; for, although favourably disposed, he still adhered to heathenism, and in process of time, if he did not actually persecute his brother, made him so uncomfortable, and his situation so dangerous, as to induce Kama to seek a place of refuge in the colony. He was accordingly located about twenty miles from Queen's Town, and the Rev. William Shepstone became his missionary; the station being named Kamastone, to perpetuate the names of Kama the chief and Shepstone the missionary. After the war of 1850—2, Kama, on account of his fidelity to the British Government, was brought down from Kamastone, and placed along the western border of the Keiskama river, below the present town of Alice, to act as a safeguard against those beyond, where he has since remained, and is now an old man. When the slaughtering of cattle and the destruction of corn took place among the other tribes, Kama, being an enlightened Christian man, and loyal to the Government, refused to take part in it; only a few of his people did so without his consent. Hence, when the famine came, and thousands around were dying of want, his people had 'corn in their holes,' 'cattle in their kraals,' and 'milk in their sacks,' and were preserved alive. They have been increasing in numbers and strength

until this day. How, then, did matters stand in the census returns of December, 1857? Why, he who before was lowest, took the first place, and figured away with 9,350 people, whilst Pato and Stock (another chief) had only 650. Kama lost 3,588; Pato and Stock, 8,246; Sandilli, the great Amangqika chief, had 3,738 left, having lost 27,282 by this dire calamity, and leaving the former despised little chief 5,612 ahead of him. Truly, according to the saying of a great Book, 'The first is last, and the last first.' 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.' Yea, profitable for a Kaffir chief, and profitable for a Kaffir nation."—*Holden*, pp. 161, 162.

Whilst Mr. Shaw resided in Kaffirland, he was made instrumental in bringing about an amicable settlement between the chiefs of the coast tribes and Major (afterwards Sir Henry) Somerset, the result of which was, to use Mr. Shaw's own words, "a period of almost unexampled peace and tranquillity on the lower part of the Kaffir border, which lasted without the slightest interruption for about ten years." During the six years spent among the Amagonakwaybi, four important missions were established among the Kaffirs, and much spiritual success was achieved. In 1880 the Rev. Samuel Young succeeded Mr. Shaw, who was recalled to Graham's Town, where it was rightly judged that he would be most useful as the resident minister and chairman of the rapidly extending district. Here he remained three years, at the end of which time he visited England, being succeeded by Mr. Shrewsbury, and having now been thirteen years abroad. The measure of prosperity which had been accorded during that period is indicated by the following extract from a report with which Mr. Shaw supplied the general secretaries of the Missionary Society after his return:—

"A second chapel has been built in Graham's Town by the Wesleyan Society. It was opened on the 16th of December last, and is a very handsome and substantial building, capable of accommodating about 800 hearers. The original chapel, which affords room for upwards of 400 persons, is now used as a school-house, and also as a place of worship for the black and coloured population, for whose benefit it is requisite to hold separate services, as they do not generally understand the English language. Within a period of thirteen years, no less than thirteen substantial chapels have been erected in various parts of the settlement by the voluntary contributions of the inhabitants. In several parts of the district, were it not for these chapels, the settlers

would have no facilities whatever for regularly attending public worship. Sunday-schools have been established in connection with these places of worship ; and, in the Wesleyan schools alone, about 800 children and adults, including white and black, bond and free, are taught to read the word of God, and instructed in the principles and morals of the Christian religion. By these means not only has the English population been preserved from moral degeneracy, but the tone of moral and religious feeling now existing amongst them would not suffer by a comparison with the high standard which prevails in the most enlightened districts of Great Britain. At the same time the aborigines have not been neglected ; many of those who reside within the British settlement have been brought under the influence of Christianity ; a very encouraging number have received baptism, and are now consistent members of the Christian Church."—*Story*, pp. 131, 132.

Mr. Shaw's biographer gives us an interesting picture, at the beginning of his fifth chapter, of the social features of the Albany District, before the melancholy outbreak of the first Kaffir war. This took place during Mr. Shaw's residence in England, his absence from the colony lasting exactly four years, three of which were spent in the then Leeds Western Circuit. His advocacy was valuable at home for the support which it lent to the Missionary Society, then suffering from the attacks of the agitators in the Warrenite controversy. But his influence was still more prominently exerted on behalf of the friends whom he had left behind him in Africa.

"On the news," his memoir informs us, "of the Kaffir outbreak reaching England, accompanied by lavish and unjust reflections upon the British colonists, as having brought the evil upon themselves by their rapacious and unjust aggressions on the Kaffir tribes, Mr. Shaw in a long statement in the *Watchman*, and in a letter to the Earl of Aberdeen, vindicated the British colonists from the wild and wholesale attacks made upon them. Into this controversy it is our privilege not to enter. Those curious in South African history may, generations hence, find in the British Museum, *A Defence of the Wesleyan Missions in South Africa*, by William Shaw, 1839, and *Notes on South African Affairs*, by W. B. Boyce, 1839. Our opponents, Mr. Fairbairn, the chief editor of the *South African Courier*, and Dr. Philip, the General Superintendent of the London Society's missionaries, with such of the missionaries of that Society as agreed with them, honestly believed what they asserted, advocating, however, the most philanthropic principles of action, in which we were at one with them ; but they blamed the wrong parties, the colonists, instead of the vacillating

policy of the Colonial Government. *Now*, there is no difference of opinion as to the injustice done in the excitement of the moment, and in the blindness of party zeal, to the British colonists."—*Memoir*, p. 148.

Mr. Shaw, whilst approving of the motives which actuated Sir Andries Stockenström, the Commissioner-General, in locating some 4,000 Hottentots on the vacant lands which now form the Kat River Settlement, attributes the evil consequences which ensued first to the exasperation created among the neighbouring Kaffirs, under Macommo; secondly, to the isolation from their white fellow-colonists of an armed body of natives, smarting under the sense of wrongs supposed to have been incurred at the hands of the Dutch, who had possession of their former territory; and lastly to the intercourse thus opened with the Kaffirs, against whom it was supposed they would act as a frontier guard. The issue was that, though, during the wars of 1834 and 1846,

"the great body of the Kat River people rendered valuable service in the defence of the country, yet, at the very commencement of the last war (1850), there arose a fierce rebellion among the natives of that settlement, which speedily involved a large proportion of its population, who became most dangerous enemies of the colony; and, by their alliance with the Kaffirs, for a time placed the colonial border, with its scattered population of British settlers, in the most extreme peril and danger. Indeed, it is undeniable that the greatest atrocities committed during that period were perpetrated by these people and other natives, with whom they were unhappily induced to connect themselves."—*Story*, pp. 146, 147.

Into the melancholy narrative of the three Kaffir wars, we do not propose to enter. They cost this country much blood, and millions of money, and they inflicted incalculable injury on the unfortunate colonists, who were goaded almost to desperation, when taunted with occasioning inroads, which well-nigh beggared them, and which clearly resulted to a large extent from mistakes of Government policy, against which they had all along protested with the utmost earnestness. The losses of the white colonists in the war of 1834 alone were officially estimated at £288,625 4s. 9d., and in 1846-8, at half-a-million, whilst the war of 1850-2 was most fatal of all to life and property. After the first struggle, Sir Harry Smith, in January, 1835, wrote to the Governor at Cape Town:—

"Already are seven thousand persons dependent upon the Government for the necessaries of life. The land is filled with the lamentations of the widow and the fatherless. The indelible impressions already made upon myself, by the horrors of an irruption of savages upon a scattered population, almost exclusively engaged in the peaceful occupation of husbandry, are such as to make me look on those I have witnessed in a service of thirty years—ten of which in the most eventful period of the war—as trifles to what I have now witnessed ; and compel me to bring under consideration, as forcibly as I am able, the heart-rending position in which a very large portion of the inhabitants of this frontier are at present placed, as well as their intense anxiety respecting their future condition."—*Story*, p. 158.

The cardinal error which occasioned such untold suffering lay in a defective estimate of the national characteristics of a savage people like the Kaffirs. Without attempting to palliate the enormities of which they were guilty, we would ask what more could be expected of those who had inherited the traditions and propensities of bloodthirsty barbarians, and who had not come under the constraining influence of Christian principle ? The history of our own borders at no very remote period should have taught our rulers that a nation of heathen robbers could not be trusted to behold with equanimity the up-growth, within easy reach, of thriving agricultural industries. The short-sighted economy, therefore, that grudged the protection of an adequate military force to the threatened colony, proved itself to be equally as cruel, in the greater suffering which it ultimately occasioned, as its folly was demonstrated in the subsequent enormous outlay which was demanded to terminate a struggle entered upon at the greatest disadvantage. True mercy to the natives, as well as justice to the colonists, called for a firm and watchful preparedness, which should never give the opportunity to treacherous foes to break a treaty with impunity. As it is, the Kaffir power has in the long run been more completely prostrated by the opposite course of sentimental benevolence, which was utterly wasted on men incapable of distinguishing it from conscious weakness.

But that which crowned the political extinction of the Kaffirs was the tragedy of 1857, resulting in the deaths of from 50,000 to 70,000 by starvation :—

"The probability was, that the ulterior design of the border chiefs was to bring about a war with the colony, but the mode of

effecting it was most extraordinary. It was, to induce the people to destroy their corn and cattle, the means of subsistence; supposing that under the pressure of want they would be easily induced to make an inroad into the colony, to supply the cravings of hunger; and probably Umhlakaza was only a willing tool in the hands of the chiefs."—*Holden*, p. 293.

We need not enter into the details of this extraordinary transaction, which is doubtless familiar to our readers. It broke the Kaffir power, probably averted a fourth war, and will ultimately prove, we trust, to have been one of those "terrible things in righteousness," whereby God brings to naught the wickedness of the wicked, and evolves the purposes of His far-seeing wisdom and love. Taking all things into account, it is wonderful what a vitality and elasticity the Kaffir stock has displayed. Let but suitable measures be adopted to curb the power of the chiefs, to grant allotments of land under suitable conditions, to check the spread of that deadliest foe to native tribes, the *fire-water*, which is already extending its pernicious influence, and, above all, vigorously to support and extend evangelistic effort, and this noble people may yet be saved to contribute no mean quota to the glory of Messiah's kingdom, and the welfare of the great family of man.

The space at our disposal now warns us to be brief. Mr. Shaw returned to the Cape in 1837, and finally left it in 1856, only when protracted labours, followed by the lamented removal of his beloved wife, had seriously impaired his health. It would be impossible to overrate the value of his presence during the calamities which war brought on South African society. His sympathy with the suffering colonists was as true as his perseverance in efforts to benefit the natives was unwearied. On his return from England, he found the country in a state of the most excited discontent at the unfortunate policy pursued, under unjust prejudice, by the Home authorities. "Sir Benjamin D'Urban was recalled," in the same year, 1837, and "the Kaffir tribes replaced in the strong positions from which they had been driven, and freed from all the restraints imposed upon them by the vigorous administration of Col. (afterwards Sir Harry) Smith." The biographer continues:

"Under the old system, a colonial governor was a respectable gentleman, representing a bundle of equally respectable prejudices, entirely at the mercy of the clique around him, whose policy it

was to keep him ignorant of the colony he was sent to govern, and to make him a mere partisan. The main object of such a governor seemed to be, to turn all loyal British colonists into Radicals and rebels. The 'good old times' were not better than the days in which we now live. May we be thankful, and try, by improvement of our opportunities, to leave the world better for our children than we found it in our young days !

"In this excited state of the colonial community, Mr. Shaw walked most wisely ; throwing, as far as possible, oil on the troubled waters ; putting in a word here and there to check those unreasonable, extreme views, in which men justly irritated are apt to indulge. The case of the colonists was so clear, that, in his opinion, exaggeration could only weaken the effect of its representation. Every colonial governor arrived in that colony prejudiced against the British settlers, viewing the Kaffirs as an injured people, and in due time became convinced that the converse was the case. At last, after nearly twenty years of actual or chronic war (the intervals of peace being as injurious to the colonists as the periods of war), the system of Sir Benjamin D'Urban was re-established substantially, and on the whole with more strictness, and the Kaffir tribes were deprived of a large portion of their territory, which was given to English, Dutch, and Fingoe settlers. We, who advocated the charitable and benevolent policy of Sir B. D'Urban, may take credit, not for any special forethought, but for a fair share of common sense, in foreseeing the issue of the change of that policy in 1836. After millions of English money have been spent, and thousands of lives—European, Colonial, and native—have been thrown away in the conflict, the system of Sir B. D'Urban of 1835 has been re-established, and for twenty years the frontier has enjoyed comparative peace. The Hon. R. Godlantan, the editor and proprietor of the *Graham's Town Journal*, and author of several works on South African politics, was from the first to the last the constant, uncompromising opposer of the Glenelg system of compromise ; and the ability and fairness with which he conducted this controversy tended mainly to bring it to a happy conclusion."—*Memoir*, pp. 178, 179.

To Mr. Shaw's "Story" and to his biography, we must refer our readers for the narrative of the nearly twenty years of his second sojourn in South Africa. It was one of indefatigable toil as general superintendent of Wesleyan missions, alike among the scattered colonists and the native tribes ; and we need not say that, aided by effective coadjutors, towards whom he ever extended the most generous sympathy, and who regarded him with the greatest reverence and love, he was permitted, notwithstanding

many temporary discouragements, to see abundant and constantly increasing prosperity. The writer of his memoirs observes:—

“During my residence in Africa, Mr. Shaw exercised an influence amounting to fascination over me. The more intimately I knew him, the more thoroughly I respected him. He had no weaknesses to mar the general effect of his character: there was nothing behind, which, if known, would have diminished his influence. To me he seemed to be an incarnation of conscience and judgment,—a man acting altogether wisely, and from the highest and most noble principles. Under circumstances the most trying he never lost his temper or his self-possession. No man was more enterprising, and yet no man more cautious. Like ‘Bailie Nicol Jarvie,’ in Scott’s novel, ‘he never would put forth his hand unless he was sure he could pull it back again.’ Some people cheaply earn a character for prudence and caution, by doing nothing and running no risks. Mr. Shaw’s plans for our mission in Kaffirland were from the first perfect, and needed no subsequent modification. His object was to plant a series of missions with the great chiefs and ruling tribes as far as Delagoa Bay, and to a great extent he succeeded. Before he left Africa in 1856 our missions extended from Algoa Bay to the Tugela River, which separates the Natal colony from Zululand.”—Pp. 188, 189.

The settlers of 1820 kept their first jubilee after half the usual period, when Mr. Shaw, by the common desire of the Graham’s Town community, preached the jubilee sermon in the Episcopal Church. A year later Mrs. Shaw laid the foundation stone of the “Commemoration Chapel,” a spacious and imposing edifice, which still remains as a goodly monument of the devout gratitude of its erectors to Almighty God. Its completion was retarded by the second Kaffir war till the end of 1850, the entire expenditure having swollen to more than £9,000. Mr. Shaw’s earnest, sober, informing ministry never ceased to be popular at Grahams-town; but his time was so occupied with extensive journeys amongst the colonial churches, and throughout Kaffirland, Natal, and the Free State, and with the correspondence involved in looking after such wide-spread interests, that he had but little leisure for the pastoral duties for which his cheerful intelligence and piety so eminently adapted him. What a testimony was that of the Rev. W. B. Boyce when, in connection with an address of congratulation on Mr. Shaw’s election to the Presidency of the English Conference, his old friend, referring to the eve of his removal to Eng-

land in 1833, was led to remark, "I am reminded to-day also of a fact, which is, I believe, without comparison in Methodism, either at home or abroad. As we were standing together near the burial-ground, and looking at the town, you observed, 'I have one comfort in looking at that place, and it is that there is not one house in it in which I have not prayed.'"

It is not surprising that Mr. Shaw's final departure from Africa elicited expressions of the deepest respect from various classes of the community. The addresses then presented to him anticipated his return to the colony, a step which he was prepared at a later period to take, though with somewhat impaired health, had it been deemed advisable to initiate a South African conference. But his arduous labours in the foreign fields were at length terminated, and he left the Cape in March, 1856, having accepted at Sir George Grey's hands a free passage in a Government vessel as far as Cape Town, the only personal favour which, notwithstanding many previous overtures, he was ever induced to receive from the Cape Government. This reference seems to call for the following quotation from the Memoir (pp. 387, 388):

"Mr. Shaw was eminently wise in his relations with the Colonial Government and its various authorities, from the Governor downwards to the least important official. He was frequently, by his sober and wise counsels, virtually a mediator between the often justly indignant colonists, and the ignorant, reckless, and unthinking officials, in the early periods of the settlement. His sympathies were with the colonists, but, while suffering for the mistakes of the ruling powers, he could make allowance for their difficulties, and carried his faith in their good intentions to an extent beyond my power of belief, at that time at least. It was as well that this was the case, as it is most undesirable that the head of a religious body should be committed as a party man. In due time, his high, disinterested character and candour were recognised by all classes. The commandants on the frontier generally referred to him on the many occasions of dispute with the chiefs, and by his safe and prudent advice were greatly assisted in their efforts to maintain the peace and security of the frontier. One Governor of the colony, Sir George Napier, quoted him, with complimentary remarks, in an opening address to the Legislative Council, and was induced to a great extent by his representations to take possession of Natal. His successors, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Sir George Cathcart, Sir Harry Smith,

and Sir George Grey, had great confidence in his judgment, and regarded him as a dispassionate and sincere friend."

The primary object of our paper being now accomplished (which has not contemplated the work done by others besides the Wesleyan Missionary Society), we shall but briefly refer to Mr. Shaw's residence at home, where all suitable honour awaited this faithful champion of Christian enterprise. His happy second marriage in 1857 "in all probability saved and prolonged his life for many years," for his health rapidly improved, and he was able to devote himself with great effectiveness to missionary deputation work. After spending three years at Croydon, during which period he revised an edition of the Kaffir New Testament, for the British and Foreign Bible Society, he meditated returning to the Cape once more. Whilst, however, the Missionary Committee were in entire sympathy with his views as to the work in South Africa, they felt that the time had not yet arrived for fully carrying them out. As, therefore, the missions were under able direction, Mr. Shaw's son-in-law, the Rev. William Impey, succeeding him in the general superintendence in South-east Africa, he wisely abstained from the needless strain to which his return would have subjected his strength, now somewhat diminished by forty years of no ordinary labour. Not the least valuable part of his biography is the letter to the late Dr. Hoole, in which he sketches his ideas relative to a South African conference. They may be safely regarded as foreshadowing the plan which is likely, in the main, to be eventually adopted. Indeed first steps have already been taken in the subdivision of the South African work into five districts, and in the arrangement whereby the first has already been held of a series of Triennial General Meetings, attended by representatives from the various districts. So greatly too, has the Divine blessing rested on the native work, that separate native conferences may eventually have to succeed the separate native district meetings already held. The arrangements thus referred to were carried out with Mr. Shaw's cordial concurrence.

Ministerial labours in England were confined to the Liverpool South, Clifton, Chelsea, and York circuits, in which he spent nine years of very happy and useful service, naturally taking his place among the leaders of his church, and winning universal respect by his great

practical wisdom, his dignified Christian bearing, and his effectiveness as a public speaker and writer in connection with every leading question. The occasion of his removal to London, after two years spent in Bristol, was his election, by a large majority, to the position of President of the Conference in 1865. On this subject his surviving friend justly remarks :—

“The election of a returned missionary to the Presidency of the Conference is an unusual event. It is true that the Rev. James Dixon, who had spent a year in Gibraltar, and was therefore by courtesy foolishly identified with the mission work, had been elected to that office in 1841 ; and that the Rev. Robert Young, who had been a missionary in Jamaica and Nova Scotia, had filled the chair in 1856, immediately after his return from the work of the Australian deputation ; but these were exceptional cases, justified and accounted for by the long familiarity of these brethren with the working of English Methodism, their missionary career forming but a short episode in the history of their lives. But Mr. Shaw had spent thirty-six years in Africa, and, except an appointment at Leeds, 1833—6, and the experience of circuit work in Liverpool and Bristol from 1860 to 1865, had had few opportunities of making himself at home in the home work. The ministers, however, knew that they ran no risk of failure from inexperience or incompetency when they placed Mr. Shaw in the chair.”—*Memoir*, pp. 307, 308.

We need scarcely say that, as in every office that William Shaw was called to fill, he fully justified the affectionate confidence of his brethren by his thoroughly efficient discharge of the presidential duties. There were many circumstances connected with that year which were peculiarly gratifying to him, but none more so than the remarkable revival of religion in South Africa, in which the Rev. William Taylor, of America, was the chief instrument. A sufficient time has elapsed, after every deduction has been made for temporary excitement and evanescent profession, to authorise the assertion that, especially among the Kaffirs, the year 1865 will ever stand out as marking a great onward step in the religious history of that part of the world. Charles Pamla—Mr. Taylor's interpreter—and many other valuable native ministers, have been raised, who are being used to do a great work among the Kaffirs. In the awakening referred to, Mr. Shaw greatly rejoiced ; and, coinciding as it did with his presidency, and with Mr. Impey's visit.

to England, it attracted much interest at home, and had not a little to do with the re-opening of the Heald Town Industrial Institution, as a training seminary for native ministers and teachers, which has already done much valuable work, and is, we trust, destined to do much more hereafter.

On the death of the Rev. John Scott, Mr. Shaw, for half a year before the termination of his official connection with Chelsea, at the unanimous request of the Education Committee, occupied the onerous position of Principal of the Westminster Normal College, which he gladly vacated at the Conference of 1868 in favour of its present able head, the Rev. Dr. Rigg. We need say little more of Mr. Shaw's opinions on the National Education Question, than that it was a subject in which all his antecedents caused him to take the liveliest interest. He may be referred to, in regard to it, as a Liberal Conservative, fully approving of Mr. Forster's Education Act. In the great educational debate at the London Conference of 1872, Mr. Shaw delivered a speech in favour of his views, second in power to none that were uttered on that memorable occasion. His biography is augmented in value by the insertion of his very remarkable address, which is in itself proof sufficient that his was a mind of no ordinary power. This debate took place three years after Mr. Shaw's retirement from the active itinerancy.

His friend makes some racy remarks on the "Supernumerary" question in the *Methodist Ministry* (pp. 394, 395). Certainly Mr. Shaw was not one too many in the ministerial ranks which he adorned to the last. He retired amid the blessings of his brethren, and after a brief period settled at Brixton Rise, where he spent the chief part of the last three years of his life, full to the very end of useful, active labour in the midst of appreciative neighbours. His heart was with his South African friends, when in 1870 they celebrated their actual jubilee, with many loving references to the pastor of half a century previously. Towards the end of the same year he became chairman of the weekly rota of the *Watchman* newspaper, which position he occupied with great ability until his death. That afflictive event took place on December 4, 1872. The end was what the life had promised. It was characterised by a quiet, calm, firm trust in Christ, by thoughtful love for survivors, and by grateful recognition of his afflicted

wife's watchful attentions. And so, after a few last hours of struggling, the Christian warrior passed away to receive the guerdon of that Master's smile, whose grace had been so signally illustrated in His servant's lengthened life.

Such men are a boon to the age and the church which possess them. William Shaw was a typical specimen of the highest style of man that our race produces, an Englishman always, a Christian by God's grace, and a workman needing not to be ashamed. May many more be raised up, who shall catch his mantle and follow him in his devotion to the spread of the Gospel everywhere, especially among the heathen.

ART. II.—*Hilgenfeld's Introduction to the New Testament.*
 [Historisch-kritische Einleitung in das Neue Testament. VON DR. ADOLF HILGENFELD, Professor der Theologie in Jena.] Leipzig, Reissland. 1875.

THERE is scarcely any book more wanting than a good historical-critical Introduction to the New Testament. We have more than one translation from the German ; but the works translated are either drifting out of date, or they are not adapted to the English taste. We have also some which are not professedly translated from the German, but are nevertheless mere reproductions of German speculation. The work before us will probably not be rendered into English. At least we hope that it will not, as it is written by one who is among the advanced, though not among the foremost, champions of the destructive criticism which is bent on giving a reasonable account of the construction of the New Testament without the aid of any theory of inspiration, and with no very determinate principle on the reality of supernatural revelation. Dr. Hilgenfeld is pretty well known to many of our readers. To others he will introduce himself very characteristically in the following words :—

“ At the outset of our century, J. G. Eichhorn began his *Introduction to the New Testament* with the remark that the lower criticism of the New Testament had already advanced so far, that it was no longer a hopeless expectation that a tolerably perfect edition of its text was not far off. ‘ On the other hand, the higher criticism has hitherto hardly tried its strength on the New Testament ; she must in many cases undertake the most toilsome labours in order to win anything like a firm foundation ; and only after repeated efforts will she be able to measure herself with her humbler sister. These repeated efforts have not been wanting since. The higher criticism of the New Testament has become one of the most favourite domains of theological investigation. Not only have theologians at home and abroad taken part in it, but also the cultivated in general have everywhere shown a lively interest. For the higher criticism has entered into a chronic warfare with the ecclesiastical traditions. Amidst many unfavourable conditions in Germany itself, it has maintained this more

than Thirty Years' War, and the educated of all classes want to know what the result of all this critical warfare is. It may be hoped that in this campaign there is not another Peace of Westphalia to be apprehended as the close. Theological investigation has been sometimes so entirely lost in details, and, moreover, as to general issues has been so lacking in unanimity, that a systematic exhibition of the collective results is a thing in any case very desirable. The higher criticism has in fact reached such a point, that it has in some things even gone beyond the lower criticism of the text. An Introduction to the New Testament satisfying the needs of the age, is more likely to be attained than a perfectly satisfactory edition of the text.

"For twenty-five years the author has taken his place in the higher criticism, and wrought out before the world one topic after another. The individual fragments of his work, I hope, may now take an unforced unity, and take a form that may be a certain conclusion to my New Testament investigations. How far I may have attained to bring the New Testament investigation of our time to a certain conclusion I must leave to others. This work is the fruit of annual lectures which I have delivered since 1857. Old hearers near and distant will find that my inquiries have in no one year been at a standstill."

Dr. Hilgenfeld is not a textual critic; and what is called the "lower criticism" has no great value in his eyes. He is a "higher critic," that is, he regards himself as among the foremost in the criticism that determines what the Bible is worth, when its text has been secured,—and he thinks everything should give place to this branch of sacred knowledge. We respect both departments, but do not share the author's enthusiasm about the latter. It seems to us that the lower criticism is really the higher; certainly it is the more important. We are unscientific enough to think that the canon of Scripture was surely and conclusively decided for us by the early Church, not without the special agency and influence of the Holy Spirit; and that every age renders us less able to review and reverse the results of their decisions; while, on the other hand, every age renders us more skilful in the determination of the text of the books they have handed down to us. Moreover, we cannot by any means accept the author's estimate of the relative success which has attended the two criticisms. The settlement of the text has steadily advanced during the last hundred years. There has been an unfailing succession of critics, whose agreement on the whole has been most remarkable, whose researches have been rewarded by

the most wonderful discoveries,—some of them, as the Codex Sinaiticus, almost indicating the very special hand of Providence,—and whose results are most certainly, in the judgment of men of all creeds and parties, bringing the text of the Greek Testament constantly nearer to its lost originals. Perhaps there is no department of Biblical introduction which the general mass of cultivated Christians may take such delight in as this. But it is not so in the other department. The history of the Canon is the battlefield of some of the most fierce encounters, and of campaigns the most fluctuating and resultless, that even Christian literature knows. We shall show, by the evidence of this book itself, that theory follows theory with the regularity and displacement with which wave follows wave. But, before doing so, we have only to take the words that follow the foregoing quotation: the author supposes himself to be, for the present age, the representative of three-quarters of a century of progress, and yet must use such language as this about the very theory which is to present the final and accepted results of the past:—

“In no case can I suppose myself to have done anything superfluous in thoroughly revising my *History of the Origin of the New Testament Canon*, published in 1863. The heart of the work, however, is the process of the origination of the individual writings. . . . That I make the Gnosticism of the second century play an important part is always accounted my chief critical delinquency. But the grounds on which I rely have never yet been invalidated. The primitive spirit, which did actually inspire the New Testament, came with manifold sounds from heaven, and spoke in manifold tongues. With the standpoint of such as Hofmann of Erlangen, who aims with the semblance of rigorous science to establish the genuineness of all the writings of the New Testament, and even to support the Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews—thus striking a direct blow at the primitive history of the New Testament Canon, as well as at Luther himself—a scientific theologian cannot otherwise deal than in unsparing detection of his sophistry. But on the critical side also there is evident a tendency to accept at once the theory that asks least, which cries, whenever a well-attested tradition is contended against, exultingly: ‘Another gap in tradition!’ That such zeal for destruction in critical investigation can do no good service, will be also shown during the course of this work.”

It is obvious that the writer is not very complacent with regard to the results of so many years' restless and never-

weary investigation. It is impossible that it should be otherwise. The process of modern inquiry is ruthless in its onward course. No sooner is a theory set up, than many at once set to work deliberately to overturn it; or, at any rate, so to modify it as to make it their own in another form. The most consummate historical critic must grow old, and his hypothesis will certainly grow old with him. Our author is a remarkable illustration of this. Some thirty years ago he began to throw a few interesting sidelights on the Baurian theory, and was the foremost among the secondaries of the Tübingen school. But he has been not exactly supplanted, but outstripped, by others, and now has, as we see, to vindicate for himself one or two points of originality, in the hope that they will not be wrested from his memory. The double protest of this quotation is impressive and suggestive. We shall not dwell on the caustic severity with which the noble labours of Hofmann are handled, nor on the similar disrespect shown to the work of our departed Tischendorf, saving to indicate that all this is the sign of a bad cause. However, the severity is not all reserved for the orthodox. There are many of Dr. Hilgenfeld's coadjutors who seemed to excite his disgust by the recklessness with which they espouse an hypothesis for its own sake. He does not mention their names here in the preface; but we have reason to know that they give him almost as much trouble as his orthodox opponents. He is too clear-sighted not to perceive that working on the principle to the establishment of which he has given his life is equivalent to renouncing altogether the little residue of authority which the New Testament writings possess. The mediating school to which our author finds himself belonging—to his great astonishment—will never be able to hold its ground. We must have either a Divinely-ordered volume of religion, or a mere collection of spiritual legends and "tendencies."

These extracts from the preface will give us a few topics for our present brief notice of this work. It would be impossible, and it would be undesirable, to commit ourselves to an examination of the entire volume. It is in the nature of things an encyclopædia in itself; and such an examination would range over the whole field of modern criticism. Some questions, however, may be usefully handled, and Dr. Hilgenfeld's opening remarks suggest them. They are such as these: the uncertainty of the present destruc-

tive criticism of the Canon; the favourite theory of the opposition between St. Paul and the original Judaic Christianity; the undervaluation of early tradition, and the suppression of every kind of inspiration doctrine; the theory of Gnostic influence on the later books of the New Testament. Under each of these heads we shall have some remarks to make, possibly of much wider significance than as concerns the present volume, which, however pretentiously announced, is but, comparatively speaking, a straw on the stream, indicating the tendency of the current.

Known by many names, the Tübingen school of criticism, founded by Baur, has been by far the most influential and lasting among the developments of this century. Instead of giving our own account of it, which would not be impartial, we will translate our author's, abridging, however, and omitting some of the references.

"Into this feverish excitement F. C. Baur, who died in 1860, entered with his historical criticism. The celebrated Tübingen theologian took his start from the Pauline epistles, and not from the gospels. Following in the footsteps of Marcion and Semler (whose priority has not been enough noticed in connection with Baur), he first pointed out in the Corinthian epistles and also in the Romans the profound and penetrating antithesis between the primitive apostolical Jewish Christianity and the Pauline Gentile Christianity. Further, he indicated that the pastoral epistles must be relegated to a later time of catholic mediation and reconciliation of these opposites. He further sought to establish the exclusive genuineness of the four main epistles, the Galatians, Corinthians, and Romans (this last without chapters xv. and xvi.,) and to assign to the Acts the position of a conciliatory reconstruction of the true history of the apostolic age. In this view of the primitive opposition between Judaic Christianity and Pauline-Gentile, and its removal in the Catholic church, Baur thought he had found the key also to the four gospels. The gospels, which Strauss treated as indifferent creations of early Christian legend, and Wilke as reflective productions of literary authorship, appeared now as the results of those oppositions in the primitive Christendom which were solved and reconciled in Catholic Christianity. In strong opposition to the predominant theology, he made John's gospel an altogether ideal composition and tendency-document of the later transition time between the early conflicting views of original Christianity and the final blending of differences in Catholicism. He did not, like some, refer the difference between Matthew and Luke to the personal

opposition of the apostles Peter and Paul, but to the opposition between Petrinism and Paulinism: the gospel of Luke in its original form existing in Marcion presented pure Paulinism opposed to Matthew's Jewish Christianity, and in its canonical reproduction gave token of the coming effort at conciliation in the Acts. After Schwegler had carried out this Tübingen theory of accounting for all the writings by the original opposition between Jewish Christianity or Ebionism and Paulinism free of the law as reconciled in the Catholic church, Baur appeared again with a criticism of the individual works. The gospels he regarded not as histories, but as writings giving expression to certain tendencies: especially John's and Luke's. Mark was only an extract from the other synoptics without any specific Petrine character, only Matthew remained as the oldest and most original gospel in which the primitive Jewish view of Christianity remains, yet affected by its connection with the primitive gospel of the Hebrews or Peter. In its canonical form this gospel was supposed to belong to the second Jewish war (130—134): the canonical gospels generally to the period from 130 to 170."

This extract will give a general notion of the Tübingen school of destructive criticism: a school which has absorbed into itself almost all the tendencies—to use its own term—of modern sceptical criticism. It is essentially both a destructive and a constructive school: it is also most certainly an unsettled school of very contradictory and constantly changing opinions. It has influenced to a great extent the criticism of other lands; and the fruits of its teaching appear and are still appearing in England under various forms.

As to the first point, its destructiveness: the "‘destructive’ criticism of a Marcion returned, and where possible seemed to have been surpassed." This is the remark of Hilgenfeld himself, whom we have heard complaining of the undue haste of some of his confederates to annihilate the traditional authority of the New Testament scriptures. The destructive work began by dissipating the last trace of the old faith in a supernatural influence in the production of the New Testament, and control of its gradual formation into the Canon. If the question of the spirit in Jesus, the centre of all these wonderful narratives and histories, was introduced, it was immediately answered by being relegated to dogmatics. The historical-critical investigation had nothing to do with that. Then the details of the destruction went on: sometimes noiselessly, sometimes with great

tumult, always with increasing vigour. The gospels were denied any historical character; they were "tendency writings," which, like the Acts, were written in the second century by representatives of "tendencies." The epistles as a whole were swept away—at least out of the holy land of authenticity—all save the four main epistles of Paul, which were strangely suffered to remain: a quaternion, we venture to say, or quadrilateral, sufficient for the defence of Christianity. The only document of an original disciple of Jesus was the Apocalypse of John: the only genuine product of his pen, but that not worth much. We must, however, do our author the justice to say that he was one of the earliest to make a decided stand against the recklessness of the school to which he nevertheless adhered. Our author's relation to the hyper-destructivism of the Tübingen criticism he takes care to let us know himself. "It cannot be denied that the Baurian criticism went beyond the due limits, and inflicted on ecclesiastical faith altogether too deep wounds. But the declared opponents cannot by any means take to themselves the credit of having introduced the necessary modification. In countless contests the post-apostolical origin of the fourth gospel was asserted and maintained." This singular avowal admits that "ecclesiastical faith" was too severely dealt with; but is anxious to prove that the modification of the attack must not be attributed to the learning or zeal of the orthodox. This is exceedingly ungenerous. The writings of Baur evoked a multitude of the most learned, exhaustive, and, in our judgment, convincing works on the construction of the canon. Concessions were extorted of the most important kind; and not least was that which allowed in many quarters the higher age and authority even of St. John's gospel, notwithstanding this assertion to the contrary.

It would be very interesting as a *reductio ad absurdum* to trace the inner history of the workings of this law of destruction. Whether all held fast the fundamental principle that the New Testament was simply the production of men with "views" differing concerning the new teacher and his teachings and its relation to the old law, every new student began for himself the work of demolition. The temple was not brought down to the dust by concert or united action. Every man undertook his own department: some laboured prematurely at the foundations, others began at the highest pinnacles, others cleared their favourite portions of the

wall for attack: their witness—to drop the figure—did not agree together. Yet it did so far agree as to accept the conviction that the number of the original documents of the first century, or the apostolical age, must be enlarged. “The critical school itself found clear evidences in the New Testament canon of an earlier age of the canonical gospels. That our Luke-gospel was, as a whole, in existence before Marcion, Baur himself admitted.” This was seen to require an earlier age for Matthew, the earliest of them. Hilgenfeld himself then maintained, but against Baur, that Mark’s gospel also was a Petrine document and preceded Luke’s. But the gain to truth was not great.

The mildest view was as follows: “Matthew’s gospel was an apostolical foundation of about 60, Jewish-Christian and anti-Pauline, which, after the destruction of Jerusalem, received its present form. The Petrine-Roman Mark was a mild conciliation in the spirit of Judaism. About 100 Luke’s gospel arose as a Pauline reproduction of the two former; and, finally, the free Johannæan Gospel sprang up out of the whole in the heat of Gnosticism, 120—140.” It will be observed, that even the destructive criticism at this time retained the very order of the four gospels. Hilgenfeld also undertook to correct his master as to the epistles of Paul. Admitting that the four epistles were the standard and test of the Pauline writings, he insisted on adding to the undoubtedly genuine the first to the Thessalonians, that to Philemon, and the Epistle to the Philipians. Meanwhile, Volkmar and others went much beyond Baur himself: the mythical theory of ideal history, didactic poesy, and imaginative reproduction of a legendary Christ then arose in the strength of Ewald, the fear and dread of this school. His general view of the New Testament is given with great fairness. To us, Ewald’s theory, while much better than the Tübingen, is very faulty. But it is interesting as evidence that science and learning are not so entirely on the side of destruction as Hilgenfeld assumes. Ewald accepted the Acts, denied the discord between Paul and the original apostles, and opposed the main points of the Tübingen theory. But we have no great faith in Ewald, as former notices of him have shown. He was great in his own department, but too imperious to be very influential in other directions, and too apt to allow his pride and determinate assertion of superiority to warp his judgment.

It will be remembered by some, that Ewald secured for what was called the "Mark hypothesis" a great measure of popularity. It was thought by many to be a kind of talisman of defence against the Baur hypothesis. If Mark's was the original gospel, it was, in fact, the mediation and conciliation between the other gospels and the other writings before any discord existed. But into this question, otherwise deeply interesting, we cannot now enter. The hypothesis of the *Urmarcus* is not very mercifully dealt with by our author, who dislikes it because it has been made so weighty an argument against his own favourite theories. It gives us pleasure to direct attention to some of those very learned and thorough authors who have done most to expose the sophistries of the Baurian hypothesis.

H. W. J. Thiersch is one of them. He is alluded to by Hilgenfeld as among the earliest champions of the "retrograde theology," which refuses to make the slightest concession to the more modern criticism. He is acknowledged to have sustained his positions with genius and taste. He adopted and used for his purpose the Mark hypothesis. Mark wrote, he thought, his gospel in Rome, and James very early wrote his epistle, so that there can be no mention in his case of a contest with Paul. Paul's epistles were written afterwards; that to the Hebrews not by himself exactly, but through the instrumentality of Barnabas. In the later age of Paul, Matthew wrote his gospel. From Rome, Peter wrote his two epistles; probably at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem John wrote his Apocalypse, and later his three epistles; after the gospel and Acts of Luke he also wrote his fourth gospel. Thiersch gallantly defended also the epistle of Jude; and hence established the present New Testament as the original canon existing before the end of the first century: at the beginning of the second century it was current at least in the principal cities, if not in every particular church. The fidelity and earnestness of Thiersch expose him to something very much like ridicule; but it is far easier to despise the results of his learning than to contradict the processes of it. Of two other very eminent writers, not so well known as Thiersch, Dr. Hilgenfeld suffers himself thus to speak:—

"Like a new Magician of the North, R. F. Grau, of Königsberg, presents us with 'The Historical Development of the New Testament Books' (1871). He adopts the favourite motto of Hamann: 'Here all is Divine and all is human at once.' We may

now go to work in good earnest with an actual organic reconstruction of the New Testament. Orthodox criticism has been too much occupied with a defence of the sanctuary in its individual portions or books. The full living stream and organic life must be examined and exhibited, as in the grass and the ears and the full corn in the ears. The stalk we have in the first gospel preaching of Christianity : that is, in the three first gospels, Mark taking the lead, and the Acts of the Apostles. The ears are seen, then, in the second stage of the Pauline and Catholic epistles ; and, as the earliest epistles of Paul are to be placed some years earlier than the earliest gospels, the ears seem in that case to appear before the stalk. The fruit appears to ripen in the third stage, in the prophetic writings : the Hebrews, Apocalypse, and Gospel of John. Thus the entire New Testament is disposed of in a new three-storied way ; but it is a lightly-built house which could excite no confidence."

There can be no doubt that this author has fallen upon an unhappy figure or analogy. He has described very well the real process of the construction of early Christianity, composed of oral and of written teaching combined, and that is the only way to deal with the great question on his principles. There was a seed time when the Saviour and His apostles uttered their first preaching. Then arose the stalk in the establishment of the first Pentecostal churches ; the ear was the series of documents communicated to the churches during the course of their formation ; and the ripe fruit must be found in the writings of St. John and those epistles of St. Paul which were late and had a peculiar catholic character, such as the epistles to the Ephesians and the pastoral epistles. We steadfastly believe that this is the true order of the organic evolution of the New Testament scriptures.

Dr. Hofmann, of Erlangen, is perhaps the ablest writer who has made the defence of the New Testament against the assault of this school his especial object. Of him Hilgenfeld thus speaks :—

" With diligence and peculiar keenness has J. C. K. von Hofmann undertaken to demonstrate the genuineness of all the scriptures of the New Testament. The criticism of the moderns is fundamentally renounced ; but also the tradition and criticism of the ancient church, indeed even the free judgment of Luther, are fully denied, when Paul is made to have composed in his own person the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the church to have handed it down as a Pauline document. Such a course betrays too evidently the modern character of a thorough reaction, which does not even dread contradicting the most legitimate historical tradition."

But it is hardly fair to charge it upon one who declines to receive a partial tradition that he manifests a revolutionary reaction against the undue deference to early tradition. The traditions to which orthodox writers attach much importance, and to which, indeed, too much importance cannot be attached, are such as were unanimous, or all but unanimous. Neither Hofmann, nor any other of the leading defenders of the canon, can be charged with neglecting or defying a general tradition of antiquity. Again, as to the deviation from Luther, too much ought not to be made of that. It is one of the artifices of this school to allege the authority of Luther and the early reformers on almost every contested question in which they happened to deviate from the modern acceptance of orthodoxy. Neither is that fair. Luther is no final and supreme authority. The instance, however, here alluded to is one that illustrates an important principle—that of permitting honest differences of opinion as to authorship a sufficiently wide range wherein to disport. Much harm has been done by establishing—in the case of the Epistle to the Hebrews for instance—a conventional judgment which it is made suspicious to differ from. This is an interesting question; and, as Luther and Hilgenfeld seem to be of accord, the views of the latter may be given, by way of digression, here.

If we suppose the epistle addressed to the Christian Hebrews of Alexandria, we can with tolerable precision find the author. He must have originally belonged to them (ch. xiii. 19); and that was the case with Apollos, whom Luther pitched upon. He was a Jew of Alexandria, mighty in the Scriptures. It was by the instrumentality of two persons well known to Paul that he was brought to a better knowledge of the Christian faith than the Baptist's tradition could teach. He thenceforward taught a Pauline Christianity. In Alexandria he had probably been of the school of Philo. He could speak to the Alexandrian Jewish Christians of a salvation brought to them by those who had heard the Lord (Heb. ii. 8); for probably they had heard it from the immediate hearers of Jesus. The reason why Apollos desired to be restored to them was that they might not too long remain in the midway condition in which he himself had been found at Ephesus. The "doctrine of baptism and laying on of hands" (Heb. vi. 2), beyond which the readers of this epistle had not yet gone,

agrees well with the original Christianity of Apollos, which knew only the baptism of John, and points back to a certain connection with Essenism. - Formed in Alexandria, taught by St. Paul, as the author of the Hebrews approves himself, was actually Apollos; and practised in the way of demonstrating to the Jews the Messianic dignity of Jesus, as Apollos was, was actually the author of the Hebrews. In Ephesus, too, Apollos was acquainted with Timothy, whose deliverance from imprisonment Heb. xiii. 23 announces; St. Paul, 1 Cor. xvi. 12, mentions him after Timothy. In Corinth he had, as the first Corinthian epistle shows, continued the work of St. Paul, yet in a peculiar and characteristic manner, just according to the relation in which the author of the Hebrews stands to Paul generally. When St. Paul suffered death in Rome (64), and his faithful Timothy had been delivered from prison, and scattered Christians dispersed throughout Italy in consequence of the Roman persecution had come to Apollos, he found himself called upon to write to the believing Hebrews of Alexandria. The contest against unbelieving Judaism was familiar to him. That unbelieving Judaism had been encouraged already in Jerusalem to urge a complaint against the imprisoned Paul (59), and had put to death James, though a sacred personage to the people. The more Judaism gathered itself up to a war of despair against the Romans the more would the Jewish Christians within and outside of Jerusalem seek to win it over. The epistle suits all these circumstances; written, not in Rome but in some part of Italy, before the bloody persecutions in Alexandria, in the year 66, and upon the outbreak of the Jewish war.

There is something attractive in the theory that Apollos was the author. It pays a high tribute to the last and most illustrious of John's disciples; it explains very many allusions to Philo, or coincidences with his teaching; it accounts for the close resemblance to St. Paul's doctrine, and also the differences; it renders, above all, a good reason of the peculiar style, contents, and character of the epistle. To us there is something attractive also in the theory as it tends to establish the wonderful identity of doctrine in the various apostolic schools. Moreover, if Apollos was the author, it gives one more very early testimony to the grand stock of evangelical truth which so early was accepted. And, finally, it shows that the conciliation between Pauline

and Judæan Christianity was brought about long before, according to the Tübingen theory, the disparity began to exist. But, against all this is to be set the undeniable fact that no name is less mentioned in ecclesiastical antiquity as the author, or probable author, than that of Apollon. If his was the honour, it pleased the Holy Ghost, and doubtless pleased himself also, that he should not be known as such: one more illustration of the perfect humility and self-oblivion of the writers of the New Testament.

But to return: Dr. Hilgenfeld's review of the history of modern higher criticism is very interesting; though one cannot help feeling that it is the narrative of a campaign that is almost or altogether in the past. It is the peculiarity of the destructive schools that they never remain in one stage. They perpetually wage an internecine war. However united against the canonical and inspired New Testament, they are also embittered against each other. There are very evident signs that the Tübingen school, with its constant efforts to reconcile itself with orthodoxy at some points, has already passed away. There is arising a new order of critics who will show that supernatural religion is nothing in the world; that there has been an enormous fraud upon human credulity as to the New Testament scriptures; that there is no trace of their having been accepted or heard of in the first century; and, therefore, that the whole is a gigantic invention of the world's religious fantasy, in an age when it seems the spiritual instinct or disease of humanity had reached its highest point.

This, however, leads to the Constructive theory of the Tübingen school, which is as conspicuous and as industrious as the Destructive. Denying altogether the Hand of the Holy Ghost as an inspiring Spirit, it makes up for the omission by ascribing to the early church, especially to those writers mostly unknown, an untiring industry in the accumulation of loose materials, a keen insight into the bearings of Christianity as mediatory between Judaism and the world, and a wonderful skill in criticism—not a whit behind that of the nineteenth century—which evidenced itself in constructive works mainly of imagination that exhibited the various tendencies of thought and reconciled them. There is nothing in the history of literature more astonishing, nothing indeed approaching to the wonder, of these few obscure men elaborating the New Testament in the interests of dogma. It has been the fashion to speak

of the Gospel being a history, out of which doctrines grew or around which they clustered; but the Tübingen theory changes that. The entire New Testament, with a few exceptions, was the result of the intensest dogmatic earnestness, combined with polemics of an equally earnest type. This entire theory is very much hampered by the names assumed by the writers, or generally ascribed to the writings. It must therefore regard them as pious and innocent forgeries: though it deprecates that name.

Dr. Hilgenfeld states the case of supposititious writings very strongly. Here we must give an extract; for the subject is one of great importance in the whole work of modern criticism:

“That the scriptures of the New Testament were composed by apostles and apostolical men is the account given by Tradition. But we must not absolutely rely on tradition. Writings without a name were very readily assigned to definite authors of the apostolical age. Thus was it with regard to the Epistle to the Hebrews as a production of the Apostle Paul. The letter of a Gentile Christian was ascribed by tradition to the Levite Barnabas. Clement of Alexandria ascribed to Luke the dialogue of Jason and Papiscus, which probably Aristo of Pella composed. And many a book in the New Testament may have been connected with authors of the apostolical age by later tradition. Some of these writings themselves assume to be written by apostles or apostolical men. He, therefore, who will not accept these self-attributions, exposes himself to the hateful objection of charging the holy authors of Scripture with deception. But the second of Peter and Jude, the most contested of all the writings of the New Testament, proclaim themselves to have been written by Peter and Jude. In the early church they were not so narrow-minded as to suppose that no interpolated writings were to be admitted into the Canon. In the first age of Christendom it was a widespread custom to compose writings under the names of eminent men of antiquity. This kind of supposititious apostolical writings is referred to in the second of Thessalonians, where the signature with his own hand authenticates the writer. This ought not to be looked upon as a deception which could not be ascribed to the holy writers. It was indeed, as the preacher of Solomon shows in the case of the later writings of the Old Testament, only a form of authorship which was in some sense necessary in apocalyptic writings, such as the books of Daniel, Enoch and the Ezra-prophet. Antiquity had not as yet generally the notion of special authorship. The Greek translators of the Old Testament books of Ezra, Esther, Daniel, were not scrupulous about inserting additions and variations: indeed, they were so free in their operation

that we have a distinct book of Esdras, and many additions to Daniel Similarly, early Christians did not hesitate to enrich the Septuagint of the Old Testament with Christian additions, by which they sought more distinctly to express the spirit and meaning of the prophets. Some early Christian interpolated on Josephus the testimony concerning Christ to which Eusebius refers. How variously were those writings which were composed under the names of Ignatius and Clement, wrought up over and over again. Dionysius of Corinth and Origen had even in their lifetime to complain of many such falsifications of these writings."

Before proceeding with this quotation, and considering the application of the principle to the New Testament, it may be well to pause and consider whither it is tending. The design is to rob every document about which there is any internal difficulty of the sanction of the apostolical name that it may bear. In order that we may be utterly indifferent to the voice of tradition and the testimony of the document itself, we are taught to believe that authorship was matter of no moment in ancient times, and that falsifications were very common. The evidences adduced, however, are not of much value. All that the author has to allege is that there were interpolations and frauds practised upon the later writings of the Old Testament. But that fact tells against the hypothesis. The books surreptitiously brought in were never accepted as Scripture; they were apocryphal; and never accepted by the Jewish church, by the Saviour and the apostles, or by the Christian church during its best ages and in its purest communities. Granted, too, that the Apostle Paul expressly guarded against falsification by making his autograph the sign of genuineness: it only proves that this kind of forgery was hateful to the apostle, and by no means the indifferent matter which it is here said to have been. In fact, the most superficial inspection of the New Testament must convince anyone that the matter of authorship is always regarded as of great importance. In most of the epistles very express care is taken to establish the authorship and protect it. Where the name is suppressed, there is a reason for the suppression.

However, the question is not of simple forgery. It is more important than that. No amount of special pleading would avail to substantiate against any one writing of the New Testament accepted by the Christian church the

charge of having by fraud and forgery obtained its recognition. The majesty, purity, and simplicity of even the least fragment of the New Testament effectually protect it against any such imputation. No critic has ever dared to express his conviction that either of the gospels or the Acts, or any one of the epistles was a deliberate forgery as such. The honesty of scepticism forbids any such hypothesis being either thrown out or accepted. Then it is necessary to modify the idea, and disguise the charge under another form. In plain terms we are taught to believe that the genius of Christianity allowed good men, men of apostolic spirit if not of the apostolic age, to send out their productions under the patronage of the names of the holy apostles: the books thus issued being, as it happens, precisely the most influential of the Christian writings as respects both doctrine and discipline, such as the writings of the unknown man who allowed himself to be taken for the Apostle John, and the Pastoral Epistles composed under the name of Paul.

Dr. Hilgenfeld has advocated this notion for many years, and with more skill as well as good temper and good faith than most of the lesser writers who have tried to use his arguments. He has had a deep sense of the importance of his principles. It alone has accounted or seemed to account for the almost universal acceptance of the writings, for the profound piety they exhibit, for the influence they have exerted, and for the success with which they challenged for themselves a place in the Canon. In this work, however, the ground has been slightly shifted, as the following extract will show:—

“Classical antiquity presents instances of writings absolutely supposititious: such as the pseudo-Orphic and pseudo-Musæic poems, as also the spurious works of Pythagoras and Plato. This kind of falsification of authorship, which extended to Rome also, was quite indigenous in Alexandria, this region of comparatively young development, where there was special reason for clothing the new in the reverend garments of antiquity. There the Alexandrian Jews took pleasure in interpolating the confession of Jewish Monotheism into heathen authors and even the Sibyls. There was an Alexandrian Jew of the age before Christ who, under the name of the ancient Solomon, composed his well-known Book of Wisdom. No wonder that such sanctified fabrication found its way into Christianity. In this way arose the Testament of the twelve Patriarchs, the Ascension of Isaiah, the many

writings given to the world under the name of Clement, the letters of Ignatius, &c. We have been taught to mark in the history of the canon many writings which assumed the name of apostles and apostolical men. For the spread and acceptance of such writings the apostolical name had great influence. Epistles like the first of John and the first of Peter must have commended themselves to Papias by the names they bore. Without the name of the apostle John the fourth gospel would hardly have found acceptance with the pseudo-Clement of the Homilies. When so many authors desired to commend their writings by the names of apostles and apostolical men we may suppose that the thing was done by them from perfectly good motives. Their authorship under apostolical names was essentially no more than if, in the present day, anyone were to make Luther, Melancthon, Hutter, Fichte, Schleiermacher, speak by anticipation to a future age. At the ground there was always the consciousness of a spiritual union with the sanctified names of older time, and even the honest endeavour to exalt them. So in the second century there was a presbyter in Asia who wrote the Acts of Paul, and declared that he did it out of love to Paul. But this falsification was not skilful enough, because the teaching and baptising of a woman contrary to the express prescription of 1 Cor. xiv. 34 was too glaring. In the case of so palpable a forgery the church certainly showed some measure of criticism. But we have not the slightest assurance that in the case of more skilful efforts of that kind there was any such critical forethought. Seasonable interpolations found easy acceptance and swift recognition."

Against all this we have two things to say: first, that internal evidence may be derived from the contested books themselves, that there was no such pious use made of holy names, which in their case would have been, according to any decent ethical standard, certainly according to their own standard, lying in a lower degree against the Holy Ghost; and, secondly, that the critical faculty of the early church is by such an hypothesis grossly undervalued.

To take the pastoral epistles to Timothy and Titus. It is not possible to read these productions without perceiving that they are stamped everywhere with the signature of a personal relation of the writer—one writer—to the individuals addressed, and of his real relation to the various circumstances that made up the surroundings of the letters. Any reasonable person, independent of foregone conclusions, who should apply the theory to these epistles—supposing him to understand thoroughly what the theory is—would

at once, or should at once, declare it to be absolutely untenable. The writer is supposed to be a lover of Paul and of Pauline doctrine, but not acquainted with Paul, and writing long after Paul's death; he is supposed to desire above all things to promote the free Christianity of the apostle to the Gentiles, and to subserve the edification of the ministry in his age, by giving the young pastors certain epitomes of gospel doctrine, and certain instructions in the practical ethics of Christianity, and especially in the ethics of the pastoral relation, incorporating with the whole certain warnings against current error. Now, it might be supposed that such a Christian brother or father would have proceeded honestly, as Irenæus and Polycarp and Ignatius did, to write his views in his own name, appealing, where necessary for confirmation, to the authority of Paul. Instead of that he deliberately invents a situation for Paul and Timothy and Titus; with exceeding dexterity finds out a conjuncture of circumstances in each case, not to be discovered without great difficulty; dovetails all he could gather of the later events of the apostle's life into his epistles, and gives the whole the air of most perfect verisimilitude. In fact, if all had been true, it could not have been more exact, more perfect in detail, and more naturally told. Then this unknown author proceeds to refer to certain heresies not known till the second century, and deliberately describes St. Paul as condemning them in his own day. More than that he puts into the apostle's lips, or makes him write, the most touching references to the most sacred transactions between him and his Lord; makes him refer to imaginary events, imaginary determinations to winter, imaginary books and parchments, an imaginary judgment in Rome, and an imaginary expectation of the death of martyrdom. It would be very easy to show how preposterous all this is. It would be easy to show how this theory outwits itself, by representing an unknown author as succeeding in a style of imitation of St. Paul, which none of those whose names we know approached. We might also point out how wonderfully the internal evidence of these epistles belies any such theory: being infinitely superior in force and unction and all the attributes of religious writing to the best productions of the apostolical fathers. But, instead of dwelling on what needs no further enlargement, we will quote Hilgenfeld's calm statement of the origin of the three documents.

"Thus the first of Timothy represents itself as having been written by St. Paul, when, on a journey to Macedon, he had left Timothy in Ephesus, and could not at once accomplish his design of returning himself to Ephesus. 'The epistle to Titus places us in a period when Paul had been in Crete, and thought of wintering in Epirus.' The second to Timothy purports to be written from Paul imprisoned in Rome, after he had left Trophimus sick in Miletus, and in Troas his cloak and books. In Rome he had been, after the Asiatics had early forsaken him, excepting Onesiphorus, forsaken even of his nearest companions, Demas, Crescens, Titus, so that, after the sending of Tychicus, he only had Luke with him. At his first judicial answer not one of his companions was with him. Prisca and Aquila were for a time in Ephesus."

Whatever may be said as to the piety of this kind of forgery, it is utterly inconsistent with the purity, simplicity, and truth of the writers of Holy Scripture. Whatever theory may be held of inspiration, there is a human excellence in the authors of these first Christian documents which cannot endure the very hint of such dishonesty as this. The hidden man in such an epistle as the first of John is felt by all who read him to be utterly incapable of such a falsehood. So it is with the Gospel of St. John. That any private Christian of the second century should have conceived the idea of delineating the Christ of the fourth gospel; that he should have so carried out that idea as to draw the grandest picture ever drawn on human canvas, the Eternal Son made flesh; that he should have made his account perfectly independent of all the rest of the gospels, at that time well known, while in most points preserving the strictest fidelity to them; that where he seems to differ he should have given no explanation of his difference, as a forger would have done; that his artless narrative should have contained a series of discoveries and records that have from the beginning been accounted the sublimest records of Christian revelation; that he should have imposed upon the region where the apostle John had laboured his new work as the production of that apostle; and lastly, that he should have persuaded the Christian world to receive it as the apostle's;—all these are suppositions or facts which are simply irreconcilable with common sense. Those who invented the theory, and those who think they receive it, are alike among the most deluded of the victims of prejudice. There are no

triumphs of faith that surpass the triumphs of scepticism. It is necessary, in order to establish this hypothesis, to degrade the critical faculty of the early Church to the very lowest point. Ordinary depreciation is not enough. It may indeed be admitted that the progress of age, bringing with it the new instrumentality of printing and the accumulation of materials, has given criticism an enormous advantage in modern times. But it ought not to be forgotten that, in the matter before us, the early Church had its own peculiar advantages. It was very near the apostolical times: too near to be so grossly deceived as this theory requires us to believe. It had its very learned men, who went up and down the world as indefatigably in the cause of collation and comparison of documents as our modern textual critics. Its vigilance was sharpened by the dread of heresy, and by a very high theory of inspiration: a theory so high, that the idea of accepting a book not veritably and demonstrably of apostolic origin would have been most abhorrent. It would not be too much to say that for two hundred years there was a universal and most eager emulation throughout Christendom, not for the augmentation of the number of holy writings, but for their reduction to the severest limits.

Against all this it is easy to allege the credulity of our Christian forefathers, and the ease with which they surrendered themselves to impostures. We have to reply that this credulity did not extend to the ready acceptance of supposed Scriptural books: it never took that form; those who were most credulous as to other things, were most sceptical on this point. The war against apocryphal writings was as vehemently carried on as the war against heresy. Nor was there any truce or pause until the canon was expurgated from all suspicion of undue tolerance. Moreover, the charges brought against the fathers of boundless credulity have so little support, that those who allege them are almost afraid of their own words. All that Hilgenfeld, for instance, has to allege, is that the two apologies of Justin Martyr contain some spurious rescripts of the emperor: for instance, that about the *Legio fulminatrix*, the acceptance of which was a very venial offence. It is charged against them that they uncritically accepted the tradition concerning the seventy or seventy-two translators who, independently of each other, composed the Septuagint: a tradition, to receive which, was no impeach-

ment of the good sense of those who were accustomed to believe in the control of Divine providence over the Scriptures. Nor was it an eternal disgrace to Justin and the fathers who followed him, that they accepted the old statue of Semo Sancus as a token of honour having been once paid to Simon Magus. Of course Papias, with his wonderful vine, is introduced, and much is made of the fact that Irenæus shows his delusion concerning Christ's age. To us it seems remarkable that the fathers were so temperate, in an age fresh from the miracles of the apostolical age, and imbued as they were with a faith in the supernatural which the present age can hardly understand.

Nothing is more unbecoming than the levity with which the early representatives of Christian truth are charged with abject poverty of thought and learning and critical sagacity. Take, for instance, the following words of Zumpt, by which our author fortifies himself: "That entire period was without historical judgment, its studies philosophical and rhetorical. The Christian writers conducted the defence of their religion with the arms which the cultivation of those times furnished to them. They troubled themselves only about dogmatics; the historical narratives of their gospels found in them perfect faith, but neither explanation nor useful application." This is very severe. We think of the indefatigable labours of the men who hunted down the apocryphal Gnostic books; of Origen, for instance, whose critical investigations on the epistle to the Hebrews and other contested books have never been surpassed as models; of Jerome, of Dionysius of Alexandria, and many others whose theories of authorship in the case of the Apocalypse, and some other books, literally anticipated the hypothesis which our own age has introduced with such a flourish of originality. It is true that these fathers bent their attention to dogmatics. Now that is a great concession of Zumpt. Dogmatics cannot be studied without the critical faculty, and that in keen exercise. Moreover, among the dogmatics which the early fathers investigated and taught with peculiar earnestness, was the doctrine of inspiration. On no one point was early theory more full and explicit than on this. Now the very foundations of the doctrine of inspiration are laid in the settlement of the Canon. They who defined and applied that doctrine were required to exercise the keenest

vigilance as to the evidences, external and internal, of the Spirit's presence in the books that asserted their right to a place in the sacred collection. Their senses were exercised to discern the true from the false. They were sensitive, most tremulously sensitive, to the internal tokens of the Holy Ghost. They rejected at once all the writings that were originally condemned, and by degrees all those that were strongly suspected. And it is an incontestable fact that those books, so rejected, have never had a solitary champion since. Others which were for a while suspected, on account partly of style and partly of peculiar doctrine, they came to accept because of the *testimonium Spiritus sancti*, the breath of Divine influence, felt to be in them. And it is certain that the best judges of the Christian world have endorsed their views as to these Antilegomena. They were indeed more sternly critical than the Reformers themselves. For they accepted writings, such as St. James' epistle, on their external and internal evidences, which dogmatic prepossessions induced Luther and others to reject. Finally, the dogmatics which they studied included ethics, and the fathers entertained too high an estimate of the virtue of truth and fidelity to accept as Scripture what was the forgery of man, or to leave any effort unemployed which might have aided them in discovering the truth.

We are constantly reminded that they paid too much deference to the unanimity of tradition. It is admitted that, when the stream of tradition was broken or departed, they began to exercise, or to try to exercise, the critical faculty. But their offence was that they accepted too readily the traditions of the Church when they were of one accord. It is true that this is not directly charged upon them as an offence. But their adherence to general tradition is spoken of disparagingly, never with any token of respect or concession. But surely there can after all be no more valid or constraining evidence, in the matter of the Canon at least, than universal tradition. We offer to it, in every department, the homage of profound respect. As faith is essential to the life of the individual, so it is also to the life of the community. If the uninterrupted and universal tradition of our fathers is not to be depended on, there can be no history; there can be no faith either in things Divine or in things human.

The question now arises to what extent the ancient and
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universal tradition of the Church is defensible, that the writings of the New Testament were composed by apostles and by apostolical men. Dr. Hilgenfeld maintains that no conscientious investigator will be content to admit that most of these writings can be brought within the limits of the apostolical age, that is, within the first century. He thinks that the whole work of the more modern criticism must be convicted of vanity if some of the New Testament writings are not the productions of the second century. But he admits that the majority of those books are of the age of the apostles. These he divides into three main masses. First, the genuine writings of the apostle Paul : the first epistle to the Thessalonians, that to the Galatians, both to the Corinthians, those to the Romans, Philemon, and the Philippians ; constituting, with the epistle to the Hebrews as of the Pauline school, the normative writings of Christianity. Secondly, the original apostles, and apostolical men, with their writings : John, the writer of the Apocalypse, Matthew, Mark, and James. These represented a later school of reaction against the too free tendency of Paul's writings. Thirdly, the union-writings conceived in the spirit of Paul, the Gospel of Luke and the Acts. The writings which he assigns to a post-apostolical period are the two epistles of Peter, the second to the Thessalonians, the epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians, Jude, the Pastoral epistles, and the deutero-Johannæan writings, that is, the gospel and the epistles.

Here let us pause. It is matter of considerable satisfaction to find that modern criticism is disposed to deal so favourably with the precious documents of the Christian Church. It is well that one half of the New Testament, at least, is safe in the keeping of the apostles and apostolical men under the influence of the apostles. We have nearly all the main writings of St. Paul : though it is a great loss to surrender the Ephesians and Colossians and the Pastorals, the remainder holds the very pith of the later theology of the New Testament. At any rate it may be said that no Pauline doctrine is absolutely omitted. It is indeed a frightful chasm which the sacrifice of St. John's gospel and epistles leaves ; for that surrender there can be no consolation, so far, that is, as the perfection and final finish of the Christian system is concerned. But, taking a broad and general view of the whole, we cannot but feel that what this criticism leaves us is of inestimable value,

establishes the fundamentals of Christianity, is a sufficient foundation on which its theology might be upreared, and, what is of great importance, most irresistibly pleads for the restoration of the other half of the Christian writings and the integrity as a whole of the New Testament.

After all that may be said the Tübingen theory in every form of it makes St. Paul the real founder of theological Christianity, though it may leave Jesus as the historical founder. The relations of the Gentile apostle to the twelve and his relations generally to the early faith are subjects on which this school has spent an immense amount of investigation, not altogether without its results. Indeed, it may be truly said, that their concentration of all their lights upon the figure of St. Paul has done very much to impress his character and work upon the present age. All writers on this subject have been laid under great obligation to them. There is no part of the present volume more elaborately executed than the introductory matter on St. Paul and his epistles; unless indeed the treatment of St. John be made a parallel. Both will occupy our attention during the remainder of this notice. A condensed view of the sketch of the Gentile apostle will have some value.

Not specifically eloquent, St. Paul was in that all the more like Moses; only he was to be the Moses of a religion free from the law, the apostle of a people of believers. Highly endowed with keenness of thought, decision of will, depth of feeling, he was capable of moving mightily in the persuasion of men. It was not a matter of slight significance that St. Paul did not like the immediate disciples of Jesus, belonging to the lower orders, but was the son of a nobler house, dignified by the possession of Roman civic rights. Nor was it of no moment that he sprang from Tarsus, a seat of Greek cultivation (comp. Strabo xvi. 5—13). But Paul did not receive his proper training in the Greek schools, but at the high school of Jerusalem. He calls himself a Pharisee; and the tribute paid him by Festus (Acts xxvi. 34) referred only to Jewish biblical learning.

What Paul was he must be with his whole soul. He surpassed his fellows in zeal for the law and the traditions of the fathers. Christianity he at first bitterly hated. We must not conclude from 2 Cor. v. 16 that he personally knew Jesus. On the way to Damascus that great change took place through which Paul became a most zealous professor of Christianity instead of its persecutor. The

miraculous narrative of the Acts our author resolves into a vision of Christ. Like visions the apostle frequently had; but this one was permanent, inasmuch as he dated from it not only his conversion but his apostolical vocation. That the reality of this internal appearance of Christ was disputed by the Judaisers of early times had an obvious reason. The modern critics have their reason also for reducing the whole to an internal procedure. It is hinted here that the apostle himself refers to it as a spiritual vision of Christ. But this argument is not pressed; because even the epistles of St. Paul carefully examined declare that he had such communion with Jesus as cannot be brought within the range of ordinary occurrences. And so it is, that the epistles which the most destructive school accepts as genuine are those in which St. Paul most unmistakably avows his miraculous conversion and call.

It is true that he does not dwell so much on his miraculous conversion as on his miraculous call. In St. Paul's theology there could be no miraculous conversion, strictly speaking; none, that is, in any other sense than as all conversion is miraculous. The change wrought in him was a change which used his faculties and wrought in harmony with his moral nature. Hence in those epistles which dwell upon his relation to Christ as a man he does not refer to the circumstances of his first interview with his Master near Damascus. "I was apprehended" only in the most distant manner, if at all, looks that way. All the interior processes through which he passed in embracing the Redeemer were the same through which all Christians pass. But it was otherwise with the internal circumstances of his change, connected as they were with his vocation to the Gentile apostolate. Whenever his call to join the circle of the original apostles was questioned he dwelt upon the miraculous intervention. He does not allude to it in writing to the Philippians; but in writing to the Corinthians and especially to the Galatians he alludes to it again and again. Nor can anything more striking be conceived than the propriety which governs the apostle's allusions to the true aspects of his conversion respectively. Modern criticism may join with ancient Judaism in denying the reality of the wonderful post-ascension appearance of Jesus to His new apostle; but its arguments are utterly inconsistent with anything like an honest acceptance of the documents as they stand.

It would be almost a miracle itself that such a concurrence of plain straightforward testimonies to this event should have been invented ; and an equal miracle that a man of the Apostle Paul's clear, practical common sense, whose Christianity was always matter of the simplest detail, as well as of the most transcendent elevation, should have been the patient in such an occurrence as the theory presents in the following quotation :—

“ Paul manifestly, as Holsten has taught us, regarded Christianity at the outset as lie and deception, and regarded the crucifixion of Jesus as the Divine judgment upon a false Messiah ; and the allegation of His resurrection as a worse error than the first (Matt. xxvii. 64). Therefore he gave himself to the persecution of the Christians. But the nearer contact with Christians as a persecutor tended more and more to shake his original conviction. The zealot for the righteousness of the law and of works perceived among the Christians the fresh breath of true piety, the new spirit of humility and childlike confidence towards the heavenly Father. The persecutor of a rash superstition was constrained to admit that, at least among the believers themselves, the maintenance of the reappearance of Jesus was no deception. Then came over his religious mind the anxious thought that he had, on the supposition that he was fighting for God against the lie, after all only fought against God for unbelief. Is it any miracle that to the internally excited Paul, the Messiah, whom he had often enough presented to himself under the image of Dan. vii. 13, arose before his soul as the Crucified and the Risen ? As they once said, ‘ Is Saul among the prophets ? ’ Now the persecutor Saul is to be observed among the witnesses of Christ. A Paul could do nothing by halves. As soon as he could no longer be altogether Judaist he ceased to be Judaist at all. When he could no longer regard Christianity as lie and deception he embraced it so entirely as the whole truth that his Judaist anti-Christianism turned round into a Christian anti-Judaism. Yet Paul did not become a new creature in any such sense as to require that a miracle must be introduced to meet the difficulty. The incompatibility between Christianity and Judaism, which his keen spirit from the beginning had discerned, he did not maintain less earnestly as a professor of Christianity than as its persecutor.”

It is hard to comprehend why there should be such a difference between St. Paul and the other converts from Judaism in this matter : indeed, between St. Paul, if this be he, and his other self in his writings. St. John, St. Peter, St. James, were all at first devoted Jews, they all

became devoted Christians, but there was no such diametrical opposition to their former faith. Moreover, no such diametrical opposition can be thought of as consistent or possible. Christianity did not supersede Judaism in the sense of opposing it; but in the sense of supplementing and completing it. Hence the Paul of the true history of the Acts and Epistles is a very different person from the imaginary Paul of the Tübingen theory.

"It was on that account that Paul at the outset struck out a new path. He no longer poured out the new wine of Christianity into the old bottles of Judaism, any more than he renounced the Pharisaic ideal in the name of Christ. Not called by the Christ of this earth, who belonged to the Jewish people, he did not go out, like the older apostles, to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, but set out at once for the highways of the Gentiles. He undertook the conversion of the heathen as his specific vocation. All the more he announced the crucified Christ to the Jews a stumbling-block, and even to the Jewish Christians a fact, the depressing influence of which required to be neutralised by faith in the resurrection, and hope in the speedy restoration of the Messiah and His coming in glory. The crucified Christ he apprehended as the revelation of a new Divine Will of salvation, which placed the righteousness of faith for all believers, without limitation to the Jewish people, in the place of the righteousness of the law and of works. The vocation of an apostle to the Gentiles, which he valued and made his own, led of necessity to the righteousness of faith, and the calling of all men to salvation without the law and its works. It is only to be asked whether Paul at the very outset saw the whole course of the new way, which departed so far from that of the original apostles, or whether he did not rather advance to his Antinomianism and his universalism step by step. To an apostle of the Gentiles, which Paul now was, there belonged, moreover, a certain familiarity with Hellenic culture, which cannot impress us in a born Hellenist and the son of an eminent Jewish house. Wherever and whenever Paul received this culture, he appears in his epistles not merely as a converted Pharisee, who passed from anti-Christianity to anti-Judaism, but betrays also an Hellenistic influence, if not actually an Alexandrine. How should it have been otherwise? The scriptures of the Old Testament he uses in the Greek-Alexandrine version, and that with the Alexandrine wisdom of Solomon. The typical-allegorical exegesis which was common among the Alexandrian Jews was not unknown to Paul, and even with Greek philosophy he has points of contact."

We must not follow the author into his discussion of the relations of St. Paul to the other apostles. Suffice to say that, as the above extract shows, it is an exaggerated statement of the difference between them. It would be easy to fill pages with evidences of the effect of theory upon a great variety of points of detail. The distinction between apostles of the circumcision and of the Gentiles seems to be supported by the New Testament; but the distinction was not what they make it. It is the Apostle Peter who first proclaims the Gospel to the uncircumcision; and not only does the Book of Acts declare this, but St. Peter's later writings prove him to have had no thought of any abiding opposition between Judaism and Gentile Christianity. The same may be said of the Apostles John and James. Nor is there any meaning in the reference to St. Paul's assumption of the Gentile apostolate from the outset, and indifference to any other. Throughout the Acts he invariably pays all honour to the ancient people, and turns to the Gentiles only when and after the Jews had put away the Gospel: not indeed that he would not have gone to the Gentiles if the Jews had received him, but the obstinacy of the Jews was the immediate occasion and gave emphasis to his departure. Very much is made of the fact that his first essays on the Gospel were put forth "only in Jewish synagogues and before Jews." The fact is, that he did not arrogate to himself as his province the whole Gentile world. Generally, not one of the apostles was more a Jew than he was to the last. Nor is it true that he made the Crucified Christ his Gentile preaching in a sense in which the other apostles did not. If any one thing was common to the whole it was the stress they all laid on the Cross as the badge of Christianity.

It has been seen that Hilgenfeld accepts some other epistles of St. Paul besides those which Baur assigned him. Moreover, he makes the apostle the head of the whole school of Pauline theology: in common, of course, with others of the same class of critics, but in a more definite manner than most. Hence more than most he sees the importance of the apostle as the founder of the freer Christian faith. It is true that it does not suit the genius of the destructive school to go so far as to destroy Jesus and to set up his last-chosen apostle. Their Christianity, such as it is, does not exactly say "I am of Paul." Their theory rather is that modern Christianity is the result of a

compromise between him and the primitive apostles: a compromise, however, brought about by the friendly agency of men who, self-moved, wrote some of the most influential documents of early Christianity, such as the gospel and epistles known by the name of John.

Now, as these latest moulders of Christian thought in the New Testament were anonymous, there is no name that can be placed by the side of Paul. And, as the primitive apostles among the writers preserved only a transitional and imperfect Christianity, they at once sink back from any competition with him. Hence the name of Paul with that of the pseudo-John must be placed at the head of theological Christianity. Of John, or rather of the Johannæan writings, we shall speak presently. Before doing so, we must pay one tribute a few moments longer to the Tübingen Paul. Wonderful as he is in the New Testament, he is still more wonderful, though after another fashion, in this theory. For his was the mind that really fashioned the new religion. Take away his epistles and there remains not much in the domain of systematic theology. The Johannæan writings would be but a poor substitute in that respect. Not only did Paul supersede the original apostles as teachers of Christianity, he also gave the later writers the pith of their doctrine. According to this theory the gospel and epistles of St. John—at least those which we so name—were written by persons deeply under the influence of Paul. It is impossible to exaggerate his influence according to this hypothesis. But the New Testament fairly interpreted knows nothing of this extravagant homage to his name. It is parallel with the superstitious devotion paid by Romanist Christendom to the name of Peter. What Peter is to Pontifical Christianity, Paul is to the Tübingen or destructive. Both apostles would recoil with abhorrence from the superfluous and irreverent honour done them. How St. Paul would denounce it we may gather from his indignant disclaimer of the place some parties in Corinth would give him, "Were ye baptised in the name of Paul?"

The name of John is in this system much dishonoured. It is sufficient for the beloved apostle that the Apocalypse came from his hands. The gospel and the first epistle—the very sanctuary or holiest of Scripture—are denied to him and given to some pious forger of his name and authority. The acceptance of this theory seems to be the

very judicial blindness of this school : protested against by all that is to be found of reverence combined with learning, whether in Germany or Christendom at large. It is curious to observe our author using the same arguments in opposing those who deny the Apocalypse to the apostle, which he laughs at when they are urged against the theory of a supposititious John writing the gospel.

"The writer calls himself John the servant of God, and describes himself as a prophet. He does not expressly use the name apostle, but evidently appears in that character. An unknown John, whose name has vanished almost without a trace left, can hardly have given commandments to seven churches in the name of Christ and of the Spirit. It is perfectly unimaginable that any one would have made the Apostle John express his injunctions to seven churches of Asia to which he had no kind of relation. That the apocalypticist was no apostle is not to be deduced from the fact that he calls himself a prophet in a prophetic document. Prophecy is here very highly exalted, and the contents of the book made that name the most obvious. That our John could not have belonged to the Twelve does not follow from the fact that he mentions the twelve foundation-stones of the walls of the new Jerusalem. The number twelve, which Paul also mentions (1 Cor. xv. 5), after the traitor was gone, was so objective that the apostle needed not to add his own personal affirmation. When the apostle proves himself by his strong Hebraism to be a born Palestine Jew ; and by his anti-Pauline Jewish Christianity, which appears in the proper Apocalypse (ch. xxi. 14, comp. ii. 2) to be the pillar-apostle John, Christendom includes indeed believers out of heathenism, but yet is reputed to be the true and ideal twelve-stemmed Israel. The strong Jewish antithesis to heathenism is plain throughout the Christian Apocalypse. . . . Un-Pauline is the weight which the book attaches to works as the standard of our relation to God. There is also an Essenian colouring. With the forecourt of the temple the altar of burnt-offering is surrendered, on which the bloody offerings were brought which the Essenes abstained from. And when the elect are called virgins, we discern an Essenian overvaluation of celibacy, which John throughout his life maintained."

The defence of St. John's authorship is satisfactory, though the arguments are sometimes strange. If prejudice and an exacting theory were not in the way the same style of argument would soon, in such skilful hands, vindicate the Johannæan authorship of the gospel and the epistles. The remarkable attempt, first, to show that the

writer does not rise beyond the first-created angelship of the Lord's dignity; and, secondly, to prove that such a notion was not at all inconsistent with the views of one who had been with Christ, and was familiar with angel appearances in the Old Testament, is a curiosity of criticism.

We must linger for a while on the author's view of the epistles of St. John. The first epistle was never called in question by the early Church; only in very recent criticism has it been denied to the apostle. Dr. Hilgenfeld has spent much time on this question. The result of his studies at present takes this form: at present we say; for it is impossible to predict what may be the final issue of the researches of a man who is remarkably accessible to argument from any opponent of his views.

"The First Epistle of St. John as a Homologumenon received almost undivided recognition in the early church. The two other epistles were sometimes thrown aside only on account of their comparative insignificance. Critical investigation cannot permit the three to be separated from each other; it must refuse to attribute them to the apostle and apocalyptic John. But it is constrained to regard them as evidences of his influence, and of the respect had for his consecrated name, under cover of which an Asiatic Christian, of free and profound views, came forward to oppose Gnostic dualism and libertinism. Having used the name of the apostle John in the interests of such a tendency against Gnosticism he would seek in the same name to set aside the Jewish foundation of the genuine Johannæan Christianity, and to transform that old Christianity in the spirit of a theology as free as it was deep."

Great efforts are made to prove that the writer of these epistles introduces the thoughts and language of the advanced Gnosticism of the second century. It is true that true Christianity is regarded as the highest knowledge of God. But we cannot be persuaded that there is any sign here of an intimate familiarity with later Gnosticism. Knowledge of God is the Hebrew idea of true religion; and as such pervades both testaments. St. Paul's epistles, even the earlier of them, contain the same kind of reference to Divine knowledge, and the same distinction between the true and the false knowledge, and presenting the same undervaluation of mere knowledge in comparison with love and its works. "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth:" it might with equal propriety be said that the

writer of this sentence was contending against the developed Gnosticism of the second century, and the writer's use of the term seed of God, as abiding in the believer, betrays no Gnosticism. This also is a thoroughly Biblical idea for the Divine life in the soul, whether as regards the Word as the instrument of it or the Spirit as the agent. And if some later Gnostic writers use the same expression, it is a more probable supposition that they derived it from the apostle than that he derived it from them. Moreover, the word occurs in the epistle in the most artless manner, and not in the way of controversy.

The real meaning of all this is that an unknown Asiatic Christian adopted the name of the apostle John, or, rather, without his name assumed the authority of his office and dignity, as an eye-witness to publish a document which should correct St. John in the spirit of St. Paul, and give to the world the perfect exhibition of a Christianity without the extreme characteristics of either apostle, but be a composite of their best qualities. Extraordinary as is the First Epistle of St. John, and distinct as are all its features as the last and the consummate document of Christianity, this theory assigns it a character which would make it more wonderful still, but at the expense of its simplicity and dignity and heavenly inspiration. Some modern critics dilate upon the monotony and jejune repetitions of this epistle; dwelling very emphatically upon the absence of art and study and orderly design. Others, like our author, regard it as pre-eminently original and rich in its exhibition of the subjective and intense internal life of the new religion, and as furnishing a fine specimen of the consummate result of a union of the old apostolic or Judæan and the more recent Pauline or free Christianity: which view is the more correct needs not to be considered, as both are utterly unworthy of the subject.

We shall not examine at length the points in which the unknown imitator of St. John is supposed to have written a correction of St. Paul's over-free gospel; nor consider those on which he is supposed to correct his own master, and diverge from his rigorous Judaism: a few hints as to both may be gathered from the following extracts, which we may comment upon as we go:—

“The apostle John himself, who had lived to nearly a hundred years, but only saw the first beginning of Gnosticism proper,

could not have been the author of these epistles. He declares himself to have been an eye-witness and apostle only in a very disguised manner (ch. i. 1—3, iv. 14). The address *little children* to orthodox Christians, and the passage John iii. 12, can, indeed, be only understood as one of apostolical consciousness. But the apostolical dignity is never unconditionally declared."

This little sentence is a remarkable instance of the self-deception of the destructive school. The epistle certainly betrays a measure of acquaintance with Gnostic errors; but precisely such an acquaintance as an aged apostle of Christ might have had, and would necessarily have had, supposing him to have lived when St. John lived. If this first epistle is, as we firmly believe it to be, the final document of the Christian revelation—the two small epistles being, as it were, appendages—then it gives evidence of precisely that kind of knowledge of Gnosticism which was to be expected, and deals with it in precisely the way which was to be expected. He who thinks for a moment what was the style of thought and phraseology which prevailed in the Gnosticism of Asia Minor towards the middle of the second century, will feel not the slightest hesitation in saying that this epistle could not have been written as it is with that heresy distinctly in view, whereas it is perfectly consistent with an apostle's dignified contest with the beginnings of such error. Moreover, it speaks the very language that befits a prophetic contemplation of its effects. Let this thought be carried to the interpretation of the words of the epistle, and it will at once approve its own truth. We may safely change our critic's sentence: The apostle John, who lived to a hundred years, and saw the beginnings of the Gnostic error, wrote as one who saw those beginnings, and no more.

"If the Apostle John wrote the Apocalypse, he could not have written this epistle, which differs from that book of his sixtieth year so entirely in speech and thought. The notion of a wrathful and jealous God is here glorified into the idea of a God of pure love (1 John iv. 8-16), and if faith in the near approach of the coming of Christ to judgment is here also held fast (1 John ii. 8, iv. 17), yet the victory of Christianity over the world (1 John iv. 4, v. 4) is not regarded by any means in the internal way of the Apocalyptic judgments. Instead of the Roman empire Christian heretical doctrine becomes the anti-Christian power (1 John ii. 18), from which it is in the Revelation (chap. ii. 3) still distinguished. Indeed the epistles link

themselves with the Apocalypse, which itself had the form of a letter to the seven churches of Asia, and condemned erroneous doctrine there, and also exhorted to hold fast the old (Rev. ii. 25, comp. 1 John ii. 7). All the more obvious was it, at a later time when the Pauline Antinomianism had advanced into Gnosticism, to take up again this apostolical exhortation, and to introduce the seer of the Apocalypse, whom all still regarded, even after his departure (comp. John xxi. 23), as an invisible contemporary, as warning the extra-Asiatic Christendom against the new Nicolaitanea.'

Here also is a kind of criticism which serves the cause of its adversary rather than its own. Surely the same writer may write in two different styles on two perfectly different subjects. And, supposing a considerable interval to have passed, it is not beyond the bounds of probability that the Apocalypse and the epistles proceeded from the same hand. Certainly the argument from the different presentations of God is a very weak one. The God who is love in the epistle is also a "wrathful and jealous God" there; one indeed who visits sin "unto death." And the love of God is the very note to which, after all that may be said to the contrary, the book of the Revelation is set. And what can be said of a style of argument that sets the victory of faith overcoming the world in the heart of a Christian against the victory of God's word and providence over the world without, as opposing the Christian Church? The remainder of the pleas advanced in this singular passage may be left to themselves; they serve at least to show how easily the opponents of the canon may delude themselves. Let them not be suffered to delude others.

But let us seek for a moment the traces of that peculiar difference between the unknown writer and both St. John and St. Paul upon which the theory bases its assumption that the epistle is a *tertium quid*, a compromise or composite between the two original tendencies.

We cannot see anywhere the slightest tendency to rebuke or correct that undue freedom of St. Paul, which is supposed to have degenerated into Gnostic Antinomianism. St. Paul's fundamental principle that God is just while He justifies the believer is retained in the epistle with a very interesting variation in the statement of it. "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins" (1 John i. 9). Like St. Paul, the writer sees in the mission and work of Christ, as well as in His person, the propitiation, on the ground

of which that forgiveness is bestowed ; and like St. Paul he makes a distinction between the propitiation and the intercession of Christ. Like St. Paul he makes love the strength and fulfilment of all obedience ; and insists upon obedience as necessary to the justified character. Once more, like St. Paul he lays great stress on brotherly love with its fruits as evidence of the regenerate state : love is the firstborn of the Spirit in the Christian life. But we fail to see any evidence of a tendency to qualify the antinomian tendency of St. Paul. He does not say a word about the necessity of good works which the apostle of justification by faith had not said with equal strength. Whatever we find of protest against licence is of the same tone and character which pervades the New Testament from beginning to end : common to all the holy writers in virtue of their common commission to announce the doctrine which is according to godliness. In short, if we only take with us the faith that the same Spirit of inspiration moved upon St. John and St. Paul, however ignorant of each other in the flesh, we shall find every word of these epistles harmonious with the doctrine of the Gentile apostle, while we shall also find precisely those divergences which the difference of their nature and education in Christ might prepare us to expect. But, on the theory of a thorough and radical difference between the two apostles we cannot understand how any one writing in the name of John could have so entirely, and at all points, agreed with Paul.

Nor can we detect any trace of the freer edition of the old catholic and apostolical gospel which is supposed to be put forth in this epistle. The theory goes on the supposition that the original apostolical testimony did not teach the abnegation of the law and did not teach the supreme deity of Jesus ; of that original Christianity there was no better representative than the evangelist John. Now Hilgenfeld is obliged to admit that this second century imitator of John has departed very considerably from his master in these points ; and supposes that the spirit of conciliation caused him to make these advances towards Paul. "That the author is beyond the limits of Jewish legality is taught by the passage, 1 John iii. 4, where opposition to the law is not sin, but sin is opposition to law. But, as faith itself is reduced back to a natural foundation in man, so is also its object defined by the doctrine of the divinity of Christ,

in which the author attaches himself to the objective development of Paulinism in the epistles to the Hebrews and the Colossians." These sentences are noteworthy as illustrative of the modern school of criticism. They deserve to be studied as showing what kind of reasoning is held to be sufficient for the annihilation of the authority of the early Biblical documents. What can the author of this criticism mean by saying that the words "sin is a transgression of law," indicate a tendency to recede from respect for the law. This surely is a most unworthy refinement. When the Greek is examined, and the context taken into account, it will appear that there is not the slightest foundation for the supposition.

Generally speaking, there is no evidence that the New Testament exhibits the development of a freer feeling as it respects the law. From the beginning to the end there is one doctrine, namely, that the law in its Mosaic edition was abolished and that its moral requirements were re-established in more spiritual forms by the Gospel. This appears in the Sermon on the Mount; it is the constant proclamation of the Acts; it is the doctrine of the Jewish apostle James, whose "perfect law of liberty" cannot be explained away; it is the doctrine of all St. John's writings. In fact, it is the doctrine of the entire New Testament.

As to that other remarkable sentence—that the notion of faith as in this epistle is carried back to the ground of nature—we may make a single remark. Though introduced in so covert a manner it means a great deal. St. John does most emphatically declare that "he that committeth sin is of the devil;" and speaks of the commission of sin as impossible to the child of God, because "His seed abideth in him." And he adds: "in this the children of God are manifest, and the children of the devil." For a long time, and in a great variety of ways, the charge of dualism or Manichæism has been brought against the writer of the Johannæan documents on the ground of the passages here referred to, and others similar to these. It is a very grave charge; but it is entirely baseless as directed against St. John in particular. It might with equal propriety be alleged against our Lord's teaching as reported in the Synoptics; for instance, as to the seed deposited in honest and good ground. A true doctrine of preliminary grace, as brought by the redemption of Christ to all mankind, and diffused among all the descendants of the first trans-

gressors, does not fear to confront this argument. There is a certain decision for or against the truth in the very element of human nature, a decision which the appeal of Christ brings to light, at the same time that it seeks to change it. It is true that the phrase "children of the devil" is stronger than the Scripture generally employs; but it must be interpreted by those other words in the Gospel of St. John, which declare that those who are as their father the devil are such by the evidence of their works, and which describe very differently the sonship of Christians. Moreover it must be remembered that the Gospel tells us that the light of Christ enlighteneth every man that cometh into the world. And the epistle assures us that our Lord came to destroy the works of the devil. There is no Manichæism in these words.

But this leads to the concluding point. It is easy to say that the writer of the epistle has adopted the later development of Pauline doctrine into the belief of Christ's divinity, as shown in the epistles to the Hebrews and Colossians. In reply to this we would ask if it is possible to find any assertion of our Lord's divinity more absolute than that of the first chapter of the Apocalypse, written by the Apostle John in that earlier school which preceded every later development. Again, does not St. James's epistle most expressly term Jesus the Lord of glory? And—what is of importance here—does not St. Paul in those epistles which are admitted to be genuine declare in almost the same terms as are used in the Colossians and Hebrews that Christ was in the form of God before He came down to this earth? The epistle to the Philippians is admitted to be genuine; then it follows that the doctrine of Christ's pre-existence and divinity was not the development of a germ added to the Pauline doctrine.

We shall add no more by way of illustration. A reflection may fitly close this reference to St. John. The theory to which we have very briefly alluded is most extraordinary in many senses; but in nothing does its marvellous character more appear than in the superhuman skill which it attributes to the unknown falsifier. There is nothing more remarkable in literature than this document, as connected with this account of its authorship. An unknown man of high intellectual and moral character, profoundly humble—so humble, that he effectually suppressed his name, and blotted out every trace of his individuality—conceived the

idea of publishing, for the conviction of Gnostic heresy, a treatise which should borrow some of the best elements of their system, and use them as weapons against the Gnostics themselves. In accomplishing this object, he determined to assume the authorship of an eyewitness of Christ's person and work, and contrived, without mentioning St. John's name, to connect his work throughout the Christian Church with the name of that apostle; in accordance with that plan adopting every possible expedient to give his writings verisimilitude, and so successfully, that they bear every sign of an apostle, and of an aged apostle. Living, however, in a more advanced age of Christian development, he cannot altogether consent to issue such a version of Christianity as the apostle John would have approved. Though forging apostolic authority, and the solemn sanction of eyewitness-ship of Christ, he has a conscience, and must teach a freer gospel than John's. Accordingly the cast of the epistle is very much in the fashion of St. Paul's doctrine; his watchwords being found in abundance. But St. Paul was too free, and dealt too licentiously with the obligations of the law; therefore the claims of the highest possible morality are enforced. Lastly, as during the interval a new view had been taken of the dignity of Christ, this unknown writer determines to embellish that new theory, and give it to the world with all the splendour that Gnostic phraseology could impart, without the accompaniment of Gnostic error. Hence the grandeur of the Son of God as the Word of life, the Logos, the true God and eternal life; a name which another, perhaps himself, was to take up and make the preamble of a fourth Gospel. Thus this obscure, or rather this absolutely unknown individual, achieved the most remarkable feat in literature: reconciling St. Paul and St. John, the old Judaic and the Gentile Christianities, and adding new elements which have affected Christian theology ever since. His epistle was really the first note of the Logos doctrine; the consummate treatise of the perfected Christianity into which Judaic and universal doctrine had swelled, and the most important tract in the New Testament. Now, remembering all, we might expect that the epistle would be highly extolled by the school of critics who assign it such an origin; at any rate, that they would do justice to its skill as a work of literary art. But Baur, the founder of the school, speaks of its childish and weak repetitions, and want of energy; while

Hilgenfeld himself limits his praises to its rich exhibition of the subjective religious life.

After all that has been lately written on the Gospel of St. John, we turn with interest to the latest deliverances of the Tübingen school on that important subject. We are disappointed at finding nothing new, and still more at finding no retractations, no modifications, and no sign of the dawn of the day that is surely coming for the vindication of that supreme document of the New Testament. Into the details of the investigation we shall not enter: almost every step has been made familiar, or at least accessible, by the industrious labours of Englishmen. Suffice that it is very positively declared to have been the composition of a supposititious apostle John in the fourth decade of the second century, whose doctrine, as well as his speech, betrayeth him. This unknown writer of one of the most important and influential works in human literature used up the materials of three evangelists, interweaving with them traditions gathered by his own industry, and making the whole subordinate to a revised edition of Christianity. He, by this work, placed himself side by side with Paul as the second of the two pillars of perfect Christianity; but, unlike Paul, he gave the honours of his labour to another.

The doctrine of this second, or rather third, founder of Christianity, was a further development, in fact, of the free and elevated doctrines which in St. Paul's school had been carried very far. St. Paul himself is surpassed and left behind by this new adherent, who cannot be called exactly a disciple of the Gentile apostle, simply because his style and theory are decidedly original. He runs not indeed in the same track, but towards the same goal: perfect freedom from the Judaic restriction and the supreme Divinity of the name of Jesus. But, as the later imitator of St. Paul had been betrayed into Gnostic errors, so was it with the later imitator of St. John. In fact all the writers of the deutero-canonical or spurious New Testament were decidedly infected by Gnostic influences, and, in fact, allowed their views of Christianity to be tainted at all points, certainly at all the most important points, by the very enemy whom they were supposed to be writing against. This is itself a reduction of the whole scheme and theory of these men to absurdity. Gnosticism was a compound of Oriental mysticism with Jewish and Christian doctrines which,

towards the close of the second century and the beginning of the third, assumed characters so fantastic and wild as to lose all pretence either to philosophy or to religion. Gnosticism did at a later period intermeddle much with the current writings of the apostles; especially with those of St. Paul. It also created many Gospels, Acts, Epistles, and Revelations of its own, some of which survive to tell us what kind of Christian writing the Gnostics delighted in; some so vile that time would not preserve them; others so curiously absurd and incomprehensible that they are preserved as curiosities of literature. Now the theory of the composition here advocated requires us to believe that three or four of the most important, most sacred, most intensely spiritual and ethical, of the books of the New Testament were written by men half Gnostics, who borrowed from the system most abhorrent to themselves and their Christianity, the most important terms of their theology. This theory demands a little illustration, and we shall make our only references to the Gospel of St. John, as treated in the book, furnish that illustration: observing only that the Colossians, the Hebrews in part, the Ephesian and Pastoral Epistles come into the same category.

The Gnosticism of the writer of the Fourth Gospel appears in many ways. Generally, his opposition to Judaism is so keen that it seems to surpass even that of St. Paul, and goes a long way in company with the extremest Gnostics. Here we have most earnestly to protest. Many writers have of late dwelt on the strange notion; having persuaded themselves that the Fourth Gospel was written by an enemy of Judaism they have displayed the most indefatigable industry in detecting evidences of it. One of the evidences found by Hilgenfeld we give as he gives it: thankful for it in our own application:—"In the Divinity of Christ as the incarnate logos the evangelist sums up the supremacy of the Christian faith over the legal religion of Judaism." It would require a long article to examine all the evidences that follow; we pass them by, and that more readily because they have been discussed in a review of Scholten's work. Suffice that we once more record our conviction that the supposed peculiarly inveterate antipathy of the Fourth Gospel to Judaism is a pure invention. The writer is perfectly at one with the whole body of the New Testament—St. James included—as to the

grounds of the superiority of the Gospel to the Law, and as to the reasons why the economy of Moses was superseded and the ancient people cast off. We are weary of finding the same never-varied allegations, which our writer takes up from his predecessor with the most abject monotony.

"The keenness of the deutero-Johannæan anti-Judaism is combined with a certain Dualism, not indeed of the coarsest type, but still decidedly Gnostic. There is immediately opposed to the light of the Divine Logos, and that essentially, an original darkness (ch. i. 5), and according to every unbiassed explanation the devil appears, as in 1 John iii. 8, so also in John viii. 44, evil from his very origin. There runs through the Johannæan theology a genuine Gnostic division of humanity. The antithesis of an essential worship to God and an equally essential worship to the devil is in the epistles of John carried over to the antithesis of true Christians and Christian false teachers, while in the gospel it is made to apply to the antithesis between Christianity and Judaism. On the one side are those who are begotten of God and through Christ have only the power to realise their essential sonship to God (ch. i. 12, 13), who, born from above, alone have a spiritual eye for the kingdom of God (ch. iii. 3), and through the birth of baptism actually enter it (ch. iii. 5). Only he who is of God can hear God's words (ch. viii. 47); he belongs already before his faith to the fold of Christ (ch. x. 26), and to the scattered children of God who are merely gathered together through the Christian faith (ch. xi. 52), and belong to God already before they are given to the Son (ch. xvii. 6, 9). Only he who is of the truth heareth the voice of Christ (ch. xviii. 37). But he who is born of the Spirit is spirit; on the other hand, he who is born of the flesh is flesh (ch. iii. 6). To those who are of God are opposed those who are of the world, who cannot hear the word of Christ, because they are not of God. The same cannot believe, because they belong not to the Lord, because a demoniac power has blinded and hardened them. The saving design of God and Christ is indeed universal (ch. i. 7, iii. 17), but is in its realisation hindered by the unconquerable power of evil (ch. xii. 40). And the judgment which came with the entrance of light into the world is no other than the separation of the children of light from the children of darkness (ch. iii. 16).

"Even when the eagle-evangelist rises to the highest and the most spiritual elevation of Christianity he does not lose the traces of his connection with Gnosticism. In order to bring the knowledge of the true God to the Cosmos, the only-begotten Son Himself who is in the bosom of the Father, and enjoys the immediate contemplation of Him, must descend into the Cosmos.

The Logos is the Sent of God to the Cosmos in so exclusive a sense that only His own forerunner can be also regarded as Sent of God: He is the only mediator between God and the world (ch. xiv. 6). We have always the same fundamental distinction between the purely spiritual world and this Cosmos in which Gnosticism moved. What the incarnate Logos announces is also in the Johannæan theology a new knowledge of God, consisting in the notion that God is pure spirit, therefore not in a particular place but everywhere, and must be worshipped in spirit and in truth; that He uninterruptedly creates, and not therefore like the God of the Old Testament rested on a Sabbath after the creation. Also the manifestation of His name (ch. xvii. 6, 26) can signify nothing else but the unveiling of the most secret essence of His Godhead; thus it was a new knowledge of God, just as Gnosticism regarded Christ as having introduced it. Certainly the fourth gospel is not absolutely Gnostic; but it is such in as far as, following the lead of the Epistle to the Colossians, it condenses into the one Logos, as the only mediation between God and the Cosmos, the entire elaborate *Æon-heaven* of the Gnostics, that *Pleroma* which John i. 16 touches upon: thus retaining that principle of a unity in the view of the universe which contains the germ of a victory over the Gnostic Dualism."

If Gnosticism is to be fairly understood, and its relations to Christianity exactly appreciated, it must be remembered that it was, in all its manifestations, a composite of truth and error which sprang from the contact between revelation and heathenism. Our critics write as if the author of the Johannæan writings had lighted upon a system of theological thought entirely independent of the Old Testament, and brought its new speculations into the final construction of the New Testament, whereas nothing is more certain than that Gnosticism was perfectly familiar with the more mystical wisdom-books of the Old Testament, and also with the very writings of the New Testament which they are supposed to have moulded. Very much truth was retained in almost all the Gnostic errors. Those systems exhibit the severe wrestling of the human intellect with some of the most lawful problems of God's relations with men. St. John's writings must be read as their corrective. In them we find what is the eternal truth underlying their evershifting errors. If this is remembered, and it is conceded, though but for the sake of argument, that St. John takes an intermediate place between the Old Testament and these Gnostic errors—the interpreter of the former and the standard of correction

for the latter—then the commentary of Dr. Hilgenfeld, a specimen of which is given above, will be found very interesting. We are bound to say, for our own part, that it has had the effect of deepening a conviction which has been for some time growing, that the great struggle of Gnosticism is one of the most profoundly interesting and pathetic in the annals of Christianity or of human thought. The style of treating Gnosticism—especially in its relations to St. John—needs to be amended. The question deserves much more respect than it commonly receives.

The following rather condensed statement of the theory of modern criticism—higher criticism—as to the origin of St. John's Gospel, will give a perfect idea, to some of our readers who may desire to know more about it, of the general principles of the school to which Hilgenfeld belongs :

“If not from the apostle John himself, it sprang from the sphere of this apostle's activity in Asia Minor. Hence the visible preference of the writer for the apostle John, whom the evangelist undeniably places above Peter. Peter has here relinquished to John the prerogative of being the first called disciple (John i. 42), and the disciple whom Jesus loved stands to Him in a much nearer relation, so that Peter himself turns to Jesus through his mediation (chap. xiii. 23). While Peter rebels against the feet-washing (begun probably with John), denies his Master three times, the beloved disciple stands so near to the Crucified that He commends to him His mother, excluding James. John precedes Peter at the sepulchre ; and, though Peter enters first, John first believes in the resurrection. John needs no test of his love to Christ, while Peter receives the government of the flock, only after a thrice repeated question whether he loved Him more than others, or loved Him at all. We are reminded of Asia Minor also by the prominence given to Philip, who lived and died in Phrygian Hierapolis.”

Taking up the Gospel of St. John after reading this and the like, we can hardly believe that it is of this book we have been reading. Never was there a greater mistake committed by the destructive criticism than when it bethought itself of the theory that the writer elevates St. John above St. Peter among the apostles. That St. John was the first disciple who ever called Jesus Lord is highly probable, almost certain, from the first chapter ; but certainly the artless writer does nothing to suggest the fact. We know it by collation and comparison, we should not gather it from him.

And the exquisite humility of every reference to St. John in the later chapters has commanded the homage of all thoughtful minds for ages. Finally, we altogether differ from those, whether of the destructive school or otherwise, who think that Simon Peter is under a cloud in this gospel. If under a cloud it is in the synoptics, not in St. John. In St. John's account, he shines in the grandeur of his devotion—humbled, indeed, but great in his humiliation—and receives his very highest prerogative.

"The Gospel belongs to that minority in Asia Minor which had retained a certain Paulinism, had helped with the Hebrews to make it more objective in its aspect, but had, moreover, been subjected to Gnostic influences. Reference is in John iv. 38 to the Pauline conversion of the Gentiles, and in John vi. 28, 29, we have a Pauline exhibition of the one work of God as believing in the Sent of God in opposition to the Jewish idea of the works of God. So also the praise pronounced on a faith that sees not, ch. xx. 29, and the rich blessing of the Pauline Gentile conversion in ch. xxi. 6. The objectivising of justifying faith into faith in the divinity of Christ has produced a peculiar gospel, informed by the groundthought of the incarnate Logos. Gnosticism appears in the rough anti-Judaism and in a dualistic spiritualism. That this tendency gave birth to a Johannæan gospel in particular points back to the reaction against John. In the name of the sanctified John, on which the quartodecimans and the millenarians relied, two tendencies are brought forward directly opposed to both and each. In this sense the gospel of John is the spiritualised apocalypse of John. The Johannæan prophecy has here become gnosis; the Holy Ghost is no longer pre-eminently the predictor of futurity, but especially the Spirit of truth. Hence the Gospel of John had actually, though slowly, the effect of making the genuine apostolical origin of the apocalypse doubtful. So also it had the effect of opposing successfully the genuine Johannæan quartodecimanism. The Jewish obligation to keep the fourteenth day of Nisan was opposed at first by the Pauline 'not keeping the day;' until in Rome, under Sixtus (115-125), it went further to a peculiar purely Christian annual festival, entirely detached from the Jewish Passover. Independently, that is, of the Jewish days of the month, they marked out a Passion Friday after the first full moon of the Spring, and a Sunday of resurrection, and thus founded the Christian Passion week. John's gospel paved the way for this anti-quartodeciman festival in Asia, where from Apollinaris (170) it found a minority of opponents. After Luke xxii. 19, 20, had already detached the Christian Supper from the Jewish time of the Passover, the Gospel of John transposed the

farewell feast into the evening before the Passover, and thus cut away the roots of the Jewish-Christian paschal festival."

We can hardly refrain from meeting all this with a pious effusion. How indescribably sad is it to read such garrulous absurdities about the secret history of the construction of this most wonderful of all books in human literature. The reader who takes the pains to understand all the points of the theory given above of the construction of St. John's gospel, must needs be amazed at the cunning ascribed to the writer. He writes in the name of the apostle, but purposely to undo his work. He opposes St. Paul's Christianity, and yet uses its best elements. He contrives to combine the most opposite and contradictory conditions; and produces a supreme masterpiece of cunning, of conciliation, and of godliness!

As to the time of the book it is assigned to the fourth decade of the second century. But let the reader mark distinctly the main reason here brought forward. The words of John v. 43, "If another shall come in his own name him ye will receive," are supposed to point to something beyond the mere multiplicity of Jewish false Christs (Matt. xxiv. 24), and beyond the Gentile anti-Christ of the Johannæan Apocalypse and of 2 Thess., to a single Jewish anti-Christ such as Barcochba in 132 was. Since Barcochba persecuted the Christians, we can understand how Jesus, in John xvi. 2, prophesied of such as would think the killing of a Christian an act of service to God,—this pointing rather to Jewish than to Christian persecution. That is to say, the words of our blessed Lord, spoken to encourage His disciples in all future distresses for His sake are quietly assumed to have been invented and put into His lips for the sake of affording encouragement to a few Christians who are imagined to have been persecuted while the author was compiling his imaginary records. "Now though it was composed merely in the name of the apostle John, yet it asserted for itself a quite prominent position among the writings of the New Testament in the progress of Christianity into a world religion: and this, without the prestige of apostolical authorship, through its vigorous onslaught on Chiliasm, and the Jewish-Christian paschal festival, through its vast transformation of the primitive Christian system."

We have dwelt on the general characteristics of this

volume ; and have shown how it deals, in particular, with the two authors whose writings mainly formed Christianity, Paul and the pseudo-John. Here we take our leave of it ; and, as we suppose, most of our readers also. It is to be hoped that the volume will not be translated. It hardly deserves that honour. And it is too thoroughly mixed up with local and transitory polemics to fare well in England, if translated. Moreover, we have enough and to spare of Biblical Introduction as cast in the German semi-orthodox mould. But we close this volume with a strong wish that a good Introduction to the New Testament could be prepared, which should supersede the work of all foreign divines, emulating their exhaustive learning, and avoiding their laxity.

ART. III.—Aristophanes' Apology, including a Transcript from Euripides: being the Last Adventure of Balaustion. By ROBERT BROWNING. London: Smith, Elder and Co., 15, Waterloo-place. 1875.

It is now six years since, on the appearance of *The Ring and the Book*, we drew attention to the excellence and wide utility of the monologue form, which, created by Browning, had just been put to the astonishing use of shaping a psychological epic of more than twenty-one thousand lines; and, as far as we know, our article entitled "Robert Browning and the Epic of Psychology"* contained the first systematic exposition of the growth of this particular form in the poet's hand. We pointed out that the use of this form dated from his first youthful poem, *Pauline*, that in 1845 he had already accomplished great results in it, and that since that date he had published but three considerable pieces in other forms,—the remainder of his work consisting of various developments of the monologue. Upon this species of dramatic art we looked as best fitted to the peculiar cast of thought and strong analytical bent of the poet; and we regarded his *technical* mission as being none other than the creation, elaboration, and perfection of monologue. What a perfect and powerful instrument he has made of it, has been shown in a succession of considerable works following *The Ring and the Book*,—the first of which, *Balaustion's Adventure*, issued in 1871, is one of the most beautiful and enjoyable of the poet's works, showing that even a transcript from a Greek tragedy may be introduced into a single speech from a single mouth. Since *Balaustion's Adventure*, we have had from the same hand three other large poems, neither of which has been, to our thinking, so notable or so valuable, though all are full of close thought and deep insight into human motive and character: *Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau*, *Saviour of Society*, dealing with the psychology of the late Napoleon III., is remarkably subtle and acute, but is perhaps the hardest exercise of mere intelligence in the range of our artistic literature: *Fifine at the Fair*,

* See *London Quarterly Review*, July, 1869.

treating a social and personal subject, is far more attractive than *Hohenstiel Schwangau*, but not so full of poetic passion as *Balaustion*; and *Red Cotton Night Cap Country*, or *Turf and Towers*, diving into the depths of a quite recent French domestic tragedy in a marvellous way, is somewhat closer reading than is compatible with high art: so that the announcement of another "adventure of *Balaustion*" has afforded a cheering prospect to those readers who care for culture and intellectuality in poetry, and do not object to a moderate demand being made on the reader's individual intelligence and alertness.

Nor will this "last adventure of *Balaustion*" bring disappointment to those who accepted her first as the thing of beauty and brightness it is. Our readers will remember (for we gave a full account of the poem*) that, in that, the *Alkestis* of Euripides was translated and worked into the self-told tale of *Balaustion*, concerning her flight from Rhodes with certain Rhodians whom she had persuaded to throw in their lot with Athens; and now, in *Aristophanes' Apology*, the *Herakles* is set in another monologue of *Balaustion*, spoken during a second flight, this time from Athens, back to Rhodes,—the point of time having been shifted from the fall of Nikias to the complete overthrow of Athens by Sparta at the end of the Peloponnesian war. The stage of this poem (for every monologue of this kind has a stage, easily deducible as one reads the piece) is the same Kaunian galley which we read of in *Balaustion's Adventure* as having conveyed the heroine to Athens; the captain, still grateful to the Wild-pomegranate-flower for saving him and his companions by reciting the *Alkestis* at Syracuse, has readily consented to take her and her husband to Rhodes, now that dismantled, maimed, and shackled Athens has become unbearable; and while she and Euthukles are on their sorrowful voyage, they beguile the time by going over again an adventure of *Balaustion* with no less a person than Aristophanes. This adventure she considers so well worth recording, that she gets Euthukles to take it down on his tablets from her dictation; and this is done not the less willingly because it affords the pair an opportunity of enjoying once more the tragedy of *Herakles Mainomenos*, given to *Balaustion* by Euripides, and preserved with the tenderest reverence.

* See *London Quarterly Review*, January, 1872.

The outline of the adventure is this. On the night of the death of Euripides, while Balaustion and Euthukles are pondering in their house over the life and work of him they have lost, Aristophanes, whose last comedy, *Thesmophoriasousai*, has that very day gained him the prize, comes "moderately drunk" from the subsequent banquet, with chorus, choragus, and all, and breaks in upon the mourners :

"There stood in person Aristophanes.
And no ignoble presence ! On the bulge
Of the clear baldness,—all his head one brow,—
True, the veins swelled, blue network, and there surged
A red from cheek to temple,—then retired
As if the dark-leaved chaplet damped a flame,—
Was never nursed by temperance or health.
But huge the eyeballs rolled back native fire,
Imperiously triumphant : nostrils wide
Waited their incense : while the pursed mouth's pout
Aggressive, while the beak supreme above,
While the head, face, nay pillared throat thrown back,
Beard whitening under like a vinous foam,
These made a glory, of such insolence—
I thought,—such domineering deity
Hephaistos might have carved to cut the brine
For his gay brother's prow, imbrue that path
Which, purpling, recognised the conqueror.
Impudent and majestic : drunk, perhaps,
But that's religion ; sense too plainly snuffed :
Still, sensuality was grown a rite."—Pp. 36—38.

He recounts certain incidents of the banquet, discusses the dead tragic poet, defends his own attacks on Euripides, and indeed his artistic course generally, submits to be questioned by Balaustion, and finally not only to be sermonized by her soundly both as to his own faults and the excellences of Euripides, but also, as none present are inclined to sleep, to hear her recite the whole of the *Herakles*. Here we must note, in justice to the poet's instinct for proper finish of incident, that of all the drunken comic crew, none save the regal Aristophanes has been able to endure the supreme beauty and chastity of spirit of the Wild-pomegranate-flower, so that all except the comic king have long ago slunk away when the recital takes place.

But the reading of *Herakles* is not the end of the adven-

ture;—there is a little subsequent discussion; and then Aristophanes takes the psalterion of Euripides, given also to Balaustion, and chaunts an exquisite song, which Balaustion recalls in *terza rima*, with the question, "Are these unlike the words?" After which performance, inviting them to come and here *The Frogs*, which he designs to teach next year, he takes his leave.

The rest of the monologue taken down by Euthukles relates to that next year with its disastrous events only just completed at the time of the speech :

"Whereas, next year brought harvest time!
For, next year came, and went not, but is now,
Still now, while you and I are bound for Rhodes
That's all but reachèd! and harvest has it brought,
Dire as the homicidal dragon-crop!
Sophokles had dismissal ere it dawned,
Happy as ever; though men mournfully
Plausive,—when only soul could triumph now,
And Iophon produced his father's play,—
Crowned the consummate song where Oidipous
Dared the descent mid earthquake, thundering—
And hardly Theseus' hands availed to guard
Eyes from the horror, as their grove disgorged
Its dread ones, while each daughter sank to ground."

Pp. 345-6.

Then Balaustion recalls how Lysander decreed that the walls should be destroyed, and how the Athenians stared aghast for three days, till the stern Spartan called a council whose decision was to raze Athens to the rocks,—a catastrophe only averted by the interposition of Euthukles, whom Browning identifies with the man of Phokis mentioned by Plutarch in the life of Lysander :

"Then did a man of Phokis rise—O heart!
Rise—when no bolt of Zeus disparted sky,
No omen-bird from Pallas scared the crew,
Rise—when mere human argument could stem
No foam-fringe of the passion surging fierce,
Baffle no wrath-wave that o'er barrier broke—
Who was the Man of Phokis rose and flung
A flower i' the way of that fierce foot's advance,
Which,—stop for!—nay, had stamped down sword's assault
Could it be He stayed Sparté with the snatch
"Daughter of Agamemnon, late my liege,
Elektra, palaced once, a visitant
To thy poor rustic dwelling, now I come"!

Ay, facing fury of revenge, and lust
 Of hate, and malice moaning to appease
 Hunger on prey presumptuous, prostrate now—
 Full in the hideous faces—last resource,
 He flung that choric flower, my Euthukles !

And see, as through some pinhole, should the wind
 Wedgingly pierce but once, in with a rush
 Hurries the whole wild weather, rends to rags
 The weak sail stretched against the outside storm—
 So did the power of that triumphant play
 Pour in, and oversweep the assembled foe !
 Triumphant play, wherein our poet first
 Dared bring the grandeur of the Tragic Two
 Down to the level of our common life,
 Close to the beating of our common heart.
 Elektra ? 'Twas Athenai, Sparté's ice
 Thawed to, while that sad portraiture appealed—
 Agamemnonian lady, lost by fault
 Of her own kindred, cast from house and home,
 Despoiled of all the brave inheritance,
 Dowered humbly as befits a herdsman's mate,
 Partaker of his cottage, clothed in rags,
 Patient performer of the poorest chares,
 Yet mindful, all the while, of glory past
 When she walked darling of Mekenai, dear
 Beyond Orestes to the King of Men !

So, because Greeks are Greeks, though Sparté's brood
 And hearts are hearts, though in Lusandros' breast,
 And poetry is power, and Euthukles
 Had faith therein to, full-face, fling the same—
 Sudden, the ice-thaw ! the assembled foe,
 Heaving and swaying with strange friendliness,
 Cried "Reverence Elektra !"—cried "Abstain
 Like that chaste Herdsman, nor dare violate
 The sanctity of such reverse ! Let stand
 Athenai !"—Pp. 356—8.

This reminiscence, historic in the main, naturally affords
 the fugitive Balaustion much satisfaction,—that her darling
 Athens, "the whole world's treasure-house," should have
 been saved by her worshipped poet, and indirectly through
 her, whose recital of the *Alkestis* at Syracuse had gained
 for her her husband Euthukles, for Athens the "Man of
 Phokis," who stemmed the wrath of the Spartans with the
 recital from *Elektra* :

"Saved was Athenai through Euripides,
Through Euthukles, through—more than ever—me,
Balanstion, me, who, Wild-pomegranate-flower,
Felt my fruit triumph, and fade proudly so!"—P. 360.

The long dictation has by this time brought the Kaunian galley in sight of Rhodes: it only remains to set down the destruction of the walls to the sound of the fluting of the girls of the comic chorus, "with Phaps-Elaphion at their head," and to record the belief of Balaustion that her poet lives in another world, while waves and winds ring in her ears:

"There are no gods, no gods!
Glory to God—who saves Euripides!"

There are some noteworthy differences of construction between *Aristophanes' Apology* and *Balaustion's Adventure*: and the most noteworthy is in the matter of metres,—involving a somewhat paradoxical consequence. The *Alkestis* is not transcribed unbrokenly from beginning to end; but the main part of it, all rendered into blank iambic verse, is worked in bit by bit, with critical observations and luminous descriptions by Balaustion; but the *Herakles* has been transcribed from first to last, mainly also in blank iambic verse, but with the choric speeches of the chorus (as distinct from the mere conversational ones) done into rhymed metres of the author's own; and all critical matter remains outside the fabric of the tragedy, which is thus easily detachable. Now the paradoxical consequence that strikes us is this, that, instead of being more Hellenic in tone than the broken and commented *Alkestis*, this unbroken and uncommented *Herakles* is less Hellenic, and mainly from the author's attempt to give some equivalent for the Greek choric metres. The measure of the choruses in this *Herakles* is generally too exuberant for perfect dignity,—too full of what we must call, for want of a better term, Browning's intense intellectual animal spirits. Look carefully at even the last chorus,—the last words of the tragedy,—

"And we depart, with sorrow at heart,
Sobs that increase with tears that start;
The greatest of all our friends of yore,
We have lost for evermore!"—P. 327.

Good as this is, it is somewhat full as a rendering of

“στείχομεν οἰκτροὶ καὶ πολὺκλαυτοὶ
τὰ μέγιστα φίλων ὀλέσαντές.”

and you cannot but call it deficient in dignity of movement. It is not positively undignified, as some of the others are, but there is not dignity enough for the ending of such a tragedy,—not one tithe of the dignity that there is in this :

“Who shall contend with his lords
Or cross them or do them wrong?
Who shall bind them as with cords?
Who shall tame them as with song?
Who shall smite them as with swords?
For the hands of their kingdom are strong.

And hence, strange deduction as it may seem, we are led to the conviction that the English tragedy of *Atalanta in Calydon*, with all its French anti-theism, is more thoroughly Hellenic in spirit and form than is this tolerably close rendering of a veritable Greek tragedy.

Another difference in construction, again in favour of the earlier poem of the two, is involved in the situations. In the setting of the *Alkestis*, Balaustion speaks of four girl-friends, none of whom were concerned in the adventure, and to whom every word she says comes as information obvious to be given; but in this far more elaborate setting of the *Herakles*, Euthukles, the person addressed, has to listen to his wife's account of his and their own doings, with which he is perfectly familiar; and this necessitates a slight remove from verisimilitude. However, the plea of dictation is a very “cleanly shift,” and we must admit the force of such a masterly touch as that which the poet has thrown in near the opening, evidently aware of the undue elaborateness of plan: Balaustion, speaking to her husband about himself, says :

“We two were sitting silent in the house,
Yet cheerless hardly, Euthukles,—forgive!
I somehow speak to unseen auditors.
Not *you*, but—Euthukles had entered, grave,
Grand, may I say, as who brings laurel-branch
And message from the tripod: such it proved,”—P. 15.

After this apology she is able to go on reporting Euthukles in the third person without strain; and we could ill afford to lose the sayings of the "man of Phokis," whose first utterance is the report of Euripides' death:

"Good words, the best, Balaustion! He is crowned,
Gone with his Attic ivy home to feast,
Since Aischulos required companionship.
Pour a libation to Euripides!"—P. 16.

Having sketched the outline of the work, we now come to the main subject,—the discussion between Aristophanes and Balaustion. It is not altogether fair to accuse a dramatic author of partisanship; and we must admit freely that there is perfect dramatic propriety and balance in the conception and treatment of the two chief persons of this monologue-drama,—Aristophanes and Balaustion, who are admirably contrasted throughout. Still it must be said that the poet of to-day is clearly enlisted on the side of Euripides as against Aristophanes,—that he wholly approves of the innovations in dramatic art that were so hateful to the supreme comedian, and which were practised by the youngest in that "tragic triad of immortal fames" that make up the most salient glory of Hellas. And so much partisanship is perfectly consistent with dramatic unity and propriety, because Browning, loving "our Euripides the human," hating the obscenity of Aristophanes, and doubting to the point of denial his pretensions to do good service to the state by scurrility and outrageous licence, had simply to choose a character like-minded with himself, and leave that character to carry on the discussion. This Balaustion does with as close a consistency as is shown by Aristophanes himself; and, while we feel quite certain that she is Browning's mouthpiece for his own views, we find also in her a new friend: as a creation in female character, the portraiture of Balaustion in both her books of adventure is unsurpassable; like Pompilia of *The Ring and the Book* she takes rank among the great women of literature; and she is at once one of the sweetest, subtlest, most womanly, and yet most cultured of the whole host of literary heroines.

The portrait of Aristophanes, though not so purely an invention, exhibits not one whit less of creative genius: we see the *man*, not the mere shadow to be felt dimly out

in the reading of his extant comedies; and, hateful as much in his character has clearly been to the draughtsman, the king of purely comic poets is drawn with due care for the vastness of his imagination, the magic of his style, the titanic power of his creating hands, and the hugeness of his laughter. It is true this Aristophanes who confronts Balaustion is a new person to us,—not the Aristophanes that students have managed to glean, hint by hint, from his works and from contemporary references; and in this newness is included the whole of what is to be said for and against the creation: we miss a certain subtlety we have been used to associate with the real Aristophanes,—a subtlety so choice and exquisite as to be at any time hard to reconcile with the gross and filthy licence of *Lysistrata*, and which is in reality not in dramatic keeping with the worst features of the real poet. Still there that exquisitely graceful drollery is; but here, in this noble picture of the poet, it is hardly to be found: at all events it is kept quite out of prominence; and rather than assume that there is aught in Aristophanes unappreciated by so subtle a humourist as Browning, we must assume that the incongruity we mention was deemed at the same time too much for dramatic propriety, and outside the purpose of writing Euripides up and Aristophanes down. Thus, while the suppression of a certain element in the real personality leaves the work open to the charge of partisanship (not, as we conceive, a grave charge against a dramatic work), it also, we believe, helps towards the perfect consistency and splendid solidity of a creation worthy to join the ranks not only of "Karshook, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty," but also of those more elaborately thought-out characters placed before us in *The Ring and the Book*.

That the author of *Aristophanes' Apology* is perfectly familiar with the works of Aristophanes, is abundantly evident, so that whatever he omits to consider or introduce is almost certain to be left out purposely, not by inadvertence. There is scarcely a parabasis or rhexis throughout the extant comedies but makes its appearance in one shape or another in the course of the *Apology*: the lines of thought and argument adopted in his public teachings of comedy by the real Aristophanes have evidently been followed through and through by Browning, digested, condensed, overlaid with thought and imagery of his own, and brought to light again under quite new aspects; and

the whole argument and defence as they now appear form so rigidly consequent a line of thought that it is by no means easy to give any notion of it without simply transcribing the whole: to break it is scant justice; and to condense further what is already condensed by such a close thinker and analyst as Browning is almost hopeless. Still we must attempt to give some rough idea of what the apology is.

Aristophanes, then, standing half-drunk before Balaustion, pleads against the idea of a poet shutting himself up in his study, or in some solitude of nature, say Salamis, to evolve comic poetry from his inner consciousness, without human audience, while all Athens is open to him to study, with her degenerate folly to make merry withal, her hateful vices and abominations whereon to pour out the satiric vials of his wrath. He pleads that he assumed the development of comic art from the point at which the Megarians stopped; recalls the names of Kratinos, Telekleides, Hermippos, and Eupolis, and how each left him somewhat to improve on or to adopt and rival,—how his comedies were no whit behind those of Kratinos in pungent invective—those of Eupolis in elegance of style,—how Telekleides and Hermippos were also inferior to him in one point or another, and how to each and all of his predecessors he added a refinement of taste and fancy quite his own. He recalls the greatness of Hellas, when men believed in the gods with full belief, and made demigods of their heroic fellow-men,—when the Greeks found peaceful delight in the external world of nature, in building such things as the Parthenon, and found their appropriate business in such fights as Marathon. He laments—if anything in his speech can be said to savour of lamentation—the succession of Euripides to Æschylus, and of an army of sophists, quibblers, sceptics, and false moralists to the great old heroes, nature-worshippers, and Parthenon-builders. He inveighs with a wholesome hatred against the dangers of enlisting the sympathies with the woes of adulterers, looks with contempt on those who teach Athenian youth to split hairs and chop straws in futile argument, and clings pertinaciously to the cultus of nature: to take up comic arms against this “sea of troubles” he deems his pugnacious mission,—this, and to bring to an end the Peloponnesian war now raging in its twenty-sixth year; and for his method of attack, that of singling

out representative men (Euripides among the number) and heaping on them lies and scurrility, he claims the immemorial licence accorded to comic art. His fundamental quarrel with Euripides is really based, according to his own showing, in his own not unwholesome materialism; and he has a further ground of quarrel in the proud forbearance and contemptuous dignity of the tragic poet, who has never deigned so much as the mildest of retorts. He hints that he as well as Euripides might have written tragedies if such had been his disposition; but that, seeing the state of things in Athens, he chose warfare, and selected comedy as his weapon.

Balaustion hears him out through his voluminous exposition of these and other sentiments and thoughts,—her presence being dramatically attested now and again by some break of a few words from her, or some comment of his on a gesture or look of hers; and when her time has come to speak, she takes up his argument bodily, having retained the whole in her mind, and turns it inside out, so to speak. She points out the flaws in his claim to have full licence of lying and foul speech, says that such right is not an immemorial property of comic art, and that comedy itself is not a product of the good old days when Greeks had perfect freedom, but an excrescence bred of the licentious age of the present and immediate past. As to his preaching against the Peloponnesian War, she says Euripides has preached peace too, and asks with pregnant insistence what the preaching has come to,—is Athens at peace—is Sparta quieted? On the contrary, the war still rages, and Athens has refused to accept peace on the proposed cession of territory by the League. She accuses his materialistic teaching of a tendency to the opposite result,—to indolence, indulgence, and luxury—vices that are anything but likely to secure peace. She says that what he so prizes as his own divine art of comedy is really intolerable ribaldry; and she makes bold to denounce him as more sophisticated than all the sophists he so hates, inasmuch as he has juggled with his own better nature, which better nature is called up to the surface by her noble and pure presence, and inasmuch as both by his preaching and by his practice he has sought to obliterate the lines that separate virtue and vice, to show that the virtues dear to Euripides are vicious, and the vices dear to him and his enthusiastic public are virtuous. She is, of course, in advance of her age; and, just as she

had a look at English art in the former book, quoting Mrs. Browning and pronouncing a picture by Mr. Leighton "worthy to set up in our Poikilé," so in the present book she takes a dip into the future and has a look at English studentship and moral sentiment. She fancies that, "though Hellas be the sole unbarbarous land," there may be other islands where, "in fresh days when no Hellas fills the world," there shall be men and women to

"behold, as we,
Blue heaven, black earth, and love, hate, hope and fear,
Over again unhelped by Attiké,"

and that haply some god may steer thither to the "lonely ignorance, islanded, say, where mist and snow mass hard to metal," and ask what they think of this statue by Phidias, that picture by Zeuxis,—“ye too feel truth, love beauty: judge of these!” She foresees the criticism of such representations of humanity as show man without a sword at his side, though evidently dressed for walking “in thronged Athenai,” and such as depict him “wrestling at the public games egregiously exposed from head to foot.” She foresees the ready answer of her supposed immortal to such criticism, that Athens first so tamed the natural fierceness of her progeny that they “discarded arms, nor feared the beast in man,” and, as regards the nudity,

“When mind had bared itself, came body’s turn,
And only irreligion grudged the gods
The naked glory of their master-work
Where all is glorious rightly understood,—
The human frame;”

but, having in her mind the incongruous obscenity of *Lysistrata* which she has been persuaded to see, she can foretell no satisfactory answer to criticisms of such unseemliness, should such be found in work of Phidias or Zeuxis,

“Unseemliness,—of no more warrant, there
And then, than now and here, whate’er the time
And place.”

Here she clearly strikes home, and represents the best school of English criticism. Again when she thinks of some future bard who shall blend tragedy with comedy,

and do each supremely, we cannot keep our thought away from England; and when, after the reading of *Herakles*, Aristophanes again takes up the word and recurs to Balaustion's imaginary bard, where can our thought fall except on Shakespeare?

"While, as to your imaginary Third
Who,—stationed (by mechanics past my guess)
So as to take in every side at once,
And not successively,—may reconcile
The High and Low in tragi-comic verse,—
He shall be hailed superior to us both
When born—in the Tin-islands!"—P. 331.

Undoubtedly he is hailed superior to them both, and rightly; for though both Euripides and Aristophanes had a sense of perfection in form that no Englishman ever had, unless, perhaps, it were Shelley, surely neither came near to Shakespeare in largeness of mind and universality of perception.

But to return to the contest between the Greek comic poet and the Greek spiritual woman: undoubtedly the poet of to-day has given the victory into the woman's hands,—has endowed her with an enthusiasm rarely if ever seen in either sex, with a prodigious memory, and with a tact and subtlety of intellect that are, to say the least, beyond what are recorded of any real woman. To this we make no objection: it is not inartistic in conception, according to our judgment of what high art is; and it is carried out with supreme power and refinement of feeling; while the whole book displays an amount of erudition that is quite astonishing when we consider the bulk of Browning's works and the invariably intellectual quality of them. Still, admitting all this, and feeling that in the main issue, reduced to its simplest terms, Balaustion is right and Aristophanes wrong, hence that the English poet is once more right in the bent of his poem,—admitting and feeling thus, we must put on record the conviction that this is not the work to go to for an accurate and unbiassed appreciation of the two lesser of the four great dramatic poets of Hellas.

The main issue we have alluded to is the simple question of choosing sides broadly, both in life and in art,—whether to side with ideal beauty and spiritual perfection, or with the world, the flesh, and the devil. Doubtless,

Euripides sided in the main, and according to his lights, with ideal beauty and spiritual perfection; and doubtless Aristophanes looked with too kindly a leer on the world and the flesh as represented in degenerate Athens. Yet an impartial student of the decline and fall of Athens will recognize in the works of both poets unmistakable factors in that decadence; for, while Aristophanes pandered to the rampant spirit of self-indulgence and gross licence, Euripides undermined, or helped to undermine, serious conviction by his extensive deliverances of a critical and sophistical character, — deliverances which are pretty nearly co-extensive with the whole wide range of contemporary thought and sentiment, and which naturally led to the spread of an unwholesome scepticism. If in Aristophanes there is much that is an offence to art as well as to morals through its abominable licence, so in Euripides there is much that is an affliction to his art through its wearisome windings and hair-splittings and shiftings. In this age of lesser things we can ill afford to give up on any plea of flaw or fault poets who stand in the foremost ranks of the singers of all time; and while we take Euripides as he is for the sake of his democratic humanity, and splendid pathos, and ideal beauty of form, take him with sophistry and straw-chopping and all, so we take Aristophanes for his grand qualities, and put up with the worst of him, turning the page, as Chaucer recommends, and choosing "another tale" when his grossness is too much for us. We can readily understand how the author of "Bishop Blougram's Apology," "A Death in the Desert," and the lawyers' monologues in *The Ring and the Book*, should readily pardon Euripides for what are currently deemed his worst sins against artistic propriety; but on the whole we should have preferred to see him more even-handed as towards the faults of Aristophanes.

We do not for one moment wish to palliate those faults, which are of a gross and most baneful kind; but Aristophanes is as clearly entitled as Euripides to the benefit of being considered in connexion with the particular phase of society in which he wrought. Obscenity is, we should say, a far worse fault than quibbling, litigiousness, shiftiness, or any other of the faults of which Euripides has been accused—even than that particular form of vulgarity which some have laid to his charge, and of the existence whereof

in his works we take leave to doubt ; but if any state of society can palliate obscenity such as that of *Lysistrata*, surely that state is the state of the demoralized Athenians who not merely tolerated Aristophanes at his worst, but received him with raptures albeit such raptures were probably somewhat vapid. Grossness such as is bred of mere openness of speech must not be regarded as absolute, but as relative to the time and civilization wherein it occurs : obscenity, on the other hand, is much more nearly absolute. Thus, we can readily suppose that much in Aristophanes, which now seems to us gross and dirty, was to him and his contemporaries merely natural and funny, and quite free from taint ; but we cannot think that such spectacles as there are in *Lysistrata*,—spectacles, expressions, thoughts, and sentiments, all alike positively obscene,—can have seemed free from taint to the degenerate men and women who flocked to be thus filthily regaled, much less to that supreme intelligence and magnificent craftsmanship that we recognize in Aristophanes. We have little doubt that Aristophanes, with no considerations of self-interest to look to, would have admitted the taint if taxed home, or that the lowliest man in Athens, set quietly face to face with a Balaustion, would have been ready to see that there was no real excuse for such things, and would have pleaded at most the *vox populi*.

Thus, whatever palliation in the peculiar circumstances, there must have been in Aristophanes, to some extent, moral obliquity ; and this is the more culpable inasmuch as an intelligence so vast should have been thoroughly a leader in the right direction, whether in matters moral or social, or in the small political dealings of Greece. Of Euripides, we do not think any taint of moral obliquity can be fairly predicated ; and hence, to an artist inheriting a long succession of moral traditions, it would be naturally far more easy to condone the faults of the tragedian than those of the comedian. By a critic, the sins of Euripides against art must be called in question equally with those of Aristophanes ; and it is because Browning's work is not in the main critical, but creative, that we do not insist on the partisanship as a matter of first importance, more especially as he has unquestionably taken the higher side in his partisanship, as we have already admitted. Doubtless the English poet has felt that there was something left to say about these two Greek poets, and has adopted the happiest method of saying it ; and, while we differ from

him, in certain points on the critical side of his work, we gladly accept the work not only as a noble piece of dramatic characterization, but as a most remarkable application of analytical psychology to the study of Greek manners, morals, art, and art-criticism, and indeed Greek thought and sentiment generally at the time of the fall of Athens.

There is not a great deal that it is necessary to say on this occasion, in addition to what we have already hinted, concerning the translation of the *Herakles Mainomenos*. It is not unlikely that this translation (or "transcript," as the poet calls it) was projected as the principal fabric of a smaller work than the present; but, however that may have been, the dimensions which *Aristophanes' Apology* assumes render the tragic transcript not greatly more than an ornamental appendage with that amount of superadded critical value that a translation by a highly original poet must have. As it stands, by itself, this version of the *Herakles* is an admirable, if not a faultless poem; but the tragedy is not so moving or so noble a one as that of *Alkestis*, notwithstanding the notorious blemish of the wrangle between father and son in the *Alkestis*, and notwithstanding the pathos and tenderness of the relations subsisting between the muscular demi-god and his putative father, Eurystheus, in the *Herakles*. Supreme tragedy there is, doubtless, but nothing that speaks so eloquently for the adorable unselfishness of a loving and perfect woman, or indeed for any other noble human virtue, as that glorious death-scene of *Alkestis*, rendered so perfectly in *Balaustion's Adventure*; and in the most tragic and pathetic passages of the *Herakles*, Browning has been as fully equal to the occasion as he was in those of the *Alkestis*—rendering the Greek for the most part in stately simple English, of great force and perspicuity. The noble scene in which Megara brings forth her children, "draped as the dead go," to meet the murderous fate decreed by Lycus, is as good an example as we can find of the fine qualities of this translation; and in the speech she pours forth to them and to their absent father, Euripides attains one of his highest points in that depicting of human nature wherein he is so great. We transcribe the speech in full.

"Be it so! Who is priest, who butcher here
Of these ill-fated ones, or stops the breath
Of me, the miserable? Ready, see,

The sacrifice—to lead where Haides lives !
 O children, we are led—no lovely team
 Of corpses—age, youth, motherhood, all mixed !
 O sad fate of myself and these my sons
 Whom with these eyes I look at, this last time !
 I, indeed, bore you : but for enemies
 I brought you up to be a laughing-stock,
 Matter for merriment, destruction-stuff !
 Woe's me !
 Strangely indeed my hopes have struck me down
 From what I used to hope about you once—
 The expectation from your father's talk !
 For thee, now, thy dead sire dealt Argos too :
 Thou wast to have Eurustheus' house one day,
 And rule Pelasgia where the fine fruits grow ;
 And for a stole of state, he wrapped about
 Thy head with that the lion-monster bore,
 That which himself went wearing armour-wise.
 And thou wast King of Thebes—such chariots there !
 Those plains I had for portion—all for thee,
 As thou hadst coaxed them out of who gave birth
 To thee, his boy : and into thy right hand
 He thrust the guardian-club of Daidalos,—
 Poor guardian proves the gift that plays thee false !
 And upon thee he promised to bestow
 Oichalia—what, with those far-shooting shafts,
 He ravaged once ; and so, since three you were,
 With threefold kingdoms did he build you up
 To very towers, your father,—proud enough,
 Prognosticating, from your manliness
 In boyhood, what the manhood's self would be.
 For my part, I was picking out for you
 Brides, suiting each with his alliance—this
 From Athens, this from Sparté, this from Thebes—
 Whence, suited—as stern-cables steady ship—
 You might have hold on life gods bless. All gone !
 Fortune turns round and gives us—you, the Fates
 Instead of brides—me, tears for nuptial baths,
 Unhappy in my hoping ! And the sire
 Of your sire—he prepares the marriage feast
 Befitting Haides who plays father now—
 Bitter relationship ! Oh me ! which first—
 Which last of you shall I to bosom fold ?
 To whom shall I fit close, his mouth to mine ?
 Of whom shall I lay hold and ne'er let go ?
 How would I gather, like the brown-winged bee,
 The groans from all ; and gathered into one,

Give them you back again, a crowded tear !
 Dearest, if any voice be heard of men
 Dungeoned in Haides, thee—to thee I speak !
 Here is thy father dying, and thy boys !
 And I too perish, famed as fortunate
 By mortals once, through thee ! Assist them ! Come !
 But come ! though just a shade, appear to me !
 For, coming, thy ghost-grandeur would suffice,
 Such cowards are they in thy presence, these
 Who kill thy children now thy back is turned.”—Pp. 239-42.

We do not see how this rendering could be bettered, either in diction or in the solemnity of the metric flow, which seems to carry the weight of the “Euripidean pathos” with a peculiar happiness of adjustment ; and there is an equal fitness of cadence and diction in the shorter and harder speech of Amphytrion, which we quote, together with the passages conducting the action to the unexpected appearance of Herakles:—

“Ay, daughter, bid the powers below assist !
 But I will rather, raising hand to heaven,
 Call thee to help, O Zeus, if thy intent
 Be, to these children, helpful anyway,
 Since soon thou wilt be valueless enough !
 And yet thou hast been called and called ; in vain
 I labour ; for we needs must die, it seems.
 Well, aged brothers—life’s a little thing !
 Such as it is, then, pass life pleasantly
 From day to night, nor once grieve all the while !
 Since Time concerns him not about our hopes,—
 To save them,—but his own work done, flies off.
 Witness myself, looked up to among men,
 Doing noteworthy deeds : when here comes fate
 Lifts me away, like feather skyward borne,
 In one day ! Riches then and glory, whom
 These are found constant to, I know not. Friends,
 Farewell ! the man who loved you all so much,
 Now, this last time, my mates, ye look upon !

Megara.—Ha !

O father, do I see my dearest ? Speak.

Amphytrion.—No more than thou canst, daughter—dumb like thee !

Megara.—Is this he whom we heard was under ground ?

Amphytrion.—Unless at least some dream we see !

Megara.—What do I say ? what dreams insanely view ?

This is no other than thy son, old sire !

Here, children ! hang to these paternal robes,
Quick, haste, hold hard on him, since here's your true
Zeus that can save—and every whit as well !”—Pp. 243-5.

We have already noticed in passing that the choric work in *Aristophanes' Apology* is not fully up to the mark in the matter of dignity ; but it will readily be seen from the foregoing extracts that no such charge can plausibly extend to the simple blank-verse rendering of the speeches ; and indeed the scene is but a fair sample of the quality of work throughout the bulk of the drama. We shall make but one more extract, and that with the view of showing the choruses at what we deem their best :

“ Youth is a pleasant burthen to me ;
But age on my head, more heavily
Than the crags of Aitna, weighs and weighs,
And darkening cloaks the lids and intercepts the rays.
Never be mine the preference
Of an Asian empire's wealth, nor yet
Of a house all gold, to youth, to youth
That's beauty, whatever the gods dispense !
Whether in wealth we joy, or fret
Paupers,—of all God's gifts most beautiful, in truth !

“ But miserable murderous age I hate !
Let it go to wreck, the waves adown,
Nor ever by rights plague tower or town]
Where mortals bide, but still elate
With wings, on ether, precipitate,
Wander them round—nor wait !

“ But if the gods, to man's degree,
Had wit and wisdom, they would bring
Mankind a twofold youth, to be
Their virtue's sign-mark, all should see
In those with whom life's winter thus grew spring.
For when they died, into the sun once more
Would they have traversed twice life's racecourse o'er ;
While ignobility had simply run
Existence through, nor second life begun.
And so might we discern both bad and good
As surely as the starry multitude
Is numbered by the sailors, one and one.
But now the gods by no apparent line
Limit the worthy and the base define ;
Only a certain period rounds, and so
Brings man more wealth,—but youthful vigour, no !

" Well ! I am not to pause
 Mingling together—wine and wine in cup—
 The Graces with the Muses up—
 Most dulcet marriage ; loosed from music's laws
 No life for me !
 But where the wreaths abound, there ever may I be !
 And still, an aged bard, I shout Mnemosuné—
 Still chant of Herakles the triumph-chant,
 Companioned by the seven-stringed tortoise-shell
 And Libuan flute, and Bromios' self as well,
 God of the grape, with man participant !
 Not yet will we arrest their glad advance—
 The Muses who so long have led me forth to dance !
 A paian—hymn the Delian girls indeed,
 Weaving a beauteous measure in and out
 His temple-gates, Latona's goodly seed ;
 And paians—I too, these thy domes about,
 From these grey cheeks, my king, will swan-like shout—
 Old songster ! Ay, in song it starts off brave—
 ' Zeus' son is he ! ' and yet, such grace of birth
 Surpassing far, to man his labours gave
 Existence, one calm flow without a wave,
 Having destroyed the beasts, the terrors of the earth."—
 Pp. 257-260.

In the phrase " Nor ever by rights plague tower or town,"
 one recognizes at once the hand, not of Euripides, but of
 Browning ; and in the passage,

" Well ! I am not to pause
 Mingling together—wine and wine in cup—
 The Graces with the Muses up—
 Most dulcet marriage,"

there is both inelegance and obscenity ; and the Greek
 words,

" παιᾶνας δ' ἐπὶ σοῖς μελάθροις
 κύκνος ὥς γέρων ἀοιδὸς
 πολὺν ἐκ γενύων
 κελαδήσω,"

though not traduced by the rendering, " And paians—I
 too," &c. (see above), are not, by any means, happily
 rendered, the present version being too grotesque. The
 picture of an " old songster " engaged in " shouting "
 pæans, " swan-like," from " grey cheeks " is far more
 homely than the original affords any warrant for. Without
 the swan-simile *κελαδήσω* might be rendered " will shout,"

instead of by the more general verb "will sound;" but as swans do not shout, it is unfair, for the sake of a rhyme, to let Euripides have the credit of making them do so.

The one or two points of palpable defect in the chorus quoted above,—certainly one of the most dignified,—serve to illustrate what we said before of the result obtained by the attempt to differentiate the choric passages from the dialogues and monologues. When Browning is uttering his own thoughts, often quasi-comic, and often nobly grotesque, no one could possibly be a better judge than he of the lyric metres best fitted to clothe such thoughts in; and so far are we from underrating his lyric powers that we look with great pleasure to the possible day when he shall again publish a collection of dramatic-lyrical poems, which we feel sure he must by now have by him. But we do not think any impartial judge could turn first to such a chorus as that we have just quoted and criticized, and then to the chorus,—

"Harbour of many a stranger,"

rendered in blank-verse in *Balaustion's Adventure*, without coming to the conclusion that the blank-verse one is the more literal, the less mannered, the more beautiful intrinsically, and the more nearly Greek in form and spirit.

The question of propriety in the spelling of Greek proper names is in these days made so important a subject of dispute, that we must not close without taking, and examining too, the evidence of so cultured and far-seeing a witness as Browning,—especially as, since first adopting the Greek mode of spelling, he has clearly given some thought to the subject, has retracted certain points of the creed of Greek orthography implied in *Balaustion's Adventure*, while, in certain others, *Aristophanes' Apology* may be said to push to a further extreme the method introduced by Mr. Grote. In 1871, Browning submitted so far to the consequences of spelling Greek words as the Greeks spelt them, that he actually spelt thus the Greek roots of certain English words; and we had to stomach not merely such natural consequences as *Olumpos*, but such unnatural ones as *Phrugian*, *Ludian*, and *Puthian*, for *Phrygian*, *Lydian*, and *Pythian*; but Athens was still Athens, Sparta still Sparta, and Thebes not yet Thebai. Now, in 1875, so far as the setting of the *Herakles* is concerned, Athens has become *Athenai*, Thebes *Thebai*, and Sparta

Sparté, while the English words formed from Greek proper names have resumed their orthodoxy, so that we now have *Olympian*, *Olympiad*, *Pythian*, *Isthmian*, and so on, in all such cases except some three, *Nemeian*, *Kimmerian*, and *Stugian*. On the other hand many words which are immemorial properties of our tongue are now given us in Greek,—as *seiren* for *syren*, *choros* and *choragos* for *chorus* and *choragus*, *kuklops* and *kentaur* for *cyclops* and *centaur*, *stulos* for *stylus*, and so on.

The final rule the poet has set himself, and to it there are many exceptions, seems to be this,—to spell after the Greek fashion all proper names, and also all words that have come bodily into our language and are generally accepted in a Latinized form. In *Balaustion's Adventure*, the Greek spelling was generally only given in proper names, and adjectives compounded therefrom, and not even in proper names when the outline of the word had to be altered, as in *Athenai* for *Athens*. This rule, with some remarkable exceptions, is adopted in the version of the *Herakles*; from which fact we draw with a feeling of absolute conviction a not unimportant deduction,—namely that the translation of the *Herakles* was done soon after 1871, and before the elaborate setting was begun; that in working out *Aristophanes' Apology*, by far more important than the mere translation, what we have called the final rule was arrived at, and that, in a few instances, the translation was subsequently amended. To have substituted *Athenai* for *Athens* and *Thebai* for *Thebes* throughout, and thus have made it consistent with the bulk of the book, and to have made other kindred changes, would have involved rewriting quite a considerable portion of the Euripidean tragedy, and this would certainly not have been worth while.

Now, for our own part, we object emphatically to the alteration of such common nouns of Hellenic origin as have passed into the fabric of the language and are in common use, because, if we are to give up our choruses, our centaurs, and our syrens, and be called on to use a “*stulos*” when disposed to write with a “*manifold writer*,” we do not see how we can claim to spell any of our innumerable derivative words otherwise than as they are or were written in the living or dead languages whence they come. For the proper names, so objectionable seems to us the French system of gallicizing such words out of

all possibility of recognition, that we should be disposed to adopt the rule of preserving them intact. In many cases there is manifest gain in beauty or strength; and, hard though it be to recognize in Balaustion's *Kunthia*, *Kuthereia*, *Kirké* and *Thoukudides*, our old friends *Cynthia*, *Cytherea*, *Circe* and *Thucydides*, there is no difficulty or grotesqueness in a great number of instances. Browning has probably formed his plan with an eye to the future, when the important question of Greek *pronunciation* shall have been settled: there can be no doubt whatever that the generally adopted pronunciation is wrong; but it is premature to reckon on its being changed. We presume the poet has himself abandoned the orthodox vowel sounds, and has not thought it worth while to take into consideration that, at all events for the present, the *u* in *Olympos* to nearly all English people is identical with the *u* in *lump*, and that the grand Greek word thus becomes hideous when spelt as originally. If, as seems more than probable, the Greeks pronounced their *ou* and *u* much as the French do, and we in reading their words adopt that pronunciation, there is a very slight difference between *Olympus* and *Olympos*; and such words as *Thoukudides* and *Arethousa* are shorn of all their terrors,—the latter, indeed, having merely to be pronounced as nearly all seafaring people pronounce the name of Her Majesty's Ship so called.

In the vatic words of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poet as well as the tyrant (and poets are the best kind of tyrants)

"should take heed to what he doth,
Since every victim-carrion turns to use,
And drives a chariot, like a God made wroth,
Against each piled injustice ;"

and if Browning assumes in the next generation the high influence over the minds of the cultivated to which his intelligence and insight would entitle him, he may come to be set up as an authority in matters of even such minor importance as orthography. If so, the mangled remains of many of our beautiful anglicized Greek words will inevitably start up from the pages of his books, and drive against the "piled injustice," not merely of asking for bread and cheese and beer instead of *bread*, *cyse* and *bir*, but of speaking and writing the main part of our language as at present. The jargon demanded by simple justice as a consequence of this overstrained Hellenism would rival the polyglot of Babel.

- ART. IV.—1. *Supernatural Religion: An Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation.* In Two Volumes. London: Longmans, Green and Co.
2. *The Supernatural in the New Testament, Possible, Credible, and Historical: or, An Examination of the Validity of some Recent Objections against Christianity as a Divine Revelation.* By the Rev. C. A. Row, M.A., Prebendary of St. Paul's; Author of "The Jesus of the Evangelists," "The Nature and Extent of Divine Inspiration," "The Moral Teaching of the New Testament," &c. London: Frederick Norgate, 17, Bedford-street, Covent-garden. Williams and Norgate, 20, Frederick-street, Edinburgh. 1875.
3. *The Miracles of Our Lord in Relation to Modern Criticism.* By F. L. STEINMEYER, D.D., Ordinary Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Translated, with the permission of the Author, from the German, by L. A. Wheatley. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 38, George-street. 1875.

THE appearance of the work which heads the above list was the signal for a jubilant outburst on the part of the organs of unbelief. Semi-infidel reviewers and critics were eloquent in praise of the fearlessness and skill displayed by their new ally: the epithets "erudite," "logical," "elaborate," and the like, were lavished on the anonymous author with a profusion resembling that of some foreign universities in the bestowment of learned degrees; while sober-minded people began to be seriously alarmed lest a greater than Renan or Strauss had arisen to sweep away whatever vestiges of the ancient faith his predecessors had left to be obliterated. Surely the author of *Supernatural Religion* can now afford to qualify his complaint of the "odium which has been attached to any doubt regarding the dominant religion," and, considering the thousands of copies of his work called for by the public, will be disposed to reconsider his statement as to the "serious, though covert, discouragement of the Church to all critical examination of the title-deeds of Christianity." It may be said that this

popularity is owing to the spirit of doubt which has "of late years become too strong for repression:" but we would rather attribute it to that love of fair play which has always been a characteristic of the Englishman, and in no wise a growth of modern times. If the Church—we speak of the Protestant Church—had desired to stifle inquiry, she would have destroyed libraries and manuscripts instead of preserving them; she would have discouraged universities, with their professorships of sacred criticism and lectureships on the evidences, instead of founding them; she would have maintained an *index expurgatorius* and a public censor of the press, instead of abolishing them for ever. And as to the odium attaching to doubt, if any still lingers, it must be remembered that there are other considerations besides suspicion of motives which may lead good men to shun those whose principles appear to them subversive of moral order and social happiness. We think the reality, if not of divine revelation itself, yet of its hold upon the minds of men would be sufficiently invalidated if the day ever dawned when religious truth and religious error should be viewed by them with equal approbation, and when every warning voice lifted up to condemn false principles should be hushed in admiration of the persons who espouse and defend them. Freedom of expression for honest thought is the birthright of every man; but bland complacency in all its vagaries is a privilege not so easily conceded.

Loud as has been the chorus of praise that greeted the birth of this book, a few months have sufficed to dispel some of the myths which so rapidly gathered around it. Its loads of learned references turn out to be made up in great part of "chips from a German workshop," its trenchant logic has been found guilty of every form of fallacy, and its boasted candour shown to be flawed by a vein of disingenuousness and illiberality. The "many years of earnest and serious investigation" have not been so economised as to include either the study of the more eminent modern apologists or the contemplation of the great moral benefits conferred by Christianity on mankind; nor do they seem to have deepened in the mind of the author that sentiment of veneration for its central Personage which most men instinctively feel and find it impossible to shake off. There is a certain glitter of style and energy of movement about the book, such as will always set off what might otherwise be repulsive, and we have no doubt that some immature minds will be for a time unsettled by its specious reasonings. But as a contribution to the important

questions it discusses, its sole value can be that of a stimulus to farther research and inquiry on the part of those who may have been too easily content to receive the evidences of Christianity at second hand.

It is not our purpose here to go over all the ground occupied by these two volumes : the undertaking would be too bulky for our limits : we shall confine ourselves wholly to the first part, which treats of miracles, and shall consider how far the author is warranted in the conclusions to which he would conduct us. In doing so we are happy to avail ourselves of the aid afforded by the volume which stands next on our list. Written at the instance of the Christian Evidence Society by one who had in his former publications proved himself competent to such a task, it presents in a compact shape a series of close and well-arranged arguments on the defensive side, forming a valuable contribution to Christian apologetics apart from the occasion which has called it forth. Both the assailant and the defender of Christianity have rightly estimated the real question at issue and the nature of the discussion it involves. The main problem is the historical evidence for the supernatural events described in the New Testament. All others, —such as Old Testament difficulties and ecclesiastical pretensions,—are of subordinate importance, and must be decided in accordance with the settlement of the central controversy. If the existence of the supernatural in the New Testament can be satisfactorily proved, minor objections to revealed religion fall to the ground : if not, appeal to the merely moral elements of Christianity is useless, and the candid confession must be made that all is lost. This narrowing of the issue affords a vast advantage to the cause of truth, on whichever side that may lie. Not every mind is so constituted as to be able to grasp the full force of even a single induction, when grounded on an immense variety of particulars as is the case here ; but the chances of clear comprehension are greatly diminished when a multitude of such inductions, interlacing at every point, has to be kept before the eye, and a conclusion reached by the balancing of their respective probabilities. Confusion alone can in most cases follow from such a process, and in the wake of confusion, in those impatient of long doubting, a passive acquiescence in previous inclinations ; but the goal of enlightened conviction is not likely to be attained.

Closely connected with the question of historical proof, but yet to be distinguished from it, is that of the possibility and credibility of such phenomena as the New Testament declares

to have occurred. There are three ways in which it may be treated. It may be simply ignored, by saying that since testimony proves the facts it also demonstrates the possibility of the conceptions which correspond to them : this is not the more excellent way. It may be unwarrantably mixed up, as by Hume, with the question of the facts, by putting into the one scale the possibility of testimony being false and into the other the impossibility of the miraculous being true ; but this, as will be shown hereafter, is an unfair mode of conducting the argument, and one that would be instantly condemned in ordinary life. The true method is to weigh separately the arguments for the possibility of miracles and those for the validity of the testimony to them, taking of course the former first.

Prior, however, even to this consideration comes the necessary investigation into the meaning of the terms with which it is proposed to deal. Here Mr. Row convicts the anonymous author of *Supernatural Religion* of more than one serious deficiency. Taking the correlative terms "nature" and "the supernatural," under which are we to class mankind ? Are we or are we not a part of nature and its order ? This is not so easily determined as at first sight appears. "Man is within material nature," says Mr. Row, "as far as regards his bodily organisation ; but he is outside or above it, and belongs to a different order, as far as his rational action, his volition and his moral powers are concerned." There is no objection to classing man's operations among those which are designated natural, if it be remembered that they are marked by peculiarities lacking in the rest of the class, that they are clearly discriminated from them by the characters of freedom as opposed to necessity, and consequently of contingency as opposed to invariable sequence. But this is the very point most liable to be overlooked : to give up this would be practically to give up all distinction between the natural and the supernatural, and with it the whole question at issue. A similar confusion is observable in the current use of the word "law," only that the illegitimate extension of its meaning travels in the contrary direction. In the former case, mental phenomena are cramped within limits which only apply to material : in this a certain majesty and sacredness are ascribed to the material which only appertain to the mental. Physical laws are regarded, through the ambiguity of the term denoting them, as invested with the obligatoriness of moral injunctions ; so that for a mountain to move out of its place at the behest of a force owning

no affinity with those of the volcano comes to be esteemed an offence against good taste if not something more, and to be deemed as reprehensible as the reeling to and fro of the poor victim of intemperance. But the two laws thus violated are wide as the poles asunder : in fact the phrase "violated" is in strictness only applicable to the moral one, which suffers a real discredit and indignity from the voluntary misconduct of the drunkard, whereas in the case of a mountain moved by faith there is neither violation nor suspension of law, but the counteraction of a blind and necessary force, which usually operates according to a certain rule, by a force of another order. Forces are all that work, whether in nature or upon it : laws are only modes of working, which may be observed either invariably as in the domain of matter where they depend on the original will of the Creator, or variably as in the domain of mind where they depend for their fulfilment on the decisions of intelligence either human or Divine.

The meaning of the word "miracle" also demands definition, but this is utterly neglected by the author of *Supernatural Religion*, to his own and his readers' great peril and loss. He informs us that "throughout the Old Testament the doctrine is inculcated that supernatural communications must have supernatural attestation." So far as this statement implies a definition of miracles, it is at once too narrow and too wide. Too narrow, because, as Mr. Row rightly says, it is not of the essence of a miracle that it should transcend the powers of nature ; it is only necessary that the event should take place at the bidding of the person whose mission it authenticates or be by him foreseen. Too wide, because it fails to specify the connection of the miracle with a divine mission entrusted to some particular person, and because it overlooks the moral element which must enter into the miracle as the volitional act of its author and so become a test of the divinity of its origin. The statement is otherwise faulty in not showing in what way miracles are attestations of supernatural communications ; in leaving it uncertain whether every supernatural event is a miracle, *i.e.*, an attestation of the kind referred to ; and also in overlooking the important facts that other evidence besides that of miracles is constantly appealed to as fitted to work conviction of the truth, and that some of the chief doctrines of Scripture, themselves supernatural events, are accepted by the Church altogether apart from any credentials which attesting miracles afford.

The recovery of Peter's wife's mother from her sickness is an example of an event not necessarily belonging to the supernatural order, but its occurrence at the bidding of Christ makes it miraculous. The plagues of Egypt are evidently instances of natural force working with extraordinary and concentrated energy, but which might or might not imply supernatural direction and design : their obedience to the waving of Moses' rod is the proof of the presence of the God of nature taking vengeance on the gods of Egypt. In the vast majority of the New Testament miracles, as the multiplying of the loaves, the walking upon the waters, and the raising of the dead, we see events which no mere intensification of natural force will account for : still it is their connection with the person and mission of Christ which makes them miracles. The inexplicitness of the anonymous author on the other points named, and the consequences of it, will appear more clearly as we proceed.

If we wish to give the Christian revelation a fair chance of establishing its claims, it is plain that we must go to the revelation itself and inquire in what way it seeks to establish them, and not set up an arbitrary standard of our own. There is a large class of passages whose bearing on this point has been too much neglected ; and they go to show that Christ appealed in the first place to the moral and spiritual glory of His own person and character, and regarded miracles as a lower order of proof. There are certain states of mind and certain generations of men to which the one would be more convincing, and others to which the other might appear more impressive. To perceive the moral majesty of the man Christ Jesus requires a refinement and discipline of the moral sensibilities that miracles, considered as mere interferences with natural order, do not. No amount of scientific research or philosophical speculation will ever, we are persuaded, disprove the possibility, or diminish the value as evidence, of the Christian miracles ; but the canons of historical criticism and the elevated moral standards of such an age as this can find no better employment than that of gauging the perfect character portrayed in the Gospels ; and their verdict should rank at least as high as that of the critics who investigate the value of the miracles, considered simply as proofs of power over nature. On this point Mr. Row says :—

“ In the fourteenth chapter of this Gospel we have the following remarkable declaration, which puts the whole subject in the

clearest light. Philip says to Him, 'Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us.' Jesus said unto Him, 'Have I been so long time with you and yet hast thou not known me, Philip? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father: Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me? The words that I speak unto you, I speak not of myself; but the Father which hath sent me, He doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me, or else believe me for the very works' sake.' This passage contains several most important considerations directly bearing on this subject. I will mention them in order. First Philip asks for his complete conviction a visible miracle in the form of an appearance of God, such as was recorded in the Old Testament as having taken place at Sinai. Secondly, our Lord affirms that the manifestations of His character made in His person and work during His previous acquaintance with him, were the truest manifestations of the person, character and being of the Father. Thirdly, that the words which He spake, and His entire working, possessed an evidential character, as proving that He came from the Father; and that His moral and spiritual perfections were such as to entitle His affirmation to be received on His own word. Fourthly, that if Philip was unable to receive them on this evidence, which occupied the highest place, then He was entitled to be believed on the evidence of His supernatural works, 'If ye believe not me, believe the works.'

"This entire passage makes it clear that in the mind of our Lord the moral evidence afforded by Him constituted a most important portion of the attestation of His divine mission. Nor was its value confined to those who witnessed it during the time of His personal ministry, but He viewed it as extending to all time. This is made clear by His reply to Thomas, in reference to his demand to be allowed to handle His risen body. 'Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed. Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.'"

Indeed, Mr. Row does not overstate the evidential force of what he calls the "moral environment" of miracles, when he says that without it their value as evidence of a Divine mission must cease. For a Divine mission, concerned as it is with men's moral and spiritual interests, and exercised by a person or persons possessing a moral character, must in every phase of it be invested with qualities that display a moral significance. Every act of a moral agent partakes of the nature either of virtue or vice, and so consequently must even the miraculous operations of a messenger from God.

The fundamental position of Christianity appears to be misunderstood by the author of *Supernatural Religion*. The

relation of the miracles, like that of believers in them, is not primarily and principally to the truths proclaimed but to the persons proclaiming them. Especially is this true of the central Person, to whom all other divinely accredited messengers point. The creeds of Christendom embody, not abstract dogmas, but objective facts, in which the chief Agent is the Son of God. The miracles are wrought by Himself and His followers to attest His relationship to God and to mankind: this established, all His words are to be received and obeyed, but they are received and obeyed because He is what He is, not because He has wrought miracles to make them binding. Christianity is not a mere system of truth: it does not present itself to mankind as the advocate of certain tenets to be accepted as mere intellectual beliefs. It professes through the Person it announces to communicate a spiritual enlightenment and elevation to all who enter into relations of trust, devotion and obedience toward Him; and it appeals quite as much to the moral changes thus effected as it does to the miracles by which it was ushered in.

The anonymous author strives to turn the edge of this argument by the assertion that it only establishes a logical see-saw between miracle and doctrine,—the miracle being first of all called in to prove the doctrine, and then the doctrine to accredit the miracle. But though it be admitted that the miracle indirectly through confirming the authority of the messenger establishes that of his message, this can only be true of doctrine undiscoverable by reason, and not of moral truths, whose foundation is laid in the very constitution of the mind. Moral truth appeals directly to the conscience, and not to miracles: it may legitimately become a test of miracles, but miracles can by no means become a test of moral truth. No miracle can make falsehood obligatory instead of truth, so long as the human mind remains what it is. If it be said that this is to make reason after all the ultimate court of appeal, we reply that this is precisely what every one does and must do. It is reason that determines whether miracles are possible or not, whether testimony is credible or not, whether doctrines are harmonious or not, whether messengers are divine or not, whether moral actions are virtuous or not. But having decided all these questions concerning the externals of a revelation, it is quite beyond the office of Reason to question its internal truth. If she has accepted the place of a learner at the feet of some divinely-accredited messenger, she cannot presume to sit in judgment on the truth he teaches

as to the trinity in unity because it transcends her comprehension. As soon as he preaches morals, he speaks of "earthly things" with which she may intermeddle, but as to "heavenly things" she can but receive in silence such communications as may be vouchsafed.

The above remarks show how absurd it is to say that miracles are both the objects and the evidences of faith. If they are the objects of faith in the sense of not being amenable to reason at all they cannot be the evidence of faith, for all evidence appeals to reason. The fact is that good men have pushed the antithesis between faith and reason to unwarrantable extremes. To a great extent there is no antithesis, but the most perfect harmony and close coincidence. Suppose the report of a miracle to be brought to our ears. It is reason that investigates the probabilities of the event having really happened: when reason is convinced of the sufficiency of the testimony, faith is exercised in the testimony, i.e., the fact thus established is assented to by the understanding and laid up by it among the other facts it has accepted, whether through the evidence of the senses or for any other cause. Next, regard the supernatural event, believed to be real, as a phenomenon requiring to be accounted for. Reason demands a sufficient cause, and only finds it in God: the fact is then accepted not as a bare occurrence, but as the act of God. By a similar process the authority of the messenger is established to whom God has thus borne witness. Now let the messenger declare that the God who has thus owned him as His servant has commissioned him to declare His trinity of persons and unity of essence. Surely to accept this will be both an act of reason and an act of faith. But as this truth is an ultimate one, not to be comprehended under any higher truth, we are accustomed to say that in respect of the full comprehension of it the office of reason ceases, and that it is grasped by faith alone. At this point faith outsoars reason, yet it is reason that bids her continue her flight.

We have hitherto been discussing questions that can only be considered preliminary to the main subject, and have dwelt longer on them than we had intended. But their importance can hardly be overrated, for on their recognition and settlement hinges the whole controversy. If half of the years bestowed on the subject by the author of *Supernatural Religion* had been spent in the determination of principles, he might in the other half have produced a book more worthy

of the *furor* he has evoked : the glamour of seeming profundity might have been sacrificed, but in its place we should have had the lustre of truth.

We come now to the question of the antecedent probability of miracles. It must be clearly understood at the outset that miracles are not intended, any more than revelation, to prove the existence of God. They both assume it, as they assume the existence in us of a moral nature. A very great outcry has been raised concerning this, as if it were an unwarrantable assumption, and in fact a pure begging of the question. See, it is said, these defenders of revelation first assume that a God is known, and then assert that only a revelation can declare Him. But this is a false statement of their position. What they say is, that universal man possesses an innate and intuitive conviction of the existence of a God, to whom also as the necessary First Cause maturer reason assigns the handiwork of the Universe as an effect. But the knowledge of God thus obtained is not sufficient for man's guidance : revelation attested by miracles not only fills out the incomplete notion of a God but unfolds the relations in which He stands to His creatures, in such a way as to invite their trust or to alarm their fear. Now revelation having in its earlier stages thus enlarged the conception of a God, the same revelation in its later manifestations may appeal to the enlarged conception. But who discerns any *petitio principii* here ?

The validity of the original and innate notion of a God has however been disputed, and its very existence denied. That of course may be done ; but those who do so must be content to take their proper place as atheists or pantheists, and not presume to deck themselves in the garb of the theist while they cut away the ground beneath his feet. With barefaced atheism or pantheism it is perhaps needless to argue here : our business lies rather with those who inconsistently hold that there is a God, but one that is unknowable. A certain school of philosophers is cited with great gusto by the author of *Supernatural Religion* as occupying this to us indefensible position. Dr. Mansel has undoubtedly carried the principles of Sir William Hamilton to an extreme from which his master would probably himself have recoiled. And it is a strange reversal of ordinary probabilities that brings John Stuart Mill into the field, like another Saul among the prophets, as the champion not only of a common-sense philosophy but of a sound theology also. But in this case we must hold that the cynical sceptic has the advantage of the devout divine.

It is true that both Dr. Mansel and Sir W. Hamilton accord to revelation the whole domain of faith, but having done so, it is a serious defect that neither in the latter's treatment of the subject nor in his formal classification of the faculties of the mind has he assigned any place, office or function to the power he has so highly extolled. With Mr. Row and Mr. Calderwood, the author of the *Philosophy of the Infinite*, we regard the celebrated Law of the Conditioned as founded upon mere quibbles about a logical abstraction, and as having no bearing on the relations between the finite and infinite minds. It is not by the addition of part to part that we gain our notion of an Infinite Being, whatever may be said of infinite space. And whatever faith may be, it is equally incompetent with reason to grasp the unthinkable, and will never supply its deficiencies in this respect either in the present life or that which is to come.

The supposition made by many that personality involves limitation seems perfectly gratuitous. It is a fancy drawn from that fruitful source of error, the employment in reference to the world of mind of language first applied to the world of matter. Infinite space certainly comprehends all space and every portion of it, but it does not follow that an infinite being comprehends all beings, in the sense that no being can exist numerically distinct from it. This being admitted, personality is not a limitation : it is no derogation from the dignity of such a being to be conscious of the existence of other beings besides itself, and to use the personal pronouns which distinguish between itself and others. To suppose personality a limitation is to invest mind with the attributes of matter, and in particular to apply to mind the axiom which is only true of matter, viz., that no two portions of it can fill the same space at the same time. The puzzling problem whether the "quantum" of being was greater after the first creative act than before, is one that loses its perplexing aspect the moment it is seen that quantity is a notion that does not belong to being. To *beings* it may apply in the form of number, and then it may be allowed that after creation there were more beings in existence than before ; but to ask whether there was "more being" is as absurd as to ask whether the flora of the present age be more intellectual than the flora of a former one, the adjective in this case as in the other denoting an attribute not belonging to the person or thing denoted by the noun. It seems strange that the position we have been controverting should not be recognised by thoughtful men as a virtual assumption of pantheism. Such

as it is, the author of *Supernatural Religion* has not failed to make use of this argument of the unknowable, but, as Mr. Row justly observes, he has failed to make his readers cognizant of the fact that Mr. John Stuart Mill has overturned it.

One corollary deduced by Mr. Row from the views just now set forth of the inapplicableness of quantitative measurement to spiritual substance, is that the moral attributes of the Divine Being can only by an impropriety of language be termed "infinite;" the word "perfect" should be employed instead. The bearing of this is obvious. It has been said that these attributes, being infinite, may not correspond to moral qualities as possessed by man; and the inference is apparently intended to be drawn that what may appear wrong to us may be right with God. So monstrous an impeachment of our own nature and of the constitution of the Divine government which has ordained it must be held to refute itself. And the retort made upon those who hold the identity of the moral nature in God and man, that they fashion a God out of human conceptions, may easily be met. For reason itself leads us to expect that, if there be a God, and He desires to be known by His creatures, He will constitute them capable of seeing in themselves some reflection of His glory. And revelation confirms the expectation by positively asserting that man was made in His image. The God of the Bible is, in fact, like the Being whom nature reveals, an anthropomorphic conception, in every sense compatible with His claim to be self-existent and underived.

The connexion of the above considerations with the "objection that miracles are contrary to reason" will be manifest from the following paragraph :—

"Under this head are included the whole of that class of objections which extend from the direct assertion of the impossibility of miracles to the affirmation that even if their possibility is conceded, they are so extremely improbable that it is a violation of the first principles of our reason to believe in their actual occurrence. They are alleged to be violations and contradictions of the laws of nature, and as such to be incredible, as the stability of its laws is founded on a universal experience. This unquestionably forms the most formidable difficulty in the way of the acceptance of miracles, as actual occurrences, at the present day, and therefore demands a careful consideration.

"The question of the abstract impossibility of miracles need not occupy us long. Such an affirmation can only be made on the assumption that our reason is inadequate to affirm the existence

of such a being as a personal God. If this can be established, the whole argument is ended for all practical purposes. It may be conceded that the occurrence of some anomalous event as an objective fact is quite possible, even on the principles of pantheism or atheism. But such objective fact would be no miracle in any sense in which the word can be used in this discussion. If the evidence was sufficiently strong to attest it as a fact, it would be explicable on the supposition of some unknown force in nature, or even as a purely chance occurrence. A miracle, in any sense in which it enters into the present argument, is not only an abnormal objective fact, but one which takes place at the bidding of a moral agent. It is the union of these two which imparts to a miracle any power to attest a revelation. If therefore there is no evidence of the existence of a God, miracles may be pronounced impossible for all practical purposes in this controversy, and we need not further discuss the question. The whole argument as to whether the occurrence of a miracle is or is not contrary to reason, must proceed on the assumption of the existence of a personal God. It is also a proposition so clear as to render all proof of it superfluous, that if a personal God exists who has created the universe and governs it by His Providence, miracles are possible."

Miracles have often been described as violations or suspensions of the laws of nature, but the phraseology is inappropriate, as implying that we have a knowledge of the mode of the Divine operation that none can pretend to possess; and besides this, it lends countenance to the false theory we have already alluded to, which confounds the forces of nature with the rules of their ordinary working. It may be granted that natural forces invariably observe natural laws, but that is no reason why a force not natural should not be sometimes employed to counteract them, manifesting its presence in such a way that though the natural cause be still at work the natural effect does not follow. If it be asked, where we have any example of the working of such a force, we answer, in the power of the human will, whose impulses obey no invariable rule but are themselves distinct sources of interference with the ordinary operation of natural force. The "laws of life" are by the author of *Supernatural Religion* sought to be reduced to a level with the "laws of nature," but they refuse to submit to the restraint. "Sociology" and "associational psychology" are doing their best to prove that the human will is as much bound by the principle of necessity as is the law of gravitation, and that the whole internal world is a mere product of the external.

But they have not yet succeeded in breaking down the barrier between matter and mind, and till they have done so the action of the human will in modifying the appearances of nature may be pointed to as something more than a mere illustration, as in fact an example, of the forces which built the universe and still govern its destinies. To say that man can only work by combining the forces of nature is as beside the mark as to say that he can only work through the body as an instrument. We do an injustice to the freedom of the will unless we assert that man's intentional and intelligent action on the material universe belongs to the same order as that which produced creation itself, the difference being only in degree and not in kind.

It is competent to those who admit the possibility of the Divine energy intervening to counteract its own working in the order of nature, to complain that such a course would derogate from the wisdom of the Artificer. And so it would, if He were an Artificer only. Leaving out of view the possible moral wants of the universe, the most perfect conception we could form of it would be that of a "self-acting machine, which goes on in an eternal series of evolutions."

"Such a conception may be the most worthy one that we can form of a perfect mechanist or chemist, though it may be doubtful how far the idea of having his services dispensed with for the future would be wholly satisfactory to him. It is far from clear, however, that it is the most perfect conception we can form of God. The creations of the mechanist and of the chemist are destitute alike of feeling, reason and volition, a moral nature, conscience, and spiritual affections. They may therefore when completed be left to themselves; and the more perfect the irrational machine may be, the more perfectly it will grind out its results. But many of the constructions of God possess attributes which exhibit other qualities in their maker than those of a perfect mechanist or chemist He has created not only the material universe, but a moral one. God, therefore, must be a moral being, and a person, for moral attributes can only be conceived of as belonging to a being who is possessed of personality. It follows therefore that manifestations of Himself under aspects suitable to moral beings, are as much to be expected as manifestations of His power or of His wisdom addressed to unintellectual nature. The supposition, therefore, that all His manifestations can only be made through the laws of material nature, and in an unchanging series, and that it is not a portion of His purpose to manifest Himself as a moral being, is only valid on the denial that He is one. It involves the absurdity of denying to God that freedom from the tram-

mels of necessary law which as matter of fact he has bestowed on man.

"If therefore God be a moral being and not an impersonal force, it is perfectly consistent with the highest conceptions of Him, that He should manifest Himself in the moral as in the material universe. This is the more necessary, because philosophy is never wearied with telling us that we can know little or nothing of His moral attributes from material nature. As a part of such a manifestation a miracle is addressed to our highest reason.

"It is absurd to argue on the assumption that there is a God, and then to found our reasons on principles which are inconsistent with it. If there is a God, He must be the Creator of the universe. It must, therefore, have been consistent with His perfection and immutability to create. It follows, therefore, even on the assumption of the truth of the Darwinian theory of creation, that a new order must have been introduced when God first breathed life into the lowest forms of matter. But if He introduced a new order then, that is to say, when He first deviated from the previous order of His existence, and performed His first creative act, how can it possibly be contrary to reason to affirm that He has repeated it? A miracle would be such a repetition, or, in other words, the introduction of a new series of events."

Supposing then an occasion requiring a new moral manifestation, the question arises whether the Divine Being will sacrifice the moral interests of His creatures to the mechanical order of the universe, or sacrifice the mechanical order to their moral interests? Can there be a moment's doubt about the answer? May we not go back to creation's dawn, and ask whether, when He contemplated the future of His universe, the Divine Being designed that mind should exist for the sake of matter, or matter for the sake of mind? We are verging here upon another department of the inquiry, viz., how it comes to pass that there should be any necessity for moral manifestations apart from those which may be involved in the original constitution of things. To this we will return, when we have considered the next point treated of by Mr. Row, viz., Hume's allegation that no testimony can prove a supernatural event, on the ground that "it is contrary to experience that miracles should be true, but not contrary to experience that testimony should be false."

The whole of the chapter devoted to this topic is well worthy of attention. We will endeavour to summarise Mr. Row's leading positions. First, experience consists of two kinds, that which has fallen under our own cognisance, and the general experience of all men. Secondly, in the former

sense miracles are contrary to experience, and would lose their evidential value if they were not. Thirdly, it is not true that an occurrence contrary to our experience in the more limited sense cannot be believed on adequate testimony : then every extraordinary event would be incredible. Fourthly, the experience of one age differs from that of another, and that which is outside the experience of one often becomes part of the experience of the next. Fifthly, the experience of each individual is limited by his own observation and what he has learned respecting that of others. To an inhabitant of the tropics, days of six months' duration are even in this sense beyond experience and so incredible. Sixthly, scientific experience has its limits : mysteries in nature not yet explained would therefore have to be rejected. Seventhly, miracles viewed as mere phenomena stand on the same ground as unusual occurrences or wonderful discoveries. Like these, they are events whose causes are as yet unknown. Eighthly, the moment we view an event otherwise than as a mere phenomenon, and take into consideration the causes producing it, however unusual it may be, it is impossible to affirm that it is contrary to experience. As a mere phenomenon, a miracle may be contrary to our experience, but as soon as we take into account its cause, viz., a force of some kind of which we were previously ignorant, it is no longer contrary to our experience, but simply outside it. The new force introduces a fresh condition. Ninthly, it is not true that in estimating the truth of testimony, we simply balance probability against probability as stated in Hume's argument. Our knowledge of the judgment and veracity of the informant is the essential element in judging of the truth of evidence. It is only when our means of forming this judgment are deficient that we attempt to balance abstract improbabilities. Tenthly, the question of the truth of testimony as against past experience and the alleged greater probability that testimony should be false than that past experience should be unreliable, is greatly modified by the consideration that an overwhelming amount of the sum total of past experience rests for its acceptance on testimony itself. The experience founded on testimony must be unreliable in proportion as testimony is invalid. Eleventhly, while the evidence to prove the truth of an extraordinary occurrence must be far stronger than that which is required to prove an ordinary one, it must never be forgotten that the amount of evidence necessary to prove any particular fact always varies with the amount of its an-

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tedent probability. The question then must be considered as to the probability of moral manifestations of Himself on the part of the Creator. Twelfthly, whatever be the supposed antecedent improbability of an occurrence, it may be overcome by reasonable evidence: of this character is all historical evidence.

The above train of reasoning we hold to be conclusive. The author of *Supernatural Religion* has here signally laid himself open to the charge, either of unfairness toward the defenders of Christianity, or else—for we wish to give him the benefit of the doubt—of inability to perceive the force of logical arguments. First he asserts that “apologists find it much more convenient to evade the simple but effective arguments of Hume, and where it is possible they dismiss them with a sneer, and hasten on to less dangerous ground.” And yet the only one of their number whom he seriously attempts to controvert is Paley, whose arguments on this point are not now relied on by Christian apologists at all. He mentions also the name of Dr. Farrar, but it is only to charge him with misinterpretation and misstatement of Mill’s remarks upon Hume,—a charge which after examination recoils with tremendous effect upon himself. Mill reduces Hume’s doctrine to the “very plain and harmless proposition that whatever is contradictory to a complete induction is incredible,” and adds “that such a maxim as this should either be accounted a dangerous heresy, or mistaken for a great and recondite truth, speaks ill for the state of philosophical speculation on such subjects.” These sentences are actually quoted by the anonymous author to show that Mill substantially confirms Hume’s reasoning. In further proof, he merely sets down Mill’s subsequent remarks, and then dogmatically asserts that “this is precisely Hume’s argument weakened by the introduction of reservations which have no cogency.” And what are the reservations which are admitted to “weaken Hume’s argument” and yet declared to “have no cogency?” They may be summed up in this, that a believer in a personal Deity postulates the existence of a cause sufficient to account for the supposed incredible experience, a cause adequate to counteract the forces of Nature, and so to invalidate the “complete induction” which must otherwise be considered as established. This is all that apologists for Christianity demand. The believer in a personal God may consistently, according to Mill’s views of logic, believe also in the reality of miracles: he has wherewith to account for their

occurrence. But the author of *Supernatural Religion*, after calling in Mill to his assistance, turns round and deals him this severe rebuke for having stopped short of a desirable conclusion,—“No one knows better than Mr. Mill that the assertion of a personal Deity working miracles, upon which a miracle is allowed for a moment to come into court, cannot be proved, and, therefore, that it cannot stand in opposition to complete induction which Hume takes as his standard.” Mr. Mill knew better than to attack the belief in a personal God when that was not in question. But if we make it the question, it is plain how it must henceforward be answered by the anonymous author. His blows are professedly aimed at supernatural religion, but in order to reach it he is obliged to assail the outworks of natural religion within which it lies entrenched. He asks us to strip off the mere husk from Christianity, but in doing so he destroys the kernel. How impossible it is to accept the consolations which he offers us at the close of his work by way of compensation for the sacrifice! Having in the first volume denied the existence of a personal God, it is vain for him in the second to assure us that “we gain infinitely more than we lose in abandoning the reality of Divine Revelation,” and that “from Jewish mythology we rise to higher conceptions of an infinitely wise and beneficent Being, hidden from our finite minds it is true in the impenetrable glory of Divinity, but whose laws of wondrous comprehensiveness and perfection we ever perceive in operation around us.” An infinitely wise and beneficent Being not a personal God! Who can reconcile this contradiction?

We must pass on to the question of the necessity for a moral manifestation. Here divines are charged with the same vice as before. It was alleged against their reasonings as to a personal God, that they first found the notion in Revelation and then argued from it to the necessity of Revelation. So here. They first derive from Scripture accounts of the creation and fall of man, and then prove the necessity that Scripture should be written from the fact that man is fallen. This charge may be repelled in the same method as its predecessor. Were it true that we obtain our whole knowledge of man's moral condition from Revelation, then to make use of this knowledge for the purpose of establishing the claims of Revelation would be to commit the *petitio principii* credited to divines. But will any one who believes in a personal God assert that the relations of man to such a Being are what they ought to be? Has any one in sober earnest defended even

the natural perfectibility of man, to say nothing of his actual perfection? Were not all the heathen moralists as candid in complaints of the universality and depth of man's moral malady as they were in confession of their impotence to prescribe a cure? It is not then from Revelation but from the common consciousness of mankind that we derive the conviction, as of a personal God, so also of our alienation from Him. And Revelation in the one case as in the other, though it does not implant yet enlarges the conception and deepens its hold upon the mind, and so "commends itself to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

But while the author of *Supernatural Religion* in his haste ignores the universal testimony of man to his own corruption, he errs still more egregiously in his representation of current theological views respecting the Fall. To bring them in at all is to wander from his own prescribed path. His business lies with the existence of the supernatural in the New Testament, and not with any system of belief which human intelligence, however correctly, may have founded thereupon. His identification of "Ecclesiastical Christianity" with Divine Revelation is only another indication of his utter inability to gauge the conditions of the problem he has attempted to solve. But besides this, we affirm that he is mistaken as to the views held by the great body of Christian believers either now or in any former age: his description of them is mere caricature. It is quite true that divines sometimes speak of God's purpose in man's creation as having been frustrated by his rebellion, but they never overlook God's foreknowledge of the event: consequently, redemption is never regarded by them as an afterthought, devised to repair an unforeseen mischief. On the contrary, they follow the Scriptures in speaking of the manifestation of Christ as foreordained from the foundation of the world; and as the Scriptures only state without attempting to explain the two facts of man's free agency and God's foreknowledge, they are content to leave this mystery unsolved. The fall of man was not, however, in their view the signal for supernatural manifestations to commence, it only determined the form they should assume: according to the Scriptures supernatural manifestations took place before the Fall, and we have no reason to suppose they would have had no place in a world undefiled by sin: the moral perfecting of a being already upright would have been a motive similar in nature, if not equal in urgency, to that of the recovery of a fallen one.

It may be objected that if the Fall does not impugn the omniscience of God, yet it constitutes a serious reflection either on His omnipotence or His benevolence. This is practically Mill's view, but it is one which can only be arrived at by disowning the free agency of man. It is no reflection on Omnipotence to be unable to work a contradiction, which it would do if it created beings free to stand but not free to fall. If the benevolence of God is to be impeached, it must be shown to be inconsistent with benevolence that beings invested with responsibilities so tremendous should be created at all. The line taken must be that, since the design to create myriads of holy and happy creatures, capable of knowing and loving God, can only be accomplished at the risk of their not liking to retain God in their knowledge and so becoming unholy and unhappy, then for the sake of not inflicting on those who may fall the penalty due to transgression, it is necessary that those who may stand should be mulcted of all the blessedness of being. So far as concerns self-manifestation, therefore,—since unintelligent nature can only disclose God to intelligent beings,—its very possibility is thus, not on natural but on moral grounds, destroyed; and the infinite energies of the Divine benevolence find their sole exercise in self-restraint. But it is obvious that only Omniscience can determine the fittest mode of exercise for Divine benevolence, and He who possesses both has solved the problem in another way.

We cannot further discuss theological tenets framed in the spirit of the author of *Supernatural Religion*, whether as to the existence and origin of evil, or its grand Scripture remedy. The existence of evil is a fact to be accounted for by all who believe in man's moral nature, and is no creation of Christianity. And as to the remedy God has provided in Christ, whether "the supposed satisfaction of His justice in the death of Himself incarnate, the innocent for the guilty," is, rightly understood, "degrading to the idea of His moral perfection," we leave to each man's own moral sense. One unproved assumption, however, that "the constitution of nature, so far from favouring any hypothesis of original perfection and subsequent deterioration, bears everywhere the record of systematic upward progression," we must take notice of. The fallacy lurking under the term "nature," here as elsewhere, will not fail to be observed: is it physical or moral nature that is meant? If the former only, the argument is not to the point: if the latter or both, the statement is not true.

"Are there nowhere indications of retrogression? Europeans generally during the last two thousand years have progressed, although even this is not universally true, for some of the fine arts attained to greater perfection in the ancient than in the modern world. But has the Hindoo race progressed during the last three thousand years? Have the Chinese? Is it not true that the progress of these two races has been one of considerable retrogression? Where is the progress made by the Negro races from the first dawns of their history? Yet these three races form more than half of the human family. Again, have the Arab races progressed since the days of Abraham? Are the Mahomedan races in a state of gradual improvement? These are questions to which a definite answer must be returned before the proposition above referred to can be esteemed a solution of all the problems of human history:

"It will perhaps be replied that nature is gradually extinguishing those unprogressive races, under the pressure of her inexorable laws. Yet they constitute an overwhelming majority of the human race, and it is strange to talk of this progressive improvement of the human race as a great law of nature, if the mode of improvement be the extinction of the great majority of mankind. But are the Hindoos, Chinese, Negro and other unprogressive races less numerous than they were three thousand years ago? The evidence is all the other way. We want present facts and not theories of the future. It has been affirmed, that 'the survival of the fittest is the stern law of nature.' The invariable action of law itself eliminates the unfit. Progress is necessary to existence. Extinction is the doom of retrogression.' These assertions may receive their fulfilment in some period of the distant future, but they certainly do not agree with the past history of man. Whatever progress the European races may be capable of, certain conditions of climate form an inexorable barrier to their supplanting the Negro, the Hindoo, or the Chinese, and we know that European blood in certain climates has actually degenerated."

So far we have been considering objections to the solution our reason gives when it encounters the problem of miracles, as events requiring to be referred to some sufficient cause. Such objections, we have seen, are founded on the supposition either that God cannot or that He will not testify His presence in any supernatural event for any end however noble, because it would be inconsistent with what we know in the one case of His natural, and in the other of His moral, perfections. There remains, however, another alternative. Even granting, it is said, that miracles may be referred to such an origin, is there no other conceivable source, is there no other possible cause? Do not the Scriptures themselves astonish

us by attributing the power of interfering with the order of nature to other beings besides its Author? Do they not emphatically declare that such power is not only possessed by evil spirits but unscrupulously wielded, and with such effect as to cast into doubt all the evidence derived from the presence of the supernatural in nature? If so, how are the credentials of a Divine Revelation to be discriminated, and how can we assure ourselves that the whole of what professes to be such is not a baseless imposture?

The existence of evil spirits presents no greater difficulty than that of good ones, or than that of the souls of men in a disembodied state. Their power to tempt men to sin, though a mystery, is a part of the same constitution of things which has ordained that men should live in society and so permitted them to become the tempters of each other. By a further application of the same principle, the liberty of action conceded to the enemies of our race may be supposed to include attempts to retain their usurped sovereignty over mankind by counterfeiting the miraculous operations of Deity. This is, of course, to be understood with limitations. All we assert is that there is good ground for believing such liberty of action to have been at certain junctures of human history accorded, not that it is a sort of natural right to be always and everywhere exercised at the pleasure of the prince of the power of the air. Here we are obliged reluctantly to dissent from Mr. Row, whose views on this point appear at variance with sound principles of Scriptural interpretation. The temptation of Christ is an *experimentum crucis*. To say that it is a unique and solitary specimen of the power possessed by Satan avails little in the face of the prominence given to the event and the straightforward prose in which it is described. It is nothing to us that there are some variations in the narrative as given by Matthew and Luke: greater discrepancies are accounted for by Mr. Row elsewhere on the ground that the Gospels are memoirs, not histories. There is no evidence of a "parabolic rendering" of the actual events: the circumstances of place and time are given with sufficient distinctness to stamp reality on the whole transaction. The carrying of Christ to a high mountain is described by the same verb employed to denote his transportation to the heights of the temple; and the showing Him all the kingdoms of the world in a moment of time may denote some extraordinary spectacle, possibly an optical illusion, for which the exceeding high mountain would be, of course not absolutely

necessary, but a more appropriate theatre than the ravines of the wilderness. If the hypothesis of a visionary representation, necessitated by language that can only else be explained as hyperbole, be thought to invalidate the direct assertion of a bodily change of place, because "such a vision might equally well have been presented to him in a plain;" then the needlessness of the night-journey to the Mount of Transfiguration, taken in conjunction with such supernatural events as the appearance of Moses and Elias and the other wonders of that glorious scene, must be held sufficient to disprove its actual occurrence, and to justify a parabolic interpretation of one of the best attested facts in the New Testament. We regard the temptation of our Lord as an objective fact, attesting at once the power permitted to Satan and the extent of the humiliation to which the Redeemer condescended when He undertook to "destroy the works of the devil."

Any attempt to disprove interference in nature on the part of Satanic agencies must proceed on the ground of its prohibition, not of its impossibility. There is no reason in the argument from the human will to the Divine, if the wills of other spiritual beings are ignored. Good angels have had the opportunity of intervention in the ordinary course of nature, as witness their heralding of the advent of Christ, their ministration in the very theatre of the Temptation as well as in that of its last renewal, the garden of Gethsemane, and their part in the marvels of the Resurrection. We cannot, therefore, agree with Mr. Row when he explains allusions in Scriptural narratives to demoniacal action as a possible accommodation of language to the opinions of the times. Such accommodation was lawful enough in regard to natural events, in which appearances were all that was attempted to be described, and in which true scientific explanations were left to be discovered by the researches of mankind; but it was far otherwise with that unseen world which it was the mission of Revelation to make known. "If I by Beelzebub cast out devils, by whom do your children cast them out?" is a question that cannot be made to refer to a natural order of events by an innocent accommodation of language: if this does not mean diabolical possession, it is sheer falsehood. At the same time we join with Mr. Row in denouncing the strain of vituperation in which the author of *Supernatural Religion* indulges respecting the superstition of the New Testament writers. If a belief in the possibility of Satanic interference in the order of nature at certain crises of the world's history

is enough to justify a charge of credulity, we must be content to share the reproach of Peter and Paul and John. We had rather bear the odium of superstition in their company, than with the author of *Supernatural Religion* go halves in the "odium of doubt."

The question then arises how such interferences are to be distinguished from the Divine operations wrought in attestation of a Divine commission? Here we think Mr. Row's own theory of a moral environment accompanying the acts of every moral agent affords the right answer. This is a safeguard whose validity Christ Himself attests. In the course of His own career of mercy, this very case occurs. He is charged with casting out devils by the prince of the devils, and His reply is in substance that a miracle of mercy cannot proceed from a Satanic source. The test to be applied is the same which He assigns for the detection of false prophets,—those that come in sheep's clothing but inwardly are ravening wolves. Their specious appearance of goodness is to be brought to this touchstone,—“By their fruits ye shall know them.” The presence of counterfeits is admitted: “There shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect.” But why is this reservation made, “if it were possible?” And why does Paul speak of the “working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders and with all deceivableness of unrighteousness” as taking effect “in them that perish?” Surely because of the moral character of the lying wonders—their evident purpose if not their actual effect—tending not to establish righteousness in the earth, but to confirm the old deceiver in his possession of the human heart. This is the test which miracles themselves must undergo: if they are the works of God, they will appeal to the conscience, slumbering it may be but yet undestroyed; if not, their appeal will be to the evil propensities which enslave the will, and, when successful, their effect will be to enslave it yet more. But the heart that suffers itself to be thus lured from the truth is not deceived into the belief that it is being led into truth: every man is first “drawn away of his own lust and enticed,” and then “led captive by the devil at his will:” first he blinds his own eyes to the light, and then he is “blinded by the god of this world.” The whole economy of miracles, whether from above or from beneath, formed part of the moral probation of those who lived under it. The miracles wrought by God were designed

to be to them channels of grace and ordinances of salvation : the lying wonders formed a part of their temptations, as they did of the temptation of Christ. The belief expressed by Dr. Newman that "since, agreeably to the antecedent sentiment of reason, God has adopted miracles as the seal of a Divine message, He will never suffer them to be so counterfeited as to deceive the humble inquirer," is not to be cried down as "personal belief independent of evidence" and as "prejudice masked in the garb of Reason :." it is warranted by the authority of Christ.

If it be said that the existence of counterfeit miracles casts suspicion on the character of the genuine and in fact overturns the whole foundation of the Christian evidences, it must be answered that the same reasoning would, if admitted, destroy all moral evidence and even all moral distinctions, that is, the whole basis on which society rests. It would destroy moral evidence, for it implies that the very highest probability falling short of mathematical certainty is rendered invalid the moment a counter hypothesis, however improbable, is set on foot. And it would destroy moral distinctions, inasmuch as it assumes that the action of a volitional being cannot be morally judged at all, that its motives cannot be gathered from its tendencies, nor the cause inferred from the effects. Virtue may exist and so may vice, but neither of them can be distinguished from the other, because vice can so easily array itself in the habiliments of virtue. But this is a mode of reasoning which the common sense of mankind will be slow to adopt : civil, social, and even ecclesiastical tribunals will proceed to act in defiance of this new canon, which, if true, would render all pleadings ineffectual, all verdicts impossible, all judgments null and void. The author of *Supernatural Religion* will not enjoy the benefit of his own invention : his doings will not be judged by such a false and impracticable standard. The public may for a time be deceived, but quotations and references will not long be held to substantiate claims to solid learning, nor dogmatism be mistaken for the judicial faculty, nor specious reasonings for sound logic, nor impatience of the yoke of all religion for genuine love of truth.

The possibility and credibility of miracles may be maintained, and yet their historical evidence may be contested. It remains for us to examine the objections urged by the author of *Supernatural Religion* against the competency of the witnesses of these transactions considered in their general character. His assault upon the Canon, which occupies the

latter half of the first volume and the whole of the second, we shall not attempt to deal with in this brief paper.

The objections against the reliableness of the original witnesses for the Christian miracles are grounded on the fact that they shared the superstitions of the age in which they lived, on the identity in character of their evidence with the miraculous pretensions of later times, and on the love of the marvellous as a general characteristic of mankind. The first of these objections evidently rests on the two premisses that the first century was an exceptionally superstitious age, and that the primitive Christians were largely infected with the prevalent beliefs. Let us consider the latter point. It is necessary at the outset to define what we mean by superstition. If the term be employed to denote a belief in the existence and possible action of good and evil angels, then we must at once confess that the New Testament writers themselves plead guilty to the offence. But if it be made to include a belief in an unlimited liberty permitted to these supernatural beings, in virtue of which the ordinary forces of nature are being continually interrupted in their working, then we must as strenuously repudiate the charge.

The New Testament writers do most frankly avow their belief in Satanic agency generally, and in particular in that form of it known as demoniacal possession; and they universally attribute the same belief to our Lord. There are, as Mr. Row says, only four possible suppositions to account for this. "First, that our Lord really distinguished between mania and possession; but that the Evangelists have inaccurately reported His words and actions, through the media of their own subjective impressions, or, in short, have attributed to Him language that He did not really utter. Secondly, that our Lord knew that possession was a form of mania, and adopted the current notions of the time in speaking of it, and that the words were really uttered by Him. Thirdly, that with similar knowledge, He adopted the language in question as a part of the curative process. Fourthly, that He accepted the validity of the distinction, and that it was a real one in those times." Of the first of these explanations we need say nothing: Mr. Row only mentions it for the purpose of showing its untenableness. The second and third he defends as legitimate, while holding that the fourth cannot be disproved. We have already indicated our views on the second, with which the third substantially agrees, and in doing so have found it necessary to dissent from his exposition of

the morality of such an attitude towards the demonology of the day as he assumes our Lord to have held. He says, "Even if the principle thus laid down could be confined to religious truth (which it cannot), it would then have been necessary that whenever the current ideas, or the mode of conception of the day, contained an assumption involving an incorrect theory or endangering a religious error, our Lord ought to have corrected it in the course of His teaching." We have already expressed our belief that the principle may be "confined to religious truth," and we now add, not only that our Lord ought to have corrected, but that directly or indirectly He did correct, every religious error into which man at any time has fallen. We must maintain, therefore, that it was no superstition to believe in the reality of demoniacal possession.

Apart from these mysterious phenomena, what evidence is brought to prove the superstitious character of the New Testament writers? There are certain appearances of good angels recorded, but their intervention in human affairs is always in keeping with the lofty character assigned them. They are declared to be our fellows in the service of God and partakers in the blessedness of our redemption. The whole treatment of the doctrine of good and evil angels is in strong contrast with the revolting absurdities taught elsewhere. So far from being fostered by the New Testament writers, the spirit of superstition received from them its mortal blow. The mythologies of Paganism, including those of the most cultured nations the ancient world ever saw, enslaved multitudes of minds to the most besotting creeds and demoralising rites. Christianity swept away the whole brood of these divinities; and still, wherever her principles spread, she extricates man from this web of insane delusions, and bids him walk forth in the consciousness of his restored sovereignty over nature, assured that no malignant sprite can interpose its subtle enmity between himself and a benevolent God. The demoniacal possessions of Scripture must be acknowledged, but side by side with them must be placed the demoniacal expulsions, true tokens of the beneficent influence Christianity was to wield, and of the spiritual victories over his former tyrant that man by her aid should achieve. Let any reader of the New Testament compare the grave spirit and earnest purpose of its teachings respecting the supernatural with the inane puerilities and monstrous fictions of the Apocryphal Gospels, and it will be as easy for him to say which are reliable

records and which vile fabrications, as it was for those to whom they were submitted to discriminate between false miracles and the "wonderful works of God."

But this suggests the inquiry whether the first century was exceptionally superstitious. The question is of little import for the purposes of this argument, inasmuch as the New Testament writers can be cleared of all participation in such credulity. Though the strongest case therefore were made out against the Jews as a people, or one particular generation of them, it would only throw up into bolder relief the freedom of the companions and disciples of Christ from this degrading bondage. But the evidence brought by the author of *Supernatural Religion* is not evidence of any special credulity of the primitive age: it ranges over many centuries. Certainly, it would not be difficult to gather stories of barbarous treatment of witches that would not redound to the credit of our country, but we should be very much astonished at any historian who should include them in his account of the manners and customs of the English in the nineteenth century.

But if the New Testament writers are not to be held responsible for the beliefs of their own age, much less are they to be weighted with the burden of the so-called ecclesiastical miracles of a later date. According to the author of *Supernatural Religion*, the Gospel miracles sink in what he is pleased to term the "permanent stream of miraculous pretension." In order to prove a parallel between them, he is bound to show that the ecclesiastical miracles resemble in dignity and moral character those of the New Testament, that like them they accredit a Divine commission possessed by those who performed them, and that they are attested by equal evidence. Neither of these has he done. In the first place, it is utterly unfair that all events since the days of the Apostles professing a supernatural character should be lumped together under the common name of ecclesiastical miracles: a suspicion of priestcraft is conveyed by the title, but many events of the kind referred to, if genuine, have no connection with any particular ecclesiastical policy. Moreover, these events differ as widely among themselves in respect of dignity and moral character as they do in respect of the evidence by which they are sustained. Who would believe for instance the story told by Bede of Queen Etheldrida's body being found after sixteen years' entombment "as free from corruption as if she had died and been buried on that very day?" The dwindling of

the "gaping wound with which she had been buried" into an "extraordinarily slender scar" would have suggested to a modern representative of the "physician Cynefrid" the substitution of another body for that of the holy virgin in the "pavilion" that was prudently "spread over the grave," instead of being taken as an evidence of identity. But this is no reason for disputing Pascal's account of the cure of Marguerite Périet by the touch of the holy thorn, which as an objective fact there seems no reason to doubt, however we may be disposed to regard its explanation as an instance of the *post hoc propter hoc* principle. Then further, the events referred to are not quoted by those who relate them as evidence of some new Divine commission: hence they differ from the Christian miracles as being merely supernatural events, and not authentications of any personage entrusted with a new message to mankind. Of such supernatural events, if we are believers in Christianity at all, we can hardly doubt that there have been multitudes, or else the whole doctrine of prayer falls to the ground. But it is no business of ours to determine in what particular cases such manifestations have been made: vouchsafed to the faith of God's elect, they serve, like the Corinthian prophesyings, as a sign "not for them that believe not, but for them which believe." And in like manner we are not concerned to defend the veracity of the witnesses of any of the Mediæval miracles: our business lies with the Apostolic age.

The author of *Supernatural Religion* says that "when the knowledge of the laws of nature began to render men capable of judging of the reality of miracles, these wonders entirely ceased." We are disposed to date the cessation of miracles in the true and proper sense very much farther back, not however because men ceased to believe in them, but because, being no longer needed, the miracle-working power was withdrawn. Everybody who reads the New Testament must see, that none exerted this power of his own free volition except the Saviour Himself: holy men of God wrought, in the same manner in which they spoke, "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." And when its purpose was answered, the dispensation passed away. But to say that the miracles ceased when science began to flourish, because then men became capable of judging of them, is both false as a fact and false as an explanation. No amount of discipline in science was necessary to test the reality of the Gospel miracles. The bread broken to the multitudes was as manifestly proved

a genuine production by its effects upon their frames as it could have been by any chemical analysis. No advance in mechanical principles was necessary to make it incredible that man should walk the waves. Nor has animal physiology so extended its researches into the structure of the optic nerve as to detract from the forcefulness of the good man's rejoinder, "Since the world began was it not heard that any man opened the eyes of one that was born blind." But this is not all.

"It is affirmed that miracles entirely ceased when the knowledge of the laws of nature began to render men capable of judging of their reality. I conclude that by the word 'miracles' in this passage the author means ecclesiastical miracles, viz., those which have been alleged to be wrought in attestation of the established system of belief. If it is meant to be asserted that all belief in a current supernaturalism has now ceased, the affirmation is inaccurate, as the widespread belief in spiritualism abundantly testifies.

"But if the assertion is intended to be confined to ecclesiastical miracles, it involves an inaccuracy as to a matter of history. They had become thoroughly discredited long before the birth of modern physical science. . . .

"I fully admit that a belief in a current supernaturalism, as for instance in the absurdities of witchcraft, survived the Reformation. What the Reformation destroyed was a belief in a Divine order of miracles wrought in support of an ecclesiastical system. The belief in this current supernaturalism has been gradually diminishing ever since, under the combined influence of the increase of the knowledge of physical science and common sense. The objection raised is simply irrelevant to the point at issue."

The "love of the marvellous," as a characteristic of the human mind, may perhaps be regarded as opposing a final barrier to the reception of the testimony concerning miracles. The term employed is one that covers a very wide range of human experience and emotion: does it mean mere gaping curiosity, or reverence for a superior Power? It may be applied to the wild excitement that maddened the ancient Bacchanals and that still prompts howling dervishes to dance through their frantic reels, or it may be applied to the sublime raptures of Isaiah and Paul and the saintly adoration of a Madame Guyon and a Henry Martyn. But what inference is to be drawn from an examination of the manifold outgoings of the human mind toward the supernatural world? That they are all delusion and madness? This would be a strange conclusion for the believer in a personal God. For such an one a

more consistent hypothesis would be that in the principle of veneration so hard to be uprooted from the human breast there was implanted by the Creator the seed which, watered and nourished by the influences of His truth and His Spirit, was to blossom into all the variety of graces,—joy, trust, love, obedience, gratitude, hope, fear,—the appropriate sentiments of a dependent creature toward the God with whom he has to do. The grotesque forms of this sentiment are the perversions of a legitimate principle, which rather prove it indestructible than displace it from its high rank.

Into the historical evidence on which the great facts of Christianity rest we cannot now enter. We shall not give any opinion as to the mode in which the subject is treated by the author of *Supernatural Religion*: we leave it to our readers to imagine how it is likely to be handled, when the antecedent probabilities of the case are dealt with in the arbitrary and illogical manner we have here described. It will be worth while, however, to cite one or two of Mr. Row's vigorous paragraphs in illustration of his line of defence.

"What then is the position occupied by the Christian advocate? Is it requisite, in order to establish the truth of Christianity, that he should give an historical proof of every one of the miracles recorded in the New Testament? I answer this question emphatically in the negative, and for the following reason. The New Testament itself, while it affirms that many miracles have been performed, rests the truth of Christianity on one miracle alone, the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. This is the great event which, according to the Acts of the Apostles, the early missionaries urged as the distinctive proof of their Master's Divine mission. The views expressed in the Apostolic Epistles are precisely similar. In them, the entire evidence of the truth of our Lord's Divine mission is made to centre on the fact of His resurrection. Not only is the great fact referred to either directly or indirectly in almost every page, but St. Paul has distinctly rested the truth of Christianity on the reality of its occurrence. Such a statement is made respecting no other miraculous event recorded in the New Testament. It is the miracle of miracles, unique and alone, by which the seal of God was affixed to the Divine mission of Jesus Christ. It formed the *locus standi* of the Church, and the sole ground of its existence. If it was not an objective fact, those who testified to its occurrence must have been false witnesses, and the whole of Christianity either a delusion or an imposture.

"It follows, therefore, that this great miracle forms the very key of the Christian position. Everything else is an outwork, an important one it may be, but yet an outwork. If this position

can be successfully assailed, the entire fortress of Christianity must surrender at discretion. If, on the other hand, the most determined unbeliever could be convinced that there is good historical evidence that Jesus Christ rose from the dead, he would find no difficulty in accepting the Gospels as historical documents, and the whole *à priori* objection against them would disappear.

"Again: if the Resurrection of Christ is a fact, Christianity must be a Divine Revelation. The perfect historical accuracy of the Gospels in minute details may be still open to question; deep thought and careful investigation may be necessary for ascertaining the precise amount of truth communicated by that revelation; past ages may have erred in its interpretation; many questions as to the relation in which Revelation stands to science or history may be open ones—all this is both conceivable and possible—but still, if Jesus Christ rose from the dead, His entire manifestation, work, and teaching must be a communication from God to man."

In evidence of this great fact, Mr. Row points in the first instance to the establishment of the Christian Church, a society professedly founded on a belief in that fact, and whose existence must be accounted for by those who deny it. He then states the nature of the historical problem whose solution is required, and shows that the chief facts of Christianity will stand the test of the most stringent canons of historical criticism ever devised, such as those laid down by Sir G. C. Lewis in his *Credibility of Early Roman History*, which are universally admitted to be sufficiently rigid. Next he examines at length the value of the testimony of the primitive Church, whose *ratio essendi* was far more intimately bound up with the fact of the Resurrection than that of any other society ever was with the personal history of its founder. He then brings in, as contemporaneous testimony of the highest order, the Epistles of St. Paul. The chapter devoted to this subject is one of the longest and most important in the book, and opens up a line of argument which hitherto has been very imperfectly worked. The untenableness is next shown of any other hypothesis of the Resurrection than that of its actual occurrence. The greatest miracle of the Gospels being thus substantiated by the highest form of historical testimony on evidence quite independent of their contents, those Gospels retain their place in the Canon, either as the narratives of eye-witnesses embodying personal reminiscences, or else as historical memoirs faithfully transcribing the utterances of Apostles. Finally, the historical character of the Gospels, thus determined by external testimony, is further

guaranteed by their internal structure, which precludes the hypothesis of a mythical or legendary origin.

In the production of this book Mr. Row has conferred a great obligation on all those who desire to see the Christian faith defended on the principles of a sound philosophy and valid historical criticism. Taken in conjunction with his *Jesus of the Evangelists* and a work on the Fourth Gospel which is yet to appear, his book forms a repertory of arguments by which the minds of Christian youth may be thoroughly fortified against the insidious advances of a scepticism as subtle in its workings as it is deadly in its effects. Without the ostentatious parade of learning, its results appear on every page; while the strong grasp of the whole subject displayed by the writer, the orderly presentation of its multitudinous aspects, the transparent style which suffers no momentary haze to cloud his course of thought, the candour and fairness he exhibits toward his opponent, and the manifest confidence in his cause as the one hope of humanity and the faith that must win the world,—all these are in striking contrast with the corresponding features on the other side, the shifty logic, the crowding together of alien topics without the least pretence at arrangement, the flippant dogmatism, the cynical and even blasphemous depreciation of the professed aims and achieved results of Christianity, the ruthless determination to sap the foundations of religious faith, and the utter heartlessness which in mockery offers a miserable hash of the remnants of Christian morals in the place of its grand and eternal system of truth.

It is a relief to turn from controversy to exposition. On opening the book named last on our list, we stand face to face with the miracles themselves rather than with human speculations about them. Not that Dr. Steinmeyer is able to escape, or wishful to avoid, the necessity imposed on him of a critical examination of each transaction as it occurs. On the contrary, it is the very aim of this work to show, in opposition to Strauss and others, that, while the dispensation of miracles is defensible as a whole, each miracle of our Lord is also defensible on its own merits. An exceedingly valuable contingent is thus furnished to the whole body of Christian evidences. But the peculiar feature of these pages consists in this that, regarding the foundations of Christian truth as immovably established, the author proceeds to build upon them a superstructure of historical narrative whose materials he

finds ready to his hand in the New Testament. He institutes a patient and laborious inquiry into the conceivable motives of each miracle, demonstrates the coherence or accounts for the discrepancy of the different records of it, assigns it a place in the classification to which the works of Christ may be reduced, and groups the whole according to their relation to the fulfilment of His great purpose. The effect upon the mind of the reader is just that kind of conviction of the reality of the history which springs from a minute study of details and a faithful endeavour to grasp their meaning and to comprehend their bearing on the grand issues of the whole. Yet it is no mere pictorial representation that greets us: the outlines are given, but the portrait is not filled up. And herein the author displays both the fairness which, in an argument professedly addressed to the intellect, scorns to call in the aid of imagination, and the self-knowledge which declines what has hitherto proved an impossible task. When some archaeologist shall have disinterred from among the relics of antiquity, or some painter shall have evoked from the workings of his fancy, a perfect portraiture of the physical Christ, then but not till then may we expect to see an adequate spiritual delineation of Him who is "fairer than the children of men."

We feel safe in following such a guide as Dr. Steinmeyer. Of the four groups into which he divides the miracles of our Lord, the first are, as works of healing, signs of the kingdom of heaven being at hand. Coming from Capernaum, where He has announced the "acceptable year of the Lord," He finds Peter's wife's mother sick of a fever, and gives proof of the fulfilment of the prophecy by rebuking the disease. The cure of the woman with the issue of blood declares His ability to save those who elsewhere have sought remedies for their woe in vain. The cure of her who had the spirit of infirmity contrasts in value the oxen who are led forth to the watering on the Sabbath with man as represented by this "daughter of Abraham," and gives man his true place in creation. This, with the case of him with the dropsy and him with the withered hand, places external observance in its true light and indicates the presence of the "Lord of the Sabbath." The second group are more specific symbols of the now unfolded treasures of the kingdom of heaven. The cure of the sick of the palsy declares the power of the Son of Man to forgive sins. The cleansing of the lepers announces the purification of the moral defilement which separates man from

man no less than from God, and clothes him with unrighteousness as with a visible garment. The healing of the centurion's servant reveals the power of that "precious faith" which is the instrument of salvation, and which even Gentiles are to partake, as well as the power of the Lord "present to heal" even when His bodily presence is wanting. By opening the blind eyes, Christ calls mankind into "His marvellous light," and by unstopping the ears of the deaf and unloosing the tongues of the dumb, He bids humanity hear and speak the high praises of God. The third group of miracles leads forth a long line of witnesses in proof that Christ has already set up His kingdom, and is no longer content to symbolise His future sovereignty, but already exerts His redeeming grace. In the liberation of those possessed with devils, He enters into conflict with the powers of darkness. Mysteriously permitted a wider range of action than they commonly enjoyed, and wreaking the violence of their rage on the very bodies as well as souls of men, Christ proclaimed His supremacy over all their host, and "having spoiled principalities and powers, made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in it. In the raising of the dead, He "destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil," and gave proof of His "power over all flesh" hereafter to be more mightily demonstrated, when He shall "give eternal life to as many as God hath given Him." The remaining group of miracles embraces prophecies of the future glory of Christ's kingdom. The two draughts of fishes declare the marvellous ingatherings of the Pentecost and of later times. The tribute money fetched from the depths of the sea and the healing of Malchus's ear show the Church's attitude toward the kingdoms of this world, an attitude of independence and yet submission. The stilling of the tempest assures the Church's safety amid the persecutions that must arise. Lastly, the turning of the water into wine, which commenced Christ's ministry, is a type of the festive joys of the celestial state; and the cursing of the fig-tree, which concluded His displays of power, foreshadows the doom of the ungodly. The marvels of the Conception of Christ, the Transfiguration and the Resurrection, as wrought upon His person, are not included within the range of Dr. Steinmeyer's plan. What need is there for myths and legends to account for works like those?

Even if our Lord's teaching had been confined to that which He has given us in His works, would it be very difficult to answer the anonymous author's question, "What after all

has Revelation taught us ?" Is not the secret of the world's regeneration worth knowing ? Are the actual and anticipated relations of earth to heaven and man to God so unimportant as not to need unfolding ? Or are men so enamoured of annihilation that they can afford to make light of "the hope of eternal life, which God that cannot lie promised before the world was ?" Christianity has from the beginning been assailed by external and internal foes, but, through the might of a Divine vitality, has only grown the stronger with the trial of her strength. So long as new nations spring up into being at her beck, and old nations through her influence renew a perpetual youth, owning the charm of her pure morality and feeling the power of her heaven-breathed life, so long her strongest defences remain unchallenged, and her future, that is, the world's future, is safe.

ART. V.—*The Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts, 1875. The One Hundred and Seventh.* London: Printed by Wm. Clowes and Sons.

THE nineteenth century has run just three-quarters of its course, and performed, as may be fairly assumed, something like three-quarters of its allotted task. Let us pause for a moment, not to look back—for a retrospective review of English art, though possibly interesting, would certainly prove voluminous—but to look at the present, to endeavour to discover whence our English school of painting has sprung, what of late years are the main influences that have been at work in it, where it now stands, and what is the value of its work. This in itself is a fairly large field of inquiry. We do not flatter ourselves that we shall be able to do more than glance at it. Still less do we imagine that we can give more than an estimate of its harvesting, or unerringly divide the grain from the weeds. Our conclusions on many points—so little faith have we in our own “right reason” proving to be the “right reason” of all time—may very possibly raise a smile on the face of any antiquarian reader who happens to take up this review some five-and-twenty years hence, on the threshold of the coming century. If so, so be it. We do not begrudge him his merriment. His own contemporary art critics, in whom he trusts, will probably also be smiled at in turn. Every generation sees, no doubt, a few art truths which are unchangeable, the same from one generation to another. For the rest each must, alas! remain content with approximations.

Now in such an inquiry as we propose we are met at the very outset by a great difficulty—that of properly classifying and characterising what is, in fact, so multi-form as to be almost formless. Doubtless to our smiling friend in the future the art of to-day will appear a simple matter enough. Its general outlines will stand out clear. Its main features will be easily discernible. The rills and smaller streams will have merged into one great current. A few names of signal power and import—not, we are afraid, very many—will live in his memory. The

rest will be forgotten; and he will wonder that we should ever have paused for a moment to discuss claims that to him appear so unworthy of discussion—do not we shrug our shoulders at West's having been considered the peer of Reynolds? But for us who live perforce in the midst of our contemporaries, who see the forest, as it were, from among the tree trunks and the undergrowth, not from some overlooking point, like the Raben-Klippen in the Hartz mountains for example, and are often compelled to guess at the comparative height and magnificence of the trees—for us the simplicity of a retrospect cannot exist. We are unable to ignore the detail. It is too near to our eyes. We can but try to reduce it to some sort of imperfect and provisional order; and this, as we repeat, is no easy task when dealing with the works of so heterogeneous a body as the English painters of to-day. Let us try, notwithstanding.

If we look for the "origins" of contemporary English art, for the main influences that have gone to mould it into its present shape, we shall not, in some directions at least, or so it seems to us, have very far to seek. It has been much the fashion lately to decry the art of a generation ago, to look back at the year 1840, or thereabouts, as a kind of dark age, quite unilluminated by the first flush of any Renaissance dawn, and very uninteresting indeed. This is not, perhaps, unnatural. The affectations of that time have grown out of date and ridiculous, its mannerisms have long lost their charm; our own will do the same sooner or later. And it is undeniable that there exists at the present moment a far deeper and wider interest in art matters among the general public than existed then. But if we go through a muster roll of great names, however cursorily, we receive a very different impression. There were unmistakably giants in those days. Turner, for instance, of whom we shall have to speak again, was a very great giant. Etty, notwithstanding certain deficiencies in drawing which with all his industry he never quite overcame, was a most devoted and conscientious artist, and a colourist of singular opulence and power. So was Müller. No man ever painted a landscape with a manlier brush than David Cox, or a fresher feeling of life and motion in air and sky. One can see movement in his clouds, and almost hear the wind sighing through his trees and rippling over his meadows. If Stanfield and

Copley Fielding were lesser men than Turner, and even than Cox, that was only because they were so very great. Mulready's is a name of which any school might be proud—an excellent draftsman, as his nude studies do testify, a careful painter, a good delineator of character, a poet of the homelier idyllic kind. Whatever may have been Leslie's shortcomings in colour,—and they were after all negative rather than positive,—we are more than ready to forgive them all in view of a classic delicacy of humour and daintiness of culture that form so pleasant a relief—from M. Doré, for instance. Landseer again was, in many respects, and after making every deduction, simply the greatest animal painter that ever lived. The name of William Hunt is still good to conjure with. Nor in this very cursory enumeration—we are merely noting the figures as they rise before us, and not seeking to give a complete gallery of worthies—should we forget the two or three artists who though still, fortunately, among us, yet belong, in virtue of their age and the date of their younger victories, rather to the earlier generation than to this. Long years and honour to Linnell, whose brush—as witness the series of landscapes lately on view at a gallery in Pall Mall—retains a freshness, a youthful vigour, a Rubens-like richness, almost strangely allied with the mastery of great age! All honour, too, to Webster and Cruickshank, the latter perhaps technically the greater craftsman—a more consummate etcher than Webster is a painter—but both humorists of a high order, and Webster possessing in a far higher degree than Cruickshank the power of rendering character truthfully, and so as to raise a pleasant smile. We doubt, on the whole, whether our own contemporaries will furnish a better list of names five-and-thirty years hence.

Be that as it may—and far be it from us, except in defence of a past that can no longer speak for itself, to insist unduly on an unprofitable comparison—we are led to wonder how much of this earlier art has survived through subsequent influences, and lives in the art of to-day. At first sight, not very much, it would seem. The large grave manner of Etty and Müller, founded upon the traditions of earlier schools, has passed away, at any rate in its old forms. The pure devotion of the former to the study of the nude bears little fruit. If we look through the galleries of the present season a rather meaningless

figure of *Music* at the Dudley, and a rather mean *Andromeda* at the Royal Academy, are nearly all that reward our search, for we exclude Mr. Leighton's *Eastern Slinger Scaring Birds* as being rather a study of colour than of human anatomy. The fact is that there are very few of our painters qualified by training or spirit "to rise to the height of this great argument," in which failure is at once so easy and so conspicuous. The more are thanks due from all real art-lovers to those who can give them this high and noble pleasure. Of such is Mr. Poynter, with his classic dignity of form, equally removed from the coldly "academical" and the mere reproduction of the model (we wish, for all their great excellence, the latter especially being singularly beautiful, that he would devote himself to more important and larger work than such pictures as *The Festival* and *The Golden Age*); Mr. Watts, whose *Galatea* flushing into life was a noble picture; and Mr. Leighton, whose *Hercules Wrestling with Death* stands in our minds as his *chef-d'œuvre*; and in a less imaginative, more purely decorative form, but with exquisite accompaniments of delicate colour, and often of graceful arrangement, Mr. Moore. And we should speak in this connection of the younger Mr. Richmond, were it not that his are as yet perhaps rather promises of perfect work than actual achievements in this special sphere.

Still, on the whole, as we have said, there are but few worshippers at the shrine which Etty visited so constantly and so lovingly; and even of the painters just named only Mr. Poynter and Mr. Moore can be said to linger there habitually. Nor, though one comes every now and again in our annual exhibitions across pictures that are obviously the echo of one of the old well-known voices, can it be said, speaking broadly, that in spirit and manner of workmanship the great men of 1840 exercise any very conspicuous influence on the art of to-day. Turner has no imitators—it is true that very daring genius, and unremitting, unwearying industry are not easily imitated. Stanfield's clean, careful method is not now much in fashion. Landseer's appeal to what is pathetic in the relations between the beast world and the world of man is repeated by M. Rivière; but there the resemblance ends. Notwithstanding one or two witnesses to the contrary, yet it cannot be said that Cox's simple broad use of the brush is much in vogue among the water-colour landscapists. Mulready, Webster,

and Hunt have a few followers, more however in class of subject than skill of treatment; and Leslie has a son who has inherited all his father's refinement and grace, but has applied them hitherto to the development of a far more limited range of ideas. No, speaking broadly—and in such generalisations it must always be remembered that absolute exactitude is impossible—the best art of to-day does not show as much trace as one might expect of having received any direct influence from the best art of 1840. Between the two there is a very considerable gulf fixed. Their aims and methods are different. Beyond the bond of a common nationality, a bond often itself vague and intangible, there is little to connect them.

Except indeed in one, and that a very important matter. We have just said that Turner has no followers, and this is true; his magnificent faculty of going to the very heart of a subject; his skill in composition; his power of irradiating a knowledge of fact that was almost microscopic with the richest hues of imagination; his colour, which so habitually suggests the feeling that he must have painted with the rays of dawn and sunset for his pigments; his genius, in a word—these have found no imitators. But there was one matter in which, or so it seems to us, he left his mark upon the whole subsequent course of English art, influencing it, subject to a recent and partial reaction, quite to our day. This was his system of light. Up to his time, almost, though not quite, since the dawn of painting, it had been customary for art purposes to conventionalise light. The painter, either by the arrangement of his studio toned it down to manageable proportion, or, if the subject did not admit of such contrivance, selected some arbitrary scheme of colour, analogous to that he observed in nature, but possibly very dissimilar, and always less bright, and rested content if his relative differences and proportions remained the same throughout. He knew he could not reproduce all the gradations between pure sunlight and darkness. He therefore chose what may be called the medium gradations—the middle notes in the scale which his voice could take without straining, to borrow an illustration from a sister art—and reproduced those with great perfection. But under Turner's hand all this underwent a change. He was a perfect prodigal in the matter of light. Where his predecessors had hoarded it for special effect and emphasis he flung

it broadcast over his canvas. He would be content with nothing less than the pure white sunlight of a perfect day. He saw the old difficulty of course; but whereas before his time it had been evaded rather than met, he would grapple with it face to face. So he took white paint for the shining of the sun, and black paint for darkness, and between these two extreme points, of which one is to the light of nature as yellow is to white, he followed the gradations of nature as nearly as possible, not choosing subjects or atmospheric effects in which the tone was low, but boldly striving to rival the sun in his mid-day strength, or his dawning or setting splendour.

It was a daring attempt—a revolution in fact. And since then English art, except, as we shall presently see, when consciously turning to foreign example and guidance, has been distinguished from Continental art by a striving to paint in a brighter key of colour. It is this which so puzzles a French critic when going through an English gallery. He cannot understand it. His eyes, accustomed to the comparative gloom of pictures painted with entirely different aims, see nothing in the new objects presented to them but glare, crudity, and an inartistic apposition of gaudy hues. If he happens to possess the diffidence that comes of wide culture, he will admit that such works—to take a very striking instance—as Mr. A. W. Hunt's *Summer Days for Me*, or *When Summer Days are Fine*—may possibly be justified by canons of which he is ignorant. He will be prepared to follow you when you show how these landscapes are burning, palpitating with heat, hazy with it, positively shimmering with a light and warmth that almost annihilates perspective. "Yes," he will say, "that's a very true effect, very powerfully rendered. But where is the balance of masses, the due proportion of light and shadow, the sobriety, I have been accustomed to consider as indispensable? I am dazzled and perplexed"—we hope the suggestion of a critic ever acknowledging perplexity is not too improbable—"I don't understand it." So speaks the candid and friendly foreigner. His *confrère*, who is hasty and self-sufficient, entertains no such doubts, finds no difficulty in demonstrating, very much to his own satisfaction, that our painters like bright colours for the same reason that a savage finds pleasure in beads and bits of glass, and cotton handkerchiefs of a preposterous pattern. Nor is he altogether so entirely wrong as he deserves to be.

For it is undeniable that crude brightness has been a besetting sin among us. What he fails to see is that there is room in the great world of art for both systems—the foreign and the English; that the latter is the more difficult, but also the greater of the two, as it brings a wider range of nature's beauties within the sphere of painting; and that its difficulties are not insurmountable, inasmuch as the really great Englishmen habitually surmount them.

Right or wrong, it is, as we have said, mainly to Turner that this worship of pure sunlight is due. For the pre-Raphaelites, whose movement makes so wide a line of separation between the art of 1840 and the art of to-day, in this respect were but his followers. They did not indeed follow him in much else; and notwithstanding the eloquent praise, the masterpieces of impassioned criticism which Mr. Ruskin devoted to both; notwithstanding too the fact that in certain details of his work Turner could be as literal as the illustrator of a geological lecture—yet in the essence of their work, in their way of looking at nature, Turner and the pre-Raphaelites were in our opinion entirely dissimilar. But as regards light, they became his disciples, and did much to disseminate his principles, and popularise his practice. His system fell in with their bitter scorn of the old conventionalities, and they adopted it.

And now of the pre-Raphaelite movement itself, what shall we say? A great movement, an important movement unquestionably. One that influenced some of the very greatest among the young men who were rising into eminence five-and-twenty years ago, and through them set its mark very distinguishably upon the subsequent history of English painting. Were its works all evil, as its adversaries used to say? Was it the dawn of a bright day of artistic regeneration, nay of moral regeneration in art, as its advocates were in the habit of asserting? Alas! there are so few things in this world that can be safely ticketed as all bad or all good. Food and poison are so inextricably blended in the alchemy of life. The pre-Raphaelite movement answered to the descriptions and expectations of neither friends nor enemies. Excellent as a reaction against conventionalisms from which the life and meaning had long fled; as necessitating among its adherents a strict, patient, earnest study of actual fact; as compelling both them and those who opposed them to examine into the why and the wherefore of the old and the new canons—

there is one side of the shield that is bright enough. The other side is much darker. We may read emblazoned upon it a disregard, under the name of conventions, of some of the essential principles of art; an insensibility—not to mere prettiness, which is very little—but to beauty, which is only pardonable when allied with great power; and a disastrous belief that mere attention in fact, the mere recording of “truths,” constitutes art; that a man can produce a picture by taking a scene and simply reproducing it as a photograph would, without first melting it in the crucible of his own feeling and imagination. This pestilent heresy is responsible for many, many of the works that reappear year after year on the walls of our exhibitions, works often meritorious to a certain degree in workmanship, valuable perhaps as a reminiscence or suggestion of a pretty view or “bit,” but, in any high artistic sense, certainly not pictures.

Of the influence of pre-Raphaelitism upon two at least of the original great members of the “brotherhood,” it is very difficult for an outsider to speak. As regards the general public, M. Rossetti exists but as a name. You come across one of his pictures occasionally at a sale, or in a private house—but such stray glimpses do not furnish anything like an opportunity for forming a satisfactory opinion upon a man’s work as a whole; and with all the drawbacks attendant on a public exhibition, we must express a doubt whether the more genial atmosphere of private life is as favourable to the independence of the critical judgment. So of M. Rossetti’s works, as we know very little, we will say nothing. Similarly Mr. Maddox Brown lives habitually in a kind of shadow, a sort of Sibylline cave. The darkness thereof is not indeed so deep as that in which M. Rossetti shrouds himself. Mr. Maddox Brown did on one occasion, if we remember right, so far emerge as to collect nearly all his works for exhibition. But that was a long time ago; and we should not like to speak of them without first revising our recollections and opinions. The times change unquestionably; and we might possibly find that we had changed with them.

Nor can we here forbear to stop a moment to express regret that another painter, whose works can very ill be spared from public exhibitions, seems disposed, like M. Rossetti and Mr. Maddox Brown, to

“Leave human wrongs to right themselves,
Cares but to pass into the silent life.”

Mr. Burne Jones is not indeed a pre-Raphaelite, though he used, at one time, to look at the world, and especially at the world of antiquity, through an atmosphere tinted like Mediæval glass—just as Mr. Morris re-writes the old Greek stories in the spirit of Chaucer—and thereby gave to his work an archaic character akin to that of the “brotherhood.” But here the analogy ends. Into their love of detail, of natural daylight effects, he never followed them. A grave and very individual system of colour, a fine feeling, all too rare among our contemporaries, for the severer, more statuesque forms of beauty, an imagination that sets its stamp unmistakably upon all he touches—these are great, great gifts. We have never seen the picture that gave rise to his dispute with the Water Colour Society, and can, therefore, give no opinion on the merits of the quarrel. His secession was a misfortune in any case. It would be a double misfortune were it to lead him now, tardily and at the eleventh hour, to retire like Achilles to his tents. The legions of prose are strong, and gather round us on all sides. Imagination has need of all her defenders.

But to return to the pre-Raphaelite movement, from which, as we have just said, our reference to Mr. Burne Jones is a digression.

Of the original leaders of that movement, the one who undoubtedly has retained most firmly the faith of his earlier years, is Mr. Holman Hunt. As he painted in 1850, so he paints now, with the same minute attention to detail, the same almost painful accuracy as regards material fact, the same brush that seems too full of care and overstrained rectitude ever to feel much pleasure in its own work. “All things are full of labour; man cannot utter it,” might be taken as his motto; and yet, all honour to such earnestness! all honour to the result! Without following his system to an aggressive conclusion—and venturing, we in our littleness, to pelt innocuously that innumerable company of great masters who held the literal fact to be as nothing, and the spirit to be all in all, and regarded our Lord as the type of a glorious manhood, apart from time and nationality—without going to this length, let us do justice to a pure-minded and reverent endeavour to set the circumstances of that Divine life before us as they actually existed. If they shock us, it is because we need to be shocked. We certainly shall not quarrel

with the signs of toil, the almost mean surroundings of the handicraftsman—nor with the scrupulous care that has been bestowed upon every possible local detail. We shall find matter for almost unreserved admiration in the figure of our Lord—that most terrible of art problems to us moderns—as the Child in the Temple, and though much less satisfied with the face in the picture of the *Shadow of Death*—which is very inferior—would be prepared to overlook that defect in view of the enormous difficulty of realising the real in race and ideal in sanctified manhood. But what we cannot accept is the attitude of our Lord as He rises from his toil, an attitude neither simply that of easing the muscles after labour, nor frankly that of adoration—too constrained for the one, too trivial for the other—altogether failing in nobility either way. And what pains us even more is the incident from which the picture derives its name, the falling of the shadow of the figure upon the wall so as to produce the image of a crucifixion, the tools on a kind of rack representing the nails. This appears to us—alas! that we should say so—to be a mere trick. [The late Mr. Bennett produced a toy-book for children on the same principles. Surely art has other means than legerdemain with shadows to show how the mother of Jesus felt through her son's life the coming of the sword that was to "pierce through her own soul also."

Are we speaking too strongly? Is our pen running away with us, as the pen is tempted to do when a glib paragraph presents itself? We could almost wish it were so, so strong is our admiration for Mr. Holman Hunt, so earnestly, for all our sakes, do we regret to see what seems to us any waste of his powers. He has done, he might do, such great things. The field of English religious art belongs to him almost exclusively. Look round the walls of the Academy this year, and of the other exhibitions—you may very easily count on your fingers the pictures that pretend to any religious significance. A not very comprehensible work by Mr. Watts, "dedicated to all the Churches;" a well-drawn picture by Mr. Armitage, neither pleasantly conceived nor pleasantly coloured, which represents *Julian the Apostate Presiding at a Conference of Sectarians*, and showing very visibly that their theological differences are to him "as the strifes of kites and crows"—really, as we come to think of it, this is about

the sum of them. It is not a full harvest by any means. To what are we to attribute so great a dearth? The English race is not an irreligious race. The Bible still lives in its thoughts and language. The histories of the Old and New Testaments are familiar to us all. There are few scenes, whether regarded realistically or ideally, better adapted to art treatment than those furnished by the sacred narratives. How does it happen, we ask again, that English art passes so persistently by on the other side? It is to us a very strange and interesting problem, and one that seems to open two or three curious vistas of speculation. Of course we are aware, for the fact is patent, that there is not the old demand for devotional pictures as adjuncts of public worship. With trifling exceptions all our art patronage is now *private*, and this has no doubt a marked influence upon the supply produced to meet the demand. But are we then to conclude that among the hundreds who buy pictures there are scarcely any who would care that their pictures should be on religious subjects? That seems unlikely. Or shall we assume that our painters are repelled by obvious difficulties? This is probably true of some; but others are bold even to rashness. Again we say, a strange problem. And if the solution is to be found in a growing feeling of estrangement between the artistic spirit, in all its manifestations, and the religious spirit—a feeling for which the artistic spirit in a new-found and baleful intolerance is mainly responsible—then the fact itself is the more to be deplored.

It is because Mr. Holman Hunt is the one English painter of real power who habitually does treat religious themes with anything like adequate earnestness that we so regret ever to see shortcomings in his work; and that those shortcomings are mainly due to a too literal adherence to the "hard-fact" theories in which he was nurtured, we think demonstrable. But there is another great leader of the pre-Raphaelites who very much more than Mr. Holman Hunt has departed from his early manner, who paints with a broad full brush of almost careless ease and power where before he painted with singular firmness and precision, and who yet also seems occasionally unable to shake himself clear of what was extreme in the old influences.

Mr. Millais is, in our opinion, and we make the statement deliberately and in full view of the general absurdity

of superlatives, the living Englishman who possesses the greatest original painter gift. He can paint anything he sees. His mastery of hand is quite superb. Sometimes he seems to soar into the higher regions of imagination and gives us work in which, together with all the habitual power of realisation, we feel stirred by the presence of poetic thought and of a deeper significance. Such pictures stand as landmarks in his career. There were *The Huguenot*, and *Autumn Leaves*, and *The Vale of Rest*, to name but a few in the past; and, in more recent years, *Chill October*, with its mournful ripple of departing hopes, and greyness of the fading year, and the impressive *Moses*, with a face on which the record of the prophet's wondrous life was written not unworthily, and again that large picture of three young ladies playing at cards, ladies not remarkable for anything beyond the good looks that come of youth and health, or dressed with greater picturesqueness than belongs to the ordinary fashion of the day, or surrounded by anything more beautiful than the common evidences of middle-class wealth—materials which in any other hands would have proved rebellious in the very highest degree, and yet which he lifted altogether out of the region of commonplace by sheer energy and power of brush, and a contagious, most poetical delight in vitality and healthy life. But following such works as these, sometimes for two or three years together, we get works in parts of which at least none can fail to recognise the skill of hand—such works as *The Fringe of the Moor*, beautiful in the rendering of foreground gorse and reeds, and turf, whether footworn or in shadow; or *Eveline* and *Gracia Lees*—whom one had better not think about in connection with Penelope Boothby and Sir Joshua Reynolds' children; or that old lady's face one or two years ago which the painter had treated with so little of tenderness and so much of rough brio; or the *Jephthah's Daughter* looking so unfortunately like a *tableau vivant*; or that nude figure of the woman tied to a tree,—so mere a nude figure unchastened by the severity of great art;—and then one is almost tempted to wonder whether the finer works were not due to some happy accident in scene or model. There are critics who have been found to make the assertion. But we hold not so. As Alfred de Musset says, in one of the most graceful of his shorter poems, there is in nearly all of us a poet, slumbering indeed, but who lives and grows not old, and

in Mr. Millais that poet has only suffered his vision to be obscured by past influences and incomplete theories. He has forgotten that fact, however skilfully rendered, is not enough for art; that it requires to be refined and transmuted in the painter's soul.

But of course the influence of pre-Raphaelitism in English art, whether for good or evil, has not been confined to the four original leaders of the movement whom we have named. Speaking broadly, its spirit still reigns in the Water Colour Societies; and its fruits are admirable in such works as those of Mr. Boyce, so full of a quiet restrained force; and of Mr. A. W. Hunt, whom we have already had occasion to name, and whose art is of a very unusually tentative and progressive character; and of Mr. Hine, who may, speaking in our present sense, be claimed as a pre-Raphaelite, and whose rendering of chalk-down scenery is quite perfect in its delicacy and tenderness. Nor need our catalogue by any means stop here, save that a mere catalogue soon becomes extremely uninteresting, and that we have not space to make it more. Among the oil-colour landscape painters too, especially of the English as opposed to the Scotch school, the spirit of pre-Raphaelitism is still very strong. Its noblest outcome this year is, as we think, to be seen in Mr. Brett's *Spires and Steeples of the Channel Islands*—a semi-circular bay, surrounded by fretted rocks, and bathed in the clearest, brightest light. The water runs, as sea water will, in varicoloured lanes, here burnished, there opalescent, there absorbing the light, with hues as of the peacock's neck and the humming-bird's wing. Beyond the promontory the pale heavens and the pale sea melt into one another, so that the ships, to use Milton's image, "hang in the sky." The rocks glow in the full rays of the sun, showing their every fissure, and the granulation of their desiccated surfaces. How such breadth of general effect can have been obtained with so minute a study of detail, with so evenly-distributed a care and finish of workmanship, is very wonderful—nor less so how such intense light can have been kept from becoming crude and harsh, and destroying all sense of atmosphere. The picture in its splendour acts pitilessly towards the pictures hung round. It throws them into shadow. They look dull and gloomy, like the inside of a cottage after one has been breasting the bright hill-side.

The next great wave of influence that passed over English art, meeting, as it were, the first backward ebb of the tide of pre-Raphaelitism, and pressing forward through it, was the wave of French influence.* This is a matter quite of our own day. It stands within the ken even of memories that can go back no further than the last ten or twelve years. We can nearly all remember how little there was before that time on the walls of our exhibitions to remind one that England was not the only country in Europe with an active teeming art life, how small the interest felt among English painters and critics in what was being done on the other side of the channel. When Dickens went to Paris, French art came upon him as a revelation. Mr. Ruskin, the great teacher and prophet of the time, persistently ignored it. His influence, which was as great as it is possible for that of literature over painting to be, was exercised in a totally different direction. Unrivalled as a critic and expositor where his own sympathies are aroused, or when dealing with works that illustrate his own many-faceted theories, he is too superbly intolerant to weigh the merits of any practice that clashes with his teaching. Except M. Frère—whose simple tenderness, and “natural piety” of sentiment, and unforced sympathy with the poor and weak of the earth, has struck a responsive chord in a breast full not alone of fire and wrath, but of love and gentle pity—we do not remember to have ever heard him praise any French work. But in process of time a change came over the English art spirit. International exhibitions did much. So did travel, and that desire of a more general culture that is in all things prevailing over English insularity. In the reaction against what was hollow and conventional in the art of the ante-pre-Raphaelite period and the mannerisms of the pre-Raphaelites, our rising painters were led to look abroad. And when once they began to do this in anything like sympathy and teachableness, the result was inevitable. They found among the French and Belgians and Dutch—the Germans have as yet but few followers—a prevailing study of general effect rather than of detail, and of effects

* This influence, it is but right to add, has blended with that of Mr. Whistler, unmistakably one of the most original of modern artists. Mr. Whistler seems to us also to have been greatly influencing the French School itself latterly. Not being an Englishman, his works do not fall within the scope of this article.

perfectly realisable in painting; they perceived that admirable results were to be obtained by a looser method of handling and less of prosaic precision than they were accustomed to; they saw that the mere reproduction of a scene without some attempts at rendering also its inner sentiment, its soul, so to speak, was not accounted art; they could not but recognise the evidences, speaking broadly, of a more thorough technical training, of greater attention to such matters as the disposal of masses and of lights and shadows. And the consequence is, that the new art wave, for the moment, is French.

You see the new force springing up through the old strata everywhere. It is not merely in the works of the three or four foreign painters who have made their home amongst us—M. Tissot, so much more successful among the wharves and shipping of the East-End than in the drawing-rooms of the West; and M. Legros, whose pencil is strong, stern, and almost ascetic; and M. Alena Tadema—we are using an ascending scale—whose gifts are too great and varied to be epitomised with propriety in a parenthesis; nor yet alone in the works of those foreign painters, like M. Israels for instance, who are in the habit, and that greatly to our benefit, of contributing to our exhibitions—it is not in these works only, we say, that Englishmen can now study the influence of foreign schools. They can trace it with a little care and attention in Mr. Boughton's grays, and indefinitely suggestive manner of using his brush—his pictures this year are very good; in such works as Mr. Hennessy's *Votive Offering*; in Mr. Hemy's sobriety of colour; in Mr. H. Moore's gray and cream-white harmonies of sky and sea—his *Outside the Harbour* this year displays more energy of conception than usual; and in many other pictures which now to rehearse were tedious. They can trace it too in the peculiar streaky manner of Messrs. Orchardson and Pettie, and generally in their methods of work, save that the latter has developed a tendency to attitudinisation, often verging on caricature, from which French art is singularly free. For it is a singular thing that though in ordinary life "our lively neighbour the Gaul" is far more profuse of gesture than ourselves, yet in his pictures and on the stage he is far less given to theatricality and rant. And if this be objected to as a harsh saying with regard to Mr. Pettie, we would point to his *Scene in Hal of the Wynd's*

Smithy—which is not inappropriately called a *Scene*, seeing how evidently the highlander is “bringing down the house” with a sentiment—making in fact what is technically, we believe, called “a point”—while as for Hal, the sturdy smith, his quite ruffianly appearance explains what had always hitherto appeared to us an overstrained reluctance on the part of the Fair Maid of Perth to accept so sterling a fellow as her suitor.

The influence of France can be studied too, but here complicated by an element of Northern savagery, in what may fairly be called the Scotch school of landscape,—those “spates,” and foaming turf-discoloured waterfalls, and gloomy clumps of pine trees, and heathery hills, and large splashes of wet foaming mists, and equally splashy seas, of which the “poetic children” of “Caledonia stern and wild” have given us “Southrons” so many samples this year. Yes, Mr. Peter Graham, and Mr. Smart, and Mr. McWhirter, and Mr. Macallum, and Mr. McTaggart, and Mr. Colin Hunter, and Mr. Docharty have in their method of work a something of the rougher French landscapists, together with much that is all their own. We have no great quarrel with them. Their art is to that of their compeers on this side of the Tweed much what the shaggy cattle of their native hills are to the smoother kine of lowland England; and far be it from us to deny that there is ample room for both in the pasture lands of Great Britain and her dependencies. Let both increase and multiply according to their natures by all means. The better specimens of the northern work rise, we think, superior to Mr. Vicat Cole’s clayey *Loch Scavaig*. We only venture sometimes to wish that, together with certain striking and scenic qualities, and a certain pictorial boldness in the Scotch pictures, there were also less of coarseness, and splash and dash, a less obvious aim at effect, and more of tenderness and feeling. Mr. MacWhirter is our favourite in the band—though we are not really deficient in admiration for Mr. Peter Graham’s best work—and his sorrowful allegories of human life under brute form—for so we read them—have often given us a melancholy pleasure. We therefore commend our views to him. He would probably answer that we are mistaken—and perhaps we are.

Nor is French influence undiscernible in that most interesting body of painters who by various processes are dis-

tilling from the ordinary life around its poetical fragrance. The aim itself is not indeed exclusively French—though it is again noteworthy that a country so generally accused of over-refined and morbid civilisation should have produced works so full of unforced pathos and beauty, so full of sympathy with poverty and rude toil as those of M. Frère, M. Jules Breton and Millet—works which have their literary counterpart in the novel-idyls of George Sand. Still, as we have said, the aim is not exclusively French, and we may fairly claim for our own painters, Mason and Walker—to name but the chiefs—that they obeyed a general contemporary impulse, rather than followed the lead in a path already frayed and made plain. But the form, making due allowance, of course, for individuality of genius, has in it much of the French element, both in handling and in a certain cultured refinement and grace, characteristic of the really great and typical French productions in literature and art. The first of these names, that of Mason, is one that, unless we are much mistaken, will hold a permanent and high place in the history of the English school, and his death is a matter of national regret. It cannot indeed be said to have been very premature, for that fine and rare plant took long to come to the season of its rich fruitage; but who except the indifferent count the years of a man's life to be long, whatever their span? Even to the last verge of the age of those we love, would we not all say, "yet a little longer." And so we wish Mason were still at work. He has some followers indeed. There is Mr. Morris, with his *Widow's Harvest* and his *Mowers*; and Mr. F. E. Cox—a name which is new to us—with three or four pictures of apple orchard, and girls bearing pails, and cows; and there is Mr. Prinsep's *Home from Gleaning*. We have no wish to speak in disparagement; but we miss somewhat, in the first, the grace that would have been in the widow's children, and that undefinable something that would at once have separated her field from the fields of those who are light of heart; and in Mr. Cox, together with much that we like, we own we should be glad to have found a little more solidity of modelling, a little less apparent patchiness in the laying on of the colour. And as regards Mr. Prinsep, whose versatility of subject is always very noteworthy—we should have called it commendable were it not that commendation is often so near akin to imper-

tinence—we confess to thinking that his four gleaner-maidens, pacing with their burdens along the margin of the moonlit sea, suggest too forcibly a comparison which they are unable to sustain. We miss here too decidedly the rhythm of composition, the natural unforced grace of attitude, that glamour of mingled eve-light and moonlight which belonged to the dead master. Mr. Prinsep's colour too is, to our eyes at least, for we don't want to speak infallibly, often simple to slightness. It seems to have no inner life and glow of its own.

Pausing for a moment to think of Miss Starr's *Hardly Earned*, which shows us a governess who has had but the energy to remove her mudded boots after a long day's toil, and now has fallen asleep, where she first sat down, before the empty grate in her solitary room—a picture more heavily charged than M. Frère would have painted, but not trespassing beyond the bounds of artistic sobriety—pausing at this we say for a moment, we next pass on to the other great master of the poetical in common life, Mr. Walker. Less purely pastoral than Mason, it must be admitted that his art has a wider scope. He has not indeed walked through the lanes at eventide, and seen the maidens singing as they went home from their daily labour, or watched the great moon rising, with almost a flush of colour in her pale beams, over the harvest fields, lighting the lads and lasses to their homes; or caught, in this late England of ours, a distant echo of the rustic piping that shrilled through Arcadia of old, and a glimpse of English girls, in cotton-frocks and sun-bonnets, dancing as their antique sisters danced by the winding shores of the blue Ægean in the world of long ago. But he has felt, in many a picture, the poetry of glebe and furrow, of man's hard toil for his daily bread, and the earth's patient response—this year again, with exquisite windings, a stream passes through a meadow, and a ewe, bold in defence of its lamb, contests *the right of way* with a frightened little laddie, and a rain-cloud settles over the village, and the whole is very pretty indeed—the work of a man who can “find good in everything.” He has felt, too, that “beating out of the little lives of men” to which an almshouse clock gives audible voice, and noted how lovingly the sun kisses the old red-roofed houses by the Thames shore; and once in the hunted face of the *prisoner at the bar*, he touched a point of ter-

rible and poignant tragedy. More, more, Mr. Walker, we should have more.*

As coming in the wake of Mr. Walker, we may, as we think, class what is undeniably one of the two or three most notable pictures of the year, and one that promises well for the future of English art. Mr. Herkomer has painted some graceful foreign scenes before; but nothing equal in scope and importance to the *Last Muster*. The subject, to begin with, is—we were going to say a very happy one, but that seems an inappropriate epithet—we prefer for the present to say one of great and moving interest. For there is a natural pathos in the sight of any assemblage of old men, whose day's work is done, whose natural outlook is on the other world rather than on this. There is a double pathos where, as in this case, the day's work that has preceded this peaceful close has been full of fierce energy and wild passion. There, turn to the other side of the room, and see in Miss Thompson's picture by what deeds this place of rest in the chapel of Chelsea Hospital was won, through what blood these old pensioners waded to it! Look back now at these old grey-haired men. The tattered flags that were their trophies of old wave over their heads, but they speak of a time long since fled. The words of prayer, it may be for deliverance in the last solemn hour, are on their lips. They are in the presence of Him who is "the author of peace and lover of concord," and all speaks of rest and quiet, and that Sabbath of God that cometh when the six days' toil of our life is ended. Nor are these veterans themselves unworthy representatives of humanity in its autumn. They are in every stage of life's decline. One, whose face, as the best types of beauty will, retains its refined nobility to the last, is almost visibly passing beyond the verge of memory and knowledge. He may be the Colonel Newcome of the ranks. Some of the others are still hale and sturdy. But in all these are the marks of decay. It is a touching scene; the heads are full of varied character. And yet, and yet—we hesitate to say it, and yet so it is—we derive from the picture an impression of want of tenderness and gentle feeling, which we have striven against without success. Is it that the light strikes these white heads too harshly, that

* This was, of course, written before Mr. Walker's death. We leave the words as they originally stood. The loss to English art is quite irreparable.

their silver locks are used too obtrusively as points of pictorial effect? Whatever the cause, such is the result. We almost take ourselves to task for entertaining the thought, but in our more misanthropical moments we seem to think that the subject *may* have been a happy one to Mr. Herkomer.

We have just referred to Miss Thompson's *Twenty-eighth Regiment at Quatre Bras* as illustrating the other extreme of military life to that dwelt upon in the *Last Muster*. This second important venture of the artist was looked forward to with great interest by those who had given more than a passing consideration to her *Roll Call* of last year. For the blaze of popularity which leapt up round that picture—Miss Thompson must have literally waked up one morning to find herself famous—was so bright and sudden, that one could not but wonder whether she had fuel enough in herself to keep such a fire alive. It was a popularity, no doubt, which, though partly explained by royal notice, was also and more legitimately due to the fact that the painter had struck what in English art at least was a new chord, and done so with force and at the same time due sobriety of touch. It was in fact a pleasure to see an unsensational work attract so much attention. And now does the *Quatre Bras* fulfil the promise of its predecessor? We think we may fairly say that it does. There is abundance of energy in the composition. The play of character under the excitement of battle,—the rage, the steady endurance, the derision, the anguish of suffering—all are well portrayed in the component parts of that human breakwater that has opposed its steady front to the inrolling tide of cavalry during the livelong day. If we wished to be hypercritical we might object that the recruits have a modern look—even "Thomas Atkins," the typical private, changes the form of his countenance in the course of four generations—but that is a mere detail. A more serious objection is the quality of the colour, which lacks solidity, and is not very pleasant. Indeed it is scarcely any disparagement to Miss Thompson to say that in all technical qualities her picture will not stand comparison with M. Philippoteau's rival battle piece of the *Charge of the French Cuirassiers at Waterloo*—no disparagement, because he is a veteran, and she is a recruit. But she is a recruit with the marshal's *bâton* in her havresack, if she will only remember how

much of patient drudgery goes to the organisation of victory. Nor should we have ventured to remind her of this had it not been for her picture at the Institute of Water Colours.

And here, as we have just noticed two of the notable works of the year, we may as well dispose of a third, Mr. Long's *Babylonian Marriage Market*, and further, as the subject is recondite, we will make no apology for transferring to our pages the explanatory extract from Mr. Swayne's *Herodotus*, quoted in the Academy Catalogue.

"Herodotus," so runs the passage, "records one of their customs, which, whether in jest or earnest, he declares to be the wisest he ever heard of. This was their wife auction, by which they managed to find husbands for all their young women. The greatest beauty was put up first, and knocked down to the highest bidder; then the next in the order of comeliness—and so on to the damsel who was equi-distant between beauty and plainness, who was given away gratis. Then the least plain was put up and knocked down to the gallant who would marry her for the smallest consideration—and so on till even the plainest was got rid of to some cynical worthy, who decidedly preferred lucre to looks. By transferring to the scale of the ill-favoured the prices paid for the fair, beauty was made to endow ugliness, and the rich man's taste was the poor man's gain."

A subject with great capabilities unmistakably.

There sit the candidates for marriage in due order of merit—an order with which individual tastes may not perhaps in every case agree, and we own that we should ourselves have assigned a higher place to number four, but which is certainly arranged with extreme cleverness. Both ends of the chain are hidden, the ugliest in that she is covering her face with her hands, the fairest in that she stands with her back to us, the real spectators, and her face to the imaginary spectators who are appraising her beauty. These imaginary purchasers are in full view, and on their countenances all the emotions which the spectacle is calculated to arouse, are written plainly—but not ignobly. One has only to think how such a subject would have been treated by M. Gérôme, what a bestial crew these buying Babylonians would have been, to thank Mr. Long for the difference. There is abundance of by-play in the picture; a fund of collateral incidents. There are the two girls who are quarrelling over the places assigned to them; the

youth whose poverty, though not his will, is on the point of consenting to take one of the ill-favoured damsels, but who evidently thinks it will be a hard bargain. It seems unjust to grudge admiration before so much evidence of care, so very much that is admirable, and yet we cannot but think that a severer type of beauty in the row of candidates for matrimony would have lifted the picture into even higher regions of art.

With the mention of Miss Thompson and Mr. Long we find that we have been drifting away from the consideration of the three or four main influences discernible in contemporary English art. Nor shall we return to the subject. For generalise as one will there are always many individualities, and these not the least sturdy and interesting, that will break through our meshes, and vindicate their right to freedom in the open sea. Doubtless we might add a good many facts and names to those which we have already attempted in a rough way to classify. We might show, for instance, how the realistic domestic school of which Mr. Faed is the undoubted master—a school fast dying out—had its roots in the art of the preceding generation. We might add the name of Mr. Sandys, that consummate draftsman who uses his pencil so much better than his brush, to our list of pre-Raphaelites, and also the name of Mr. Arthur Hughes, that delicate and refined mannerist, and of Mr. Lawson, who among the younger painters of landscape perhaps shows most disposition to vie as they did with the force of nature in his foregrounds, and yet with something of French harmony and completeness. But when we had picked up such stray threads in our skein, and many more besides, we should not be much advantaged. To what influence can we trace Mr. Leighton's art, or that of Mr. Hook? When we have said that one is as a choice exotic, an orchid of daintiest tinting, and the other as the samphire growing on our native cliffs, and nurtured among the bluff sea winds and the salt spray, we have not by any means shown their why and wherefore. Mr. Poole's weird fancies are all his own. If we seek for the ancestors of Mr. Watts we shall find them far far away among the great Venetians of old. If Mr. Leslie's grace and refinement are inherited, the form of their manifestation belongs to himself alone. Mr. Poynter's severe and beautiful self-discipline is purely individual.

So we will classify no farther ; or rather alter the form of our classification, that we may try to see, item by item, in a rough and cursory manner, what our School can do in the various departments of painting.

Of our poverty in religious art we have already spoken, and we need not return to the subject. In great historical art we are even poorer. We once had hopes, based on his *English Embassy in Paris on the Night of St. Bartholomew*, that Mr. Calderon would turn his steps in this direction ; but he has preferred more level and less difficult paths. And Mr. Wallis and one or two other men might even now do something for us. In illustrative art, the art that illustrates some scene in legend or literature, we are much richer. Here we meet, at any rate occasionally, with most of our great imaginative painters, Messrs. Watts, Leighton, Rossetti, Burne Jones, Millais, Poole,—and there are a host of lesser men who follow in their train. The more purely literary form of this branch of art—the taking a scene from a book and transferring it to canvas, as the ordinary book illustrator would transfer it to paper—is not indeed for the moment as popular as it was some fifteen or twenty years ago. Whether this is because the circulating libraries are slowly exhausting our familiar acquaintance with the classics of the English and other languages—an acquaintance which is the very vital atmosphere of such illustrations—we cannot tell. We merely throw out the suggestion. It may be that the higher class of painters prefer to re-create their story or legend for themselves, and so do not turn naturally to works in which the writer has forestalled them ; while the painter whose pictures are usually sold rather perhaps as appanages of wealth, as furniture of a costlier kind, giving to its owner a reputation for affluence and taste, and certain in case of accidents to realise its price and probably something more, and so excellent as an investment both in the present and the future—it may be that these painters are naturally led to study their public, and that their public cares little for mere old literature.

Of our landscape art, and the art that deals with the ordinary life around us, we have also already spoken somewhat. As regards the first we may be said to hold our place in Europe, perhaps ; but France runs us very hard. Still we have good men, very good men. As regards our painters of ordinary life, while Mr. Hook, and Mr.

Walker,* yes,—and, for some qualities of his work, M. Faed, remain with us—and to these we suppose we may now add, for what they prospectively will do, Mr. Herkomer, and, though more hesitatingly and hypothetically, Mr. Fildes, whose workhouse picture last year, though perhaps a little overcharged for art, was certainly not overcharged for fact, and whose buxom milkmaid in full sunlight with the daisies in her pail, raises a pleasant smile in this year's exhibition—while these remain with us we may hold our heads fairly high. In humorous art, to which the last-named picture may serve as a kind of introduction, we have, besides the veteran Mr. Webster,—Mr. Marks, who occupies quite a place of his own, and lives in these later times like a reminiscence of the antique jester with quaint quip and crank, and a merry olden smile that is very pleasant; and Mr. Nicol, in whose wrinkled faces the mother wit of Old Ireland is written in legible characters. Nor among graver matters do Mr. Hodgson and Mr. Burgess hesitate to crack a joke with us. The *Barber's Prodigy* by the latter is very good—the irate muleteer, with the lather on his face, who is being neglected while the proud father shows off the drawings of the youthful genius; the barber himself; the mother; the intelligent laddie; the condescendingly encomiastic bishop—all are excellent. We might have wished that the attendant priest had been sycophantic in a less conventional manner; but that is a detail. For animals, there are Mr. Davis, a very accomplished painter, who exhibits nothing this year; and Mr. Hardy, who deals with the wilder aspects of brute life, and does not fear to represent even the carrion feasts of the vulture tribe; and Mr. Beavis, who is equally at home among ships and horses, and is never so happy as when he can combine the two in some scene of salvage after a storm; and Mr. Rivière, who has a singular faculty for lighting on taking and interesting subjects, and who in his *War Time* has deigned to bestow more attention to landscape and accessories than usual. The latter work, we may mention parenthetically, has a motto from the poems of Sydney Dobell, which have just been republished, and are far from meriting the oblivion of later years. Finally, we come to portraiture; and here among much that is valueless—for from the very nature of the case there is no branch of art where

* See note to page 431.

the commonplace in subject and treatment are more likely to be united—there is much also that is admirable. And first, here as elsewhere, we must do honour to Mr. Watts. For gravity and power of rendering character and really artistic treatment, his portraits are unsurpassed, so far as we know, by any contemporary work. And fortunately they are, very many of them, a record of the visible appearance of men who will be found hereafter to have done much to mould the thoughts of this generation, and for whose portraits, executed by the hand of such a master, posterity will not be ungrateful. It is true that occasionally there is a want of firmness, a something that we hesitate to call slovenliness, in the modelling—but not in the best examples. Take the head of Sir Edward Sabine this year. How admirably the character is given, and the signs of age rendered—how real, how forcible it is, and how unexaggerated. The officers of the Royal Artillery were well advised when they asked an artist of this calibre for a portrait of the veteran scientific general. Or take again the sweet little sketch of *Blanche* playing on her violin. It is perhaps unfair to bring the work of a meritorious but uninspired painter like Mr. Oules into juxtaposition with such work as this. It makes his little *Lady Rachel Wyndham Quinn* look wanting in daintiness and delicacy by contrast; and gives to his portraits of “notables” an air of being even more overcharged than they really are. For this appears to us to be Mr. Oules’s defect, that in a laudable horror of the inane he is over-forcible and misses refinement and charm—being just the opposite in this respect of Mr. Richmond. But space fails us to go through the catalogue. We cannot linger over Mr. Millais’ portraits, or those of Mr. Poynter and Mr. Sandys, or grieve over the “might have been” in Mr. Sant.

And so we have classified again, and again much has eluded our grasp; and in order to be complete and to place in anything like order the names of all the men who, for some quality or another, deserve to be mentioned in a full muster-roll of English artists, we should have to classify yet again and again, and probably in the end with the same result. So we will attempt no more; but looking back, in conclusion, at these fields of art through which we have been passing, venture to ask, much as a casual wayfarer might do, what is it all worth, what value is to be assigned to the

produce of this other "garden of England"? "Not much," certain critics are in the habit of replying. "Not much, indeed!" most professed critics would reply. And shall we echo the answer? It seems but a sorry conclusion. When one thinks of the innumerable works that cover the walls or our exhibitions year after year, of the time and trouble, the amount of life and human effort given to their production, of the wealth spent—not perhaps, we admit, always very judiciously—in purchasing them, one hesitates to pronounce that "vanity of vanities" which falls so glibly from some lips. Is it, one is occasionally tempted to ask, that the critical stand-point is too literary—that the critic, who has an art of his own, sees in painting too habitually what is analogous to that art, and will best minister to it, what will most readily lend itself to effective verbal description? That there is a purely literary view of painting is undeniable. The interest recently shown in Botticelli is an instance of it. Botticelli was a good painter, no doubt; but his excellence in his own art is not such as to account for that interest. He has not been so studied and commented for his drawing, colouring, composition, and technical merits—though, we repeat, he was not deficient in these—but because he represented a certain phase of thought and culture in his own time. This is a legitimate ground of interest, unquestionably, but rather literary and historical than purely artistic. Now is there anything analogous in the spirit with which our professional critics regard the pictorial works of our contemporaries? Do we ourselves, in mentally going through the works of the English painters of the present, feel an undue partiality for those who seem to us to display imaginative qualities—liking the poets because we are writers—and undervaluing careful art workmanship, and the dexterous recording of fact?

Let us try to answer this question quite fairly. There is at the present moment no English art that is noxious from a moral point of view; there is very little that is positively harmful æsthetically, having regard to the public to which it is addressed. On a yet higher level comes the great mass of English art, which has its pleasing qualities, gratifies a large number of people by reminding them of beautiful scenery, or of a passage from some favourite author, or an incident in history or common life, or suggesting the image of a pretty face. It does not perhaps educate any one's taste very much. But the plea-

sure it gives is anything but ignoble. It prevents no one from looking higher. It has a full right to exist, and long may it flourish—as it most unmistakably will do to the end of time. And yet above this come the few really great painters who, at any one period and in any one country, stand upon the topmost peaks of art. These are the men by whose works any school will ultimately be judged. They are never very numerous, nor is it, in our opinion, at all to be expected that they ever will be. There are not fewer of them now in England than there ever were. There are as many as the Continental schools can show. That these men are poets is unquestionably true. They owe their pre-eminence of position to the fact. They are not, however, necessarily poets in any literary sense, creators of new stories, imaginative exponents of the thought and opinions of their times. They are artist-poets, men who see the visible objects of this world in a way at once new and beautiful, and who have skill of hand to give adequate embodiment to what they see and to the visions of their own minds. Do we limit their number unduly, and ascribe too great an importance to their work? It may be so; we do not think that it is. The average of English art fulfils a distinct and important function, and is not valueless because there is something better. Let that suffice to prove us not illiberal.

ART. VI.—*Delaunay's Jewish Monachism.* [Moines et Sibylles dans l'Antiquité Judéo-Grecque. Par F. DELAUNAY.] Paris. 1875.

AMONG the many works which have appeared of late years in France, with the purpose to explain the origin of Christianity, those of M. Delaunay deserve to be mentioned with honour. The present volume looks at the subject in relation to the tendencies of Judaism which may be regarded as having paved the way for the Christian faith. The first part of it, with which we have to do, is devoted to the study of Jewish Monachism, its origin, and doctrines, and rites, and contains a translation of that remarkable work in which Philo gives a vivid sketch of the Alexandrian-Jewish monks, or the Therapeutæ. The second part presents a deeply interesting view of the Sibylline oracles, both Jewish and Greek. What our author's point of view is will be seen by the following extract:—

"The principal result of these researches is to show that Christianity was preceded by a slow elaboration of ideas and doctrines and institutions; that it was immediately prepared for by the skilful and persevering proselytism of the Jewish colonies in the bosom of the Græco-Roman world; that what gave its power to the Alexandrian group—the first in importance in colonial Judaism—was its expectation of the Messiah, its faith in the Divine promises which announced to the holy people that from it would issue the Liberator, the Judge and the King of humanity. Christianity appears, according to the philosopher, as a revolution of immense bearing and intent which is entitled to the gratitude of all, which has used for its accomplishment the noble efforts of a series of great intellects and the secular travail of peoples and of generations."

These words fix attention on the important question as to the part-played by Jewish colonisation in preparing the way for the advent of Christ. We see in the order of Divine Providence two converging lines of great preparation: the colonies of Greece throughout the earth, and the universal diffusion of the Greek language as a vehicle made ready for the diffusion of truth; and, concurrently with this, the diffusion of Judaism among the philosophies of the East, impregnating them with the seed of the grand expect-

tation. Both these topics are discussed with more or less fulness in this little volume. But we must furnish an extract:—

“Are we, then, to conclude that Christianity issued from a necessary concurrence of men and of things; of ideas and of facts, in which miracle, that is to say, the Divine intervention takes no part? However little we reflect, we shall perceive, on the contrary, that even on the merely human side, that which here alone occupies us, miracle shines out on all hands. The monotheism of Israel in the midst of the related polytheistic nations, its numerical weakness, its dispersion, its impatience of the yoke which it bore, and its natural tendency to idolatry, its ardour for gain, the indomitable hope which it preserved in the midst of the most incredible disasters, all bear witness that this people obeyed a superior will which guided and controlled it, all attest that the course of events was in harmony with the good pleasure of a wisdom which easily baffles our calculations and prejudices; all unfold the realisation of a plan to which peoples and individuals lend, however unconsciously, the co-operation of all the forces which they possess.

“There are in history two actors, God and man. Man can do nothing without God; God does nothing without man. We do not minify God when we establish that the stars, instead of being the brilliant fastenings of a vast pavilion extended over our heads, are worlds projected by the hand of the Almighty in limitless spaces. Similarly, when the better known origins of a great event reveal to us suddenly the innumerable means adopted to prepare and accomplish it, we do not minify the part of God when we disclose the secret springs which He has set in movement in man for the realisation of His designs. On the contrary, in proportion as the perspectives of history open out it seems that we find ourselves nearer to God because we are acquiring every day a more definite consciousness of His sublime providence.”

These are wholesome and true words, and all the more valuable as giving a French antidote to the poison which is so largely and with so much subtilty diffused through modern English historical writing. It is a grand truth to lay hold of, that the infinite variety of means and instrumentalities taken up into the accomplishment of His designs by the Eternal do not disparage the simplicity and absoluteness of His will. The most recent principle of scepticism, that of an eternal evolution of God in nature and history, is only the wretched parody of the fact that a Personal Being is developing His designs through the infinite recurring contingencies of human affairs. When the idea is put into

what is called philosophical clothing it is accepted as the last word of thought, and applied with blind respect to the explanation of all phenomena. But when it is exhibited as the simple truth of the Christian revelation it is despised as the hallucination of enthusiasts who have exaggerated their notion of human intervention into that of an Eternal Providence. Our French philosopher is profoundly right. But we must descend to the object of his book. We shall not review it at length; but content ourselves with recommending it to those of our readers who read that kind of French combined theological and philosophical dissertation of which this volume is a deeply interesting specimen. First, we shall epitomise M. Delaunay's account of the Essenes, premising that our own account is little more than a condensation of his.

On the road from Gaza to Jerusalem, at a day's journey from the holy city, the ancient Kirjath-arba or Hebron, where tradition places the tombs of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, where God spoke to Abraham under the great oaks of Mamre, where the summits of the highest mountains of Judæa are reached, with frightful solitudes to the east and smiling valleys to the west, a colony was found established a century and a half before Christ, with most singular habits and organisations. Their name, Essenes, is an enigma; and their doctrines still more so, suggesting Buddhism, Mosaism, and Hellenism; by turns an amalgamation of all. This itself is a strange phenomenon, when we remember to what an extent the Israelite carried his horror of the superstitions of the Gentiles, with what energy Palestine defended itself from the invasion of the Græco-Roman Pantheon, and with what jealous care, after the loss of their political self-government they strove to preserve at least their religion and temple and worship from the impure contact of the stranger.

"On the surface, the Essenian doctrine might appear to be a natural development of the legislation of Sinai; looking at it more narrowly, we see that it differs in essential points. It admits as to the future life, as to the nature of the soul, as to the eternity of punishments, the data common to the sages of India and Greece, and to the evangelical teaching. That which will perhaps most astonish is to find that, where it abandons the Biblical text and the traditional interpretation, it is in harmony with the doctrine of Jesus Christ. It preached, like the Gospel, abstinence from the oath, contempt of riches, renunciation of the

world, and charity ; moreover, it tends to the abolition of the religion of the temple, substituting for it the worship of prayer, which is a monstrous heresy on Judaism ; it aims also to suppress the bloody sacrifice and the priesthood, which it replaces by the mystical repast and a more equitable hierarchy, founded on the equality of men in the sight of God."

Many slighter, but significant resemblances may be traced between the Essenes and the Christianity at least of the East in early times. Certain of these resemblances suggest corruptions in the Christian system, and ought not to be taken into account ; and some of them suggest interpolations from Christianity into the records of Essenism. For instance, they prayed towards the east ; they lived in strict community of goods, the individual being absorbed, and disappearing in the society. They transmitted a secret doctrine, which substituted for the letter of Scripture a highly allegorical interpretation. They had a certain kind of catechumenate or preliminary initiation. They enacted oaths of fidelity to the sect, to God and to man. Excommunication was somewhat similar to that in vogue among Christians. Finally, the supreme term of initiation, the participation in a mystic repast. To these we shall return in the sequel. They did not resemble Christianity, as we shall see, in their wide dissemination. They were established in many villages of Palestine ; but their most important centre was in the neighbourhood of Hebron, where, to the number of four thousand, they inhabited the valleys inclining towards the Dead Sea, in the triangle comprised between the river Kedron, Hebron and Bethlehem.

"Such is the Essenian : large and half-veiled figure, symbol of the secular travail which agitates and mingles the religions, the philosophies and the races of the ancient oriental world, presage of the new order of things which this travail will bring forth. Like the luminous vapours which precede the appearance of the sun, and vanish in his rays, the historian sees it rising on the threshold of Christianity, and then disappear immediately before the triumph of the Crucified, leaving scarcely a fugitive trace in the memory of men."

Now let us turn to the Therapeutæ. At the same epoch, but in Egypt, on the borders of Lake Mœris, they served God and healed man : their name seeming to combine both meanings. Philo places the principal establishment of the Therapeutæ on the very site of the flourishing convent of Nitria at the end of the second century. They were in

many respects like the monastic institute in its best day: a school of moral science and the pursuit of perfection, engaged in incessant conflict with the flesh, and in unwearied worship of God. They condemned slavery, as being contrary to the natural law; they recognised no other distinction among each other than that of age, and no other superiority than that of virtue. They partook of a common repast, which was regarded as the religious act *par excellence*, and had strong resemblance to that which was celebrated among the first Christians. The Therapeutæ also were altogether weaned from bloody sacrifices: thus resembling the Essenes, and both resembling Christians. Moreover, the celebrations connected with the rite—the chants, the preaching, the fêtes, ablutions and choral evolutions—forecast in their numerous details the later ceremonial of the mass. Philo, their historian, gives many indications of the close affinity between their current language and that of the early Christians. A few extracts from his sketch of them will illustrate this:

“These solitaries,” he says, “come to the convent of Lake Moeris to die to the world and commence a new and a blessed life. . . . In order to reach by meditation the direct contemplation of the Being (for such is the ultimate and supreme end of their desires *they forsake all, country, friends, riches, wives and children. . . . Of what avail are perishable goods and temporal affections to him who seeks to attain sovereign fruition, and drink of the intoxicating cup of Divine love! . . .* Shut up in their oratories and monasteries, they use all the day for prayer, for composing pious hymns, for commenting on the Bible, and for contemplating the infinite and ineffable perfection of Him who is. At night only do they concede to the body a few cares and slender nourishment. . . . They live on vegetables and bread; their drink is fresh water. Women are admitted to follow their rule. The greater part are aged. *All are virgins.* Very different from the priestesses condemned among the Greeks to chastity, these practise continence out of the love of wisdom. They have renounced for ever the pleasures of the body; they aspire, not to carnal generation, but to that celestial generation granted to souls taken up by God. The seed which impregnates them is the intellectual rays of the Father on high.”

Two things require consideration. First, what formed this Jewish monachism to a system so foreign to the genius of Judaism? And secondly, what was its relation to Christianity?

There can be little doubt that this spirit of asceticism came originally from the East. Even before the captivity, the Semitico-Aryan civilisation of the borders of the Tigris and Euphrates had made its influence felt in Palestine. There entered more or less into the Jewish mind the conception of intermediate powers between the Creator and the universe; the anticipatory belief in a Being very near to God, who was the supreme Mediator, holding the Divine attributes as it were by delegation; the notion of a distinction between two groups of beings, good and evil, which, over man, and around him, and within him, contend for ever, and have for the symbol of their contest man's body and soul. Here was the foundation of asceticism; laid in the Rabbinical schools, but finding its expression in history among the sects to which our attention is now directed.

When the Alexandrian colony was detached from Palestinian Judaism, Mosaism, violated in its cradle, was between two influences. Already deeply influenced by the Assyrian ideas, it also had the Græco-Roman Paganism appealing to it in the most impressive manner. With what effect may be seen in the learning of the Jew Aristobulus, in the translation of the Scriptures, in the cultivation and pure style of Philo, almost a rival of Plato, and in the general philosophic cultivation of the school of Alexandria. Here we must quote a fine passage :

“The character of this Judaism, which bordered on heterodoxy, fitted it to bring about the approximation of all the doctrines and all the races of the entire world. The situation of Alexandria, on the confines of East and West, destined it to be the theatre of this approximation and combination. The condition of the Jews, dispersed throughout the provinces, from the Euphrates to the Tiber, from Babylon to Rome; that of the Alexandrian Jews in particular, who had the monopoly of the navigation of the Nile, that is of the entire traffic with the extreme East, and whose vessels furrowed in all senses the Mediterranean, made them the natural vehicle for the exchange and propagation of ideas. Their proselytism had energetic organs, long before prepared, in the numerous marts sown all along the coasts of the Mediterranean, in the little colonies which cropped up in the merchant cities of Greece, Italy, the Isles, and Asia. Finally, the great philosophical labour of the three centuries of the Alexandrian school armed this proselytism, in the event of its abandoning the straight ways of ancient Mosaism, with an elevated *Æsthetic*, a pure *Morality*, and a profound *Metaphysic*. And all took place accordingly. Christianity found in the writings of this school a Biblical *exegesis*

quite ready, an extensive sketch of a Theodicy, a perfect vocabulary intelligible to the Greek world. Origen and Clement, the first and perhaps the most illustrious fathers of the Greek Church, are the direct disciples of Philo."

We should prefer to say "the indirect disciples." They knew St. John and St. Paul still better than they knew Philo, as every page of their writings proves. But, leaving this, it is obvious that all that is said in the eloquent passage which we have condensed does not account for the peculiarities of the Therapeutæ. There are still other currents of influence: for instance, from Egypt itself and from India.

The Jewish colony of Egypt, so plastic to all foreign influences, was not inaccessible to the influences of its own adopted country. There are traces still extant of monastic establishments in Egypt before the Therapeutæ; especially on the Serapium or temple of Memphis. These devotees, however, had priestly functions, which of course could not be assumed by Jews far from their one and only temple. Nor is there any direct proof of any imitation, though it is obviously to be inferred that there was some affinity between the older and the later system. As to the influence of India, M. Em. Burnouf has striven hard to show that the religious and philosophical doctrines of India had very much to do with the development of the Jewish school of Alexandria.

"Although history is dumb as to the relations between India and Egypt, it is difficult, according to M. E. Burnouf, to deny these relations. Philo, he adds, names Buddha; the doctrine of the *Cramanas* was celebrated and appreciated in Alexandria and in all the eastern parts of the Roman Empire. The Veda was known in the Greek world before the coming of Jesus Christ. There are in the Orphic verses passages which were translated word for word from the hymns of the Veda.

"Be it as it may, the analogy between Jewish monachism and Buddhist monachism authorises us in asking the question whether the Essenes and the Therapeutæ did not spring from an imitation of the religious customs of India. We might perhaps mark in the rites of the two Jewish sects details very minute, completely foreign to Mosaicism, the origin of which might be readily explained by the theory of a borrowing from the Hindoo rites. Let us add that the conception of God in Philo presents this remarkable circumstance, that it allies with the Mosaic monotheism a Pantheism most nearly allied to that of the religious books of India. The

influence of which we speak appears, according to many, in a yet more decisive form in the doctrines and rites of Christianity; the ritual of our churches, according to them, has been to a great extent derived from Buddhist ceremony. All this demands further and deeper investigation; up to the present time we are reduced to faint gleams which, far from dissipating uncertainty, seem to render more visible the darkness of history.

"The upshot of all is that Jewish monachism derived its character from a wide variety of influences. On the trunk of ancient Mosaic doctrine it grafted slips from almost every tree of heathen philosophy and religion. Aryan and Semitic traditions strangely blend; and the result is one of the most strange composites of ancient times: a kind of life in which contemplation, meditation, study, devotion, and practical piety unite to put on some of their loveliest, and at the same time some of their most repulsive forms."

Before considering more particularly the relation of Jewish monachism to Christianity it is necessary to consider the relation of each of its two branches to the other. The following passage will scarcely bear compression; it tells us all we need know on the subject.

"In reading Philo's *Contemplative Life*, which describes the Therapeutæ, we might think ourselves shut up in one of those hermitages of the Thebaid which have made Egyptian Christianity memorable. We see there religious saints who divide up their lives between the ardours of prayer and the calm of study; they copy and comment on Scripture, compose hymns or prayers destined to enrich the collection of the sect. Their long beards, their rough garments, their countenances sharpened by austerity, their modest and grave attitudes, all testify their contempt for the body and the devotion which they have pledged to the spirit. They are sober, chaste, and pious. God is their only thought: it is to Him they refer everything, pleasure and pain, joy and sadness. Let us follow them to the temple; there are the alternating and majestic chants, the choral evolutions, the devout harangues, the edifying lessons, the sacred banquet apparently of the Christian worship. Among them you will remark veiled virgins: mystic and tender souls, they have disdained the world to retire into the shade and solitude of the cloister for consecration to the Divine service. God has become their Spouse; from this union come to them ineffable pleasures, unknown to those who live after the flesh."

This is a clear account of the Therapeutæ, and is more than sustained by the language of Philo's treatise on the *Contemplative Life*, which is an enthusiastic tribute to their excellences. Now for the Essenes:

"Open now Josephus, or that other treatise of Philo entitled *Every Good Man Free*, and the scene changes. We are among the monks of Judea, on the borders of the desert, in the midst of one of those cultivated valleys which incline towards the Dead Sea. A multitude of labourers meet our view : some cultivating the soil, sowing it with useful seeds or drawing from it abundant harvests, and some attending to fruit trees ; some pasturing cattle, and others caring for bees ; some weaving wool or making linen stuffs ; some, finally, attending to matters of daily necessity. Before going to work, that is, before sunrise, they pray ; labour is not interrupted save for prayer ; their meals are taken in silence and constitute a religious ceremony of the highest importance. When evening comes each of the cenobites regains the solitary grotto which gives him shelter from the inclemency of the climate."

In both alike there is a doctrine derived from asceticism : celibacy is honoured, sobriety is a law, clothing and lodging are reduced to the strictest limits of necessity, pleasure is counted the most dangerous enemy whether of body or of soul. But, on this common basis, there is a difference in the superstructure. Palestinian monasticism, more conformed to the spirit and traditions of Judaism, approached nearer to the conditions of the practical life. The Essenes did not profess for riches the same absolute contempt which the Therapeutæ exhibited. Entering the society they did not leave to their friends or to their relations, but to their community, the property they renounced. Their devotion was not so rigorous : it allied itself with occupations which tended to subserve material wants. They combated the flesh with less exasperation : marriage was tolerated in a certain part of the community. The letter of the law seemed to bind them more expressly : their ablutions were frequent, and the observance of the Sabbath strict to such a degree that they suspended, on that day, the satisfaction of their physical needs. In short, the Therapeutæ were more Gracised than their Palestinian brethren ; and their ceremonial had considerable analogy with rites which were imported from Asia into Greece about the sixth century before our era. The Pythagorean doctrine of numbers especially reappears in Egypt, but not in Palestine.

Now we must turn to the relation of this system, with its two branches, to Christianity. Our philosophical historian turns to the subject with this suggestive preliminary remark :

"We are wrong in thinking that the originality and dignity of Christianity are interested in this debate. Under peril of stifling the germs sown by them, the first evangelists could not give to Jesus as disciples ascetics and solitaries. The rising religion needed something besides delicate and subtle speculations, erudite commentaries, assiduous macerations, for conquering the world: it needed the love of the Master, faith and especially works; it needed those ardent proselytes of whom St. Paul will remain ever the immortal type."

The solution of the question as to the relation of Jewish monachism to Christianity is one of great interest and of some importance. In deciding upon it we have scarcely any light from antiquity. Josephus speaks of it only in two or three passages. Pliny barely touches it. Philo of Alexandria gives a sketch of the Essenes and a fuller description of the Therapeutæ; but by some this later work is regarded with suspicion. There are, as usual in such matters, two extreme opinions: the truth lying probably between these.

The first is that which M. Salvador has spent so much pains upon in his work on *Jésus Christ et Sa Doctrine*. He aims to establish that Christianity was the necessary product of a combination of Greek ideas with the old principles of Judaism. He lays much stress on the book of wisdom of Jesus, son of Sirach: the evangelists, he thinks, found there all the principles on which this new law was founded. He dwells much also on the writings of Philo, a philosopher whose birth was thirty years before that of Jesus Christ: his writings contained, he thinks, in an elegant form and one likely to fascinate the Greeks, all the doctrinal and ethical elements of Christianity. In regard to our two branches of Jewish monachism, M. Salvador gathers from the writings of Philo and Josephus that they realised in full the Christian institution and life before the preaching of the Gospel. In other words, Christianity had its immediate or proximate origin in Essenism and Therapeutism.

The opposite of this is the hypothesis of which M. Lenormant is the ablest representative: that Philo was probably a converted Jew, who had been a catechumen of St. Peter; that the Therapeutæ formed an early eastern church; and that the Jewish monachism was simply the early and vigorous beginning of the Christian institute, which soon afterwards flourished so wonderfully in the Thebaid. This

theory saves the originality of the Gospel. It cuts every bond that connects Christianity with the past through the mediation of the Judaism that immediately preceded the Redeemer. It has been set forth under various forms in modern times; and its defenders hold very different opinions, as it respects the testimony of Philo. But it is only fair to say that it has the early tradition of the fathers, following Eusebius, in its favour.

There can be no doubt as to the fact that there are striking analogies between Jewish Monachism and Christianity. Those who make them altogether independent of each other are as far from the truth as those who place them in relation of cause and effect. We may accept those analogies and account for them without interfering with the originality of Christianity. This Divine institute for man's redemption had its points of contact with both ancient and modern Mosaism, with Essenism, with Alexandrian monachism, with the school of Philo, and even with Greek philosophy. But it is as far as heaven above earth from being one with any of these. There is a better way of accounting for the resemblances than that of making Christianity either an elaborate and designed development or an accidental and happy variation of the Jewish society system. We may give a good explanation of the characteristics they have in common, without adopting the theory that John the Baptist was an Essene, whose relations to the community the New Testament has concealed; that, during our Lord's youth and especially during His forty days in the wilderness He Himself was instructed by the Baptist, and improved upon His instruction by reading the Essenian system of doctrine, discipline, and practice; that in His instructions He skilfully taught the ascetic principles to those who were capable of receiving them as an esoteric doctrine, while making His Gospel more free to sinners generally; that, after His pretended death and resurrection, He took refuge in an Essenian monastery, whence He occasionally issued for another mystic term of forty days, and into which he finally retired, ascending only into the secrecy of the mountains near the Dead Sea; and, finally, that His disciples were some of them ignorant of this and others purposely concealed it, thus uniting to bring about the remarkable suppression of the name whether of Essenian or of Therapeute in the early documents of Christianity.

The resemblances alluded to may be thus summarised. Many of them will strike the attention at once without being specially indicated.

The Essenian system of morals was remarkable. According to Philo it was condensed into one axiom: "to love God, to love man, and to love virtue." Our Lord reduced all religion, whether in obedience to the Law or as Christian perfection of virtue, to two things, the love of God and the love of man. He, indeed, like His apostle after Him, reduced all to one commandment of love, making the love of God the first commandment, from obedience to which, in the form of love to Himself, all other obedience would flow. Here, indeed, is a remarkable coincidence between the Essenian ethics and the Christian. But it must be observed that the resemblance is more apparent than real. Christianity knows nothing of a third love as such: the love of virtue. Such an abstract love is not in the Christian code, nor could it be. There is no virtue but in God; nor is there love but to persons. And, moreover, the precept of the love of God and the neighbour was in the Hebrew code from the beginning. The Essene did well in bringing it from its obscurity, though not well in adding to its sacred formula. Our Lord brought it out of obscurity too; but He did what the Essene did not: He gave it its profound spiritual signification, and delivered it as an injunction to love Himself, thereby keeping both commandments in one, for He is God and He is man.

The equality which Essenism laid so much stress upon has its parallel also in Christianity. Humility, self-sacrifice, simplicity of aim, submission to menial offices for the good of others, abandonment of property, renunciation of kindred, and absorption in the household of faith and obedience to God,—are all prescriptions and demands of Christianity, which were current in both branches of the Jewish monachism. A superficial glance at the collation of the two systems will produce the impression that there must have been something more than coincidence here. Some of the favourite maxims of the Essenes seem literally reproduced among the writers of the New Testament. But, when we examine more closely, we find that what in the Jewish sects was an outward and rigorous bondage to the externality of sacrifice was in Christianity the submission of the free spirit to the

yoke of a heavenly Master, "meek and lowly in heart," whose "yoke was easy, and His burden light." It is true that Christian monachism afterwards emulated the Jewish. But from the beginning it was not so. Our Saviour did not lay down the Counsels of Perfection as containing His will for the voluntary seclusion of a portion of His more elevated and ambitious disciples. Asceticism was the discipline of the imitation of His sacred character. The monastery was the pavilion of His presence in the world, and yet not of it. The community of goods was not a law of Christ. There is not a solitary hint of His will to found a cenobite institute. Jewish Monachism anticipated Christianity by bringing into prominence some invaluable characteristics of virtue. But it missed its way in their application.

The Christian system and the Essene might seem to be one in the abolition of oaths, in the abandonment of the temple and the bloody sacrifices. At least, it is customary to lay much stress upon these points of affinity between the two systems. The resemblance is exceedingly striking in some respects. But it is no longer a resemblance when we look more deeply into the genius of the two systems. The Essenian abjuration of the oath—so to speak—was fanatical. Our Lord interdicted the needless and profane oath, and showed the evil in it from which the Christian spirit would necessarily deliver its votary. But He and His followers were not Essenian in their own conduct. As an Essene Jesus could not have acted as He acted on His trial; nor could the Apostle Paul after Him. As to the abandonment of the temple, it is true that the Lord and the Essene were at one in regarding the reign of sacrifices as over. But the difference was infinite between their respective reasons for this.

As to another point we may quote M. Delaunay to advantage: it is one that has much importance at the present time.

"We find in the Gospels only very summary hints as to the nature and attributes of the soul, and as to the mode of its ultra-terrestrial existence. Nevertheless, we meet among the Christians of early days some very precise and detailed doctrines on these subjects. This is very remarkable, and is to be explained only by the fact of an oral tradition from the lips of Jesus, transmitted through the medium of the apostolical generation to the first doctors of the new law.

"Be that as it may, there is to us a great interest in establishing among the Essenians the existence of beliefs conformed to those of Christianity. Josephus was vividly impressed with this peculiarity of the Essenian doctrine. 'Among the Essenes,' he says, 'there was a fixed opinion that bodies are perishable, that their matter may be annihilated, but that souls are imperishable. Issuing from the purest regions of the ether, they have been inclosed in the bonds of bodies as in a prison-house, drawn as it were by a natural charm to form these conjunctions. When delivered from the bondage of the flesh, as if released from long slavery, they disport joyously in free space. Following a theory conformed to that of the Greeks, they suppose that pious souls have an abode beyond the ocean, where neither snow, nor rain, nor heat trouble them. As to the souls of the ungodly, they are relegated to a region under the earth, the theatre of eternal punishments.' Now there can be no doubt that Jesus taught this doctrine. The punishment is different, but the doctrine agrees on two cardinal points: the immortality of the soul, and the eternity of punishment and reward. And even the terms of Josephus resemble those in the Apocalypse."

But it must not be forgotten that Christianity never taught any such doctrines of the alliance between the soul and body; that it never vacillated as to the reality of the resurrection; and that it introduced the new and glorious element of an ordeal of judgment between the sins of time and the retributions of eternity.

Among the Essenes the common repast was the religious *act par excellence*, the most important part of their worship. It was their testimony of gratitude towards the heavenly Father from whom we receive all things, and also the symbol of human fraternity. Before sitting down to the table, they proceeded to mystical ablutions: symbol of the purity of heart which they must bring to the sacred banquet. They clothed themselves in white garments for the same purpose. Before eating they engaged in prayer. After the prayer of the president, who invoked the Divine benediction on the aliments, the bread was broken. During the repast, conversation turned on profitable topics, and such as tended to inspire piety and virtue. Among the Therapeutes were found the same mystic festivity, surrounded by special and significant ceremonial. It is obvious to everyone that there are some points of connection here between the Essenes and the early Christians. Nothing in connection with the customs of Jewish monachism was more remarkable; nothing is so difficult of solution. Many attempts have

been made to trace these usages. Some make them copies of the Christian pattern. Some make them the origin of the Christian usage. Philo regarded them as a remembrance of the ancient table of the shewbread. To us it seems that the passover also was remembered, and that the blessing of daily bread was an act which would naturally be carried over from the usages of Judaism, earlier and later, into the practice of any sect of the severer sort.

On another topic, which occupies a considerable place in the modern dissertations, we must once more let M. Delaunay speak.

"Excommunication of which Ananias and Sapphira were, in the Church of Jerusalem, the first victims, was practised also among the Essenes. They administered justice within, and had their own tribunals. But that the sentence might be definitive, it was necessary that the number of judges should be at least one hundred. At the outset, the churches had the same kind of interior jurisdiction. St. Paul, in his epistles, recommends that Christian quarrels be not carried before the Gentiles. At a later time the general assembly of the Christians, unable to undertake all the causes, delegated its powers either to a tribunal which took the name of the tribunal of penitence, or to an *Episcopus*, or to a *Presbyter*, called then a *Confessor*, because it was customary to denounce faults publicly. 'Among the Essenes,' Josephus says, 'those who commit grave faults are cast out of the sect. Most generally, a fearful death awaits the delinquents. These obligations and their rites constrain them, in fact, to refuse the nourishment which the charitable hand of a stranger might offer. They are reduced to live on roots, and thus die of hunger and exhaustion. It sometimes happens that the Essenes themselves take pity, and admit them to reconciliation at the moment when they are about to render up their last breath.'

Then follows a long essay on the oath taken before the mystical repast, and on many other points of analogy between the initiation of the Therapeutes and that of the early Christians. On the whole subject there is this one remark to be made: the resemblance is found only by comparison with the later Christianity of the second century, when it is far from improbable that Jewish monachism had, in common with other similar influences, done much to corrupt the simplicity of Christian usage. The terrible judgment that fell on the first typical hypocrites of the Christian Church was not an act of ecclesiastical excommunication.

The important question returns on us. There are so many points of analogy between Jewish monachism and primitive Christianity that the conclusion seems obvious: Christianity loses its claim to originality; being only another form of Essenism, which however was lost or swallowed up in the nobler system to which it gave birth, devoured by its own offspring. But this question, which is here discussed at some length, cannot be decided otherwise than by negating the conclusion. The differences are numerous and very deep: some of them are here indicated.

The Essenes belonged to a sect still imbued, in spite of the beauty of its morality, with certain principles and prejudices which condemned it ever to the narrowness and barrenness of sectarian life. For instance, it imposed on its adepts the sacramental obligation of keeping its dogmas and its teaching secret. Now the Christians opened to the whole world the doors of its temple; it sowed with full hands and everywhere the treasures of its glad tidings. The horizon of the Essenes and the Therapeutæ never went beyond the precincts of the convent. Their virtue was strict but strait, their devotion was never untainted by fanaticism and exclusiveness. The faith of the Christian embraced humanity, and made him a citizen of the world. Founding the kingdom of God, the Saviour first of all invited into it the humble and meek; all who groaned under the burden of life. He founded a society in the bosom of which the distinctions of caste and of race are suppressed, in which love unlimited is proclaimed as a duty, becomes its own recompense and constitutes the sanction of the law.

It is true that Christianity, at its dawn, preserved some traits of Jewish monachism. The Church at Jerusalem, the cradle of Christianity, was a kind of Essenian convent. But soon, yielding to the irresistible expansion of the living forces which it carried within its bosom, it went on until it overturned all obstacles and filled the world.

The Essenes and the Therapeutæ bewildered themselves in the subtilties of refined commentary; and, like the Cabalists, found in most puerile expedients a refuge from the obligations of an inflexible text. But the Christian was emancipated from the letter which kills, and soared on the wings of the Spirit which was life. He revered doctrine, but made that subordinate to a higher aim: the

practical works of religion were beyond all things important to him. Without altogether breaking with tradition, Christianity burst through its restraint, and proclaimed that all ancient types and figures were summed up and accomplished in Christ Jesus. It was delivered altogether from those practices, obsolete and vain, of ancient Mosaism to which the Essenes were to a great extent devoted; it did not introduce into the observance of the Sabbath the same rigour; it did not entertain the same horror of meats reputed unclean; it did not enter with the same avidity into petty theological disputations about the virtue of external practices. In short, the Christian came out of that isolation which, among the ancient writers, made the Jew odious and suspected.

Much stress has been laid by those who would derive Christianity from Jewish monachism on the analogy or resemblance suggested by the sacred feasts common to the two. It does not seem so strange that those authors should use this argument who look merely at the simplicity of the institution of the Supper in the New Testament, or who add only the very earliest traditional Christian celebration. But it is surprising that Romanists should be desirous of linking Therapeutism with Christianity. Between the solemn and joyful repast of the Jewish societies and the tremendous mystery of the Roman ritual—from which the feast as such has long vanished, and with which the notion of a common feast cannot comport—there is hardly the faintest analogy. We, with our views of the Holy Supper, see indeed some analogy; but, at the same time, such differences as to render the notion of any common bond between these societies and Christianity simply incredible. Both the Essenes and the Therapeutes adhered to the ancient Jewish covenant feast, while they renounced everything sacrificial which gave that feast its value.

Two things, in particular, essential to the Christian Supper, are absolutely wanting in the observances of the Jewish ascetics. First, the Christian institute was one which derived its importance from its relation to the Person of Christ. "This do in remembrance of me!" Those who sate down at the Essenian festival remembered no human head, not even Moses. There cannot be sifted out of their traditions any, even the faintest, indication that they thought of anything past, present, or future,

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but the temporal goodness of God. They had no knowledge of the Messiah as come or coming. The Messianic hope seemed to have died out in them. Thus, most strangely while they aspired to the highest realisation of the sanctity of the Israelite religion they had suffered to escape that which was its glory, its Messianic hope. And in another respect they showed their degeneracy from Hebraisms, and, at the same time, the difference between their feast and the Christian Eucharist. They abominated sacrifice as contrary to the will of God; whereas the Christian institute was established to keep in everlasting remembrance the fact that by sacrifice, and that of precious blood, man lives.

The only other point of difference—one, moreover, that is absolutely decisive—is hinted at by our author; but has not full justice done it. The words he uses, however, are remarkable:

“Essenism is a collective work, an anonymous creation. On the contrary, in the person of Jesus are concentrated all the grand inspirations which assure to Christianity the conquest of the human race. In the cloister of Lake Maria, in the convents of Palestine there reigns a preoccupation of equality which absorbs the individual and reduces all to a level. The first word of Christ, “I am your Master and your only Master,” did not come from an Essenian; it is repugnant to the spirit of the sect. It is in the enthusiastic love which unites the disciples of Jesus to their Master that we must seek the moral grandeur of Christianity and the secret of its high destinies. This love identifies with the Master the most humble of His faithful ones; it suppresses space and defies time. There is nothing like this with the Essenian and with the Therapeute; we see among them a tradition slowly and minutely formed, and transmitted with cold and scrupulous fidelity. Their attachment to the Law is rather obstinate, than enlightened; their equality is inferior and hard; their virtue becomes almost merely a question of time; their science is not without vanity nor is their humility without pride.

“Everything that Jesus touches He transforms, purifies, idealises, penetrating the whole with the effluence of His ardent charity. The poverty, the piety, the humility of the Essenian, among these sectarian virtues, become, passing through him, human virtues. The sacred banquet is no longer limited to a symbol of human fraternity, an act of gratitude towards God, it is the fusion of hearts affected by the omnipotent rays of their Master's love.”

Hence then it appears, after all that has been said, that

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there exists between Jewish monachism and primitive Christianity a remarkable community of ideas, of doctrines, of practices, and of rites. Moreover, it cannot be doubted that the one society was in a peculiar chronological relation to the other; as it were in direct sequence if not filiation. On the other hand, all must admit that the differences are so great and so vital that Christianity cannot be derived from that Jewish phenomenon; even if it adopted anything belonging to it the transformation was so great as to give the character of novelty and originality to the result.

If we adopt the conclusion, to which a careful examination of all the facts seems to conduct us, that the two systems were altogether independent of each other, we are led to admire the mysteries of Divine Providence in this new characteristic of the fulness of time. That St. Paul knew of the existence of Essenism there can be no question. He had been trained in the knowledge of all the later developments of Judaism. And we may suppose that the peculiar Pharisaism of this sect was in his thoughts when he wrote certain passages of the epistles to the Colossians, and the Corinthians, and to Timothy. To what extent the sacrifice of Christ on the cross was a stumbling-block to these devotees we can gather from their recorded opposition to the idea of sacrifice in every form. St. Paul had them, doubtless, in view, though he never mentions them. Why he never mentions them may be explained by a reference to his general reticence on all such matters. Rather, it will need no explanation to one who observes the apostle's general habit. He does not mention the other sects of modern Judaism, save when he had a personal or an apologetic object in view. The name of the Pharisees is as it were extorted from him in self-defence. We should not from his writings gather that Pharisees and Sadducees were so prominent and so contrasted as they were. The Essenians, mediating between them as they did, might easily pass unnoticed. So also the philosophical sects of Hellenism, with which the Jewish monastic confederacies were closely connected, are left unmentioned by St. Paul, though we find him several times on the very verge of allusion to some of them. The fact is that he, like all the other apostles, and like their common Master, is under the over-mastering influence of one great Cause, before which all the rivalries and mutual relations of Judaic and Gentile sects vanished into the merest insignificance.

But to return. The fulness of time was marked by this, as well as by some other phenomena: that Judaism itself had in its purest ethical forms outlived its Messianic hopes, and surrendered itself to a contempt of other men and other systems, while itself bereft of everything that gave it its pre-eminence. Christianity and Essenism came into the world together, so to speak: the latter being the final development of the ancient economy without the guidance and control of the Holy Spirit of Christian preparation; the former the full and consummate perfection of the ancient revelation of Christ 'complete in Him.'

We must give the testimony with which M. Delaunay himself closes the subject, in his own words.

"Those who heap page on page to show that Christianity has its roots everywhere, that the Hellenic books, like the Vedas and the Zend-avesta, opened its way and proclaimed many of the truths which it teaches, do not perceive that they exalt and magnify the institution instead of minifying it. They make evident the fact that the providential plan, from the origin of the world, caused all the efforts of humanity to converge towards the great revelation of which Christianity was to be the theatre, and the race of Abraham the instrument marvellously prepared. M. Havet does not deceive himself when he discovers in Hellenism an element, the tendencies of which go straight towards Christianity. The phenomenon is not limited to Greece. M. Havet will find it also in Egypt, in Alexandria, in Persia, in India. It could not be otherwise, since Christianity is the most elevated formula of the religious sentiment in humanity, a formula which, embracing all, has transformed and has magnified all.

"In the eyes of the philosophical historian, the originality of Christianity does not consist in the fact that it resembles nothing that had preceded it, that it has drawn nothing from human media; it resides in the fact that it has purified, co-ordinated, synthesised the results of all *anterior progress*. For the philosopher its divinity, what we may call its grand miracle, is evidenced in the circumstance that it has vivified scattered elements, condemned to be, without it, inert and barren matter. Without Christianity, Judaism, despite its proselytising ardour, remained the religion of a few men, hated and persecuted; the sublime pages of Plato were given up to the exclusive admiration of refined men of letters; the theories of Philo on the logos did not descend from the heights of cosmogony and metaphysics; biblical exegesis remained a *jeu d'esprit* destined to enlarge, by artifice, a text too narrow; the doctrine and the rites of the anchorites of Judea and of the Alexandrian ascetics never would have issued from

the bosom of the monastery, and would have been extinguished fruitlessly in the interior of a sect shut in.

"Zoroaster and Buddha, Pythagoras, Socrates and Plato, Moses and Pluto, great names which symbolise ages and peoples, philosophies and religions, are then, in different ways, the precursors of Jesus. They all move on towards Him; they announce Him. If they do not all equally anticipate Him, they all suppose Him nevertheless. They prepare deeply the soil which must, to be productive, receive the celestial dew of which Scripture speaks."

These are words both of truth and of soberness. With them we leave the subject, on the very threshold of it, however. Since writing these few notices of M. Delaunay's book, Dr. Lightfoot's commentary on the Colossians has reached us. Among its dissertations there is an essay on the Essenes, which is without doubt the most complete view of them that our language possesses. Our rough notes, which have taken a more general view of that Jewish monachism of which the Essenian system was only a part, will serve as an introduction to the elaborate dissertation of that work.

LITERARY NOTICES.

I. THEOLOGICAL.

DR. TREGELLES.

The Western Weekly News. May 1, 1875.

SINCE our last issue, England has lost her most eminent Biblical critic: Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, a man whose universal sacred learning, and contributions to the criticism of the text of the New Testament in particular, placed him among the foremost of European names. He lived and laboured in comparative obscurity; but his weight had long been felt at home and abroad, perhaps more abroad than at home.

Dr. Tregelles was born at Falmouth in 1818, and consequently was removed at the comparatively early age of sixty-two. His family belonged to the Society of Friends, and among them he had his early training. Though he did not himself adhere to the Society, its stamp remained upon him, as is generally the case, through life. His steady, independent, and straightforward integrity and devotion to the public good was the application of a lesson taught him from infancy. His religious character was much influenced by the Plymouth Brethren; and to them also he owed much that distinguished him in later times: a keen eye for the interior and more spiritual meaning of the Scriptures, to the text and letter of which his life was devoted; a restless ardour in the interpretation of the prophetic word; and other things familiar to those who have read his works. But he was repelled from the Brethren by much that he could not approve. Their place was not taken by any other religious body. He never attached himself to any community or any communion of the Christian Church. It may be that his doctrinal views, though strictly evangelical, were not formulated with sufficient clearness to allow him frankly and honestly to subscribe any standards or occupy any ministerial position. Suffice that he remained one of that large class of godly men who remain outside of the pale of church fellowship as commonly understood, and was content with a catholic sympathy ready for all true Christians, and a never-failing devotion to Christ Himself.



The following account of the literary labours of Dr. Tregelles we extract from the journal mentioned at the head of our notice :—

"He devoted himself to his special branch of Christian labour with earnest zeal and unbounded self-sacrifice. He lived for his home and his work, and in the performance of that work was distinguished not less by the most scrupulous exactitude, and the most cautious and careful reasoning, than by the courage with which he assailed difficulties and accepted conclusions when satisfied of the evidence in their favour—confident that truth from truth had nothing to fear.

"Dr. Tregelles's life from his youth up was that of a student, and more than half of it was spent in advancing one object—the preparation of a critical edition of the Greek New Testament. It was so far back as 1838 that he conceived the plan of his great work, and he had then paid for years considerable attention to the textual criticism of the Scriptures. He then proposed—First, 'To form a text on the authority of ancient copies, without allowing the "received text" any prescriptive right; second, to give to the ancient versions a determining voice as to the insertion or non-insertion of clauses, &c., letting the order of words, &c., rest wholly upon the MSS.; third, to give the authorities for the text used for the various readings clearly and accurately, so that the reader might at once see what rests upon ancient evidence.' In August 1838, a specimen was issued from the epistle to the Colossians; and from that time, as opportunity offered, the work was continued, the idea gradually obtaining more definite form, until in June, 1844, Dr. Tregelles published an edition of the Revelations with various readings, and publicly announced his intention of issuing an edition of the Greek New Testament. He then gave himself up almost entirely to this great undertaking. In order that he might himself collate the ancient Uncial MSS. (*i. e.* the earliest; written in capitals), he went abroad in October, 1845. One of his principal objects was the collation of the famous MS. in the Vatican. He spent five months in Rome, but failed to obtain his desire. He saw the MS. occasionally, but was not allowed to transcribe any part. Nevertheless, he read many passages, and contrived to record several important readings—making, we believe, an occasional note on his nails. The Vatican was the only place where Dr. Tregelles encountered this dog-in-the-manger policy. At the Augustinian Monastery in Rome, at Florence, Modena, Venice, Munich, Basle, Paris, and other places he was received most courteously, and had every facility afforded him. His plan was to compare each MS. with a copy of the same edition of the Greek Testament; and so to mark the variations that he could produce the copy of every text that he collated line for line. He also traced a page of each MS. in fac-simile. More than three years were spent in collation without bringing it to its

close; and Dr. Tregelles then, in 1848—ten years after the first conception—issued the prospectus of his Greek Testament (to which he prefixed an historical sketch of the printed text), and stated his chief object to be ‘to give the text on the authority of the oldest MSS. and versions, so as to present, as far as possible, the text commonly received in the fourth century, always stating what authorities support and what oppose the text given.’

“Nine more years elapsed before the first part of the work—the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Mark—was issued. The labour involved had been gigantic, and ‘weariness of mind and eyes’ had retarded its progress. And so year by year with untiring patience, the great scholar pursued his task. Another ten years elapsed—thirty from the time of the first inception—and still it remained uncompleted. At length it reached its close, and with it closed its author’s working life. He had barely completed the last chapters of Revelation when he was struck by paralysis, and the pen literally dropped from his hand. He never recovered from the effects of this attack, but, happily, the task was accomplished, and Tregelles’ Greek Testament remains for succeeding ages a worthy monument alike of his piety, scholarship, and toil.

“It must not be supposed that his Greek Testament absorbed all Dr. Tregelles’ energies. He was a prolific writer on kindred matters. The Introduction to the New Testament in Horne’s *Introduction to the Scriptures* is by him; and among his other publications may be mentioned his *Account of the Printed Text of the Greek New Testament*; *Historic Evidence of the New Testament*; *The Revelations*; the *Codex Zacynthius*; *Daniel’s Prophetic Visions*; *The Authenticity of the Book of Daniel*; *The Jansenists*; *Collation of the Critical Texts*; and various works on Hebrew, including an edition of *Gesenius’s Lexicon*.”

The mention of this last work gives us an opportunity of observing upon Dr. Tregelles’ great conscientiousness and ability as a translator and editor. He was in fact a pattern of what the editor of a neologian German author should be. His edition of Gesenius will not soon be superseded. “It has been a special object with the translator, to note the interpretations of Gesenius, which manifested neologian tendencies, in order that, by a remark, or by querying a statement, the reader may be put on his guard. And if any passages should remain unmarked, in which doubt is cast upon Scripture inspiration, or in which the New and Old Testaments are spoken of as discrepant, or in which mistakes and ignorance are charged upon the holy men of God who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost,—if any perchance remain in which these or any other neologian tendencies be left unnoticed—the translator wishes it distinctly to be understood that it is the effect of inadvertence alone, and not of design. This is a matter

in which he feels it needful to be most explicit and decided." Were this example generally followed—or, rather, were all the Germans in the hands of such editors—it would be well for us. A note on the same page of our Gesenius strikes us as characteristic of the singularly acute and simple-minded writer.

"The translator would here observe, though not immediately to the purpose, on the name *Shemitic*, which has been given by Gesenius and other scholars to that family of languages to which Hebrew belongs. This name has been justly objected to; for these languages were not peculiar to the race of Shem, nor yet co-extensive with them. The translator has ventured to adopt the term *Phenicio-Shemitic*, as implying the twofold character of the races who used these languages:—the Phœnician branch of the race of Ham, as well as the Western division of the family of Shem. This term, though only an approximation to accuracy, may be regarded as a qualification of the too general term *Shemitic*; and, in the present state of our knowledge, any approach to accuracy in nomenclature (where it does not interfere with well-known terms which custom has made familiar) will be found helpful to the student."

Of the spirit in which Dr. Tregelles laboured on his great work, the text of the Greek Testament, the following words from the Preface to St. John will give some indication. "Enough has now been stated to make the references in this part of my Greek Testament intelligible. I do not again repeat the principles of criticism which I believe to be true: I have often done this already, and it may be needful for me to do it again. I trust that my labours, now carried on for many years, have been, in measure at least, under the guidance of God, and that they have been followed by His blessing. I have sought to serve Christ in serving His Church, in labour connected with the text of Holy Scripture, the testimony of the Holy Ghost. There was a time when it seemed hopeless to gain the attention of those whom I wished to direct to a true apprehension of the value of ancient evidence as applied to the Sacred Text: *now*, not only has a hearing been gained, but there is a response for which I cannot be too thankful. In proof, I may refer to Dean Alford's fourth edition of the Gospels, and to the avowed principles of the Rev. B. F. Westcott and the Rev. F. J. A. Hort, as to the Greek New Testament they have in preparation: to both of these I must acknowledge my obligations for many acts of kindness; the latter has furnished me with valuable added references to Patristic citations, and other corrigenda; all of which will, I trust, be used in their places. I thus see far more likelihood of the adoption of true principles of textual criticism, than I could a few years ago have thought probable. In the result I most unfeignedly rejoice; even though my Greek Testament and the labour of my life becomes

merely one of the almost unnoticed steps by which the Hall of Truth is entered. Reverential Christian men of more learning, more sagacity, and more richly endowed with critical materials, may be able to accomplish more than I have done or ever can do ; but thus much will remain to me (and surely it is enough), that I have honestly and prayerfully toiled in the right direction, and this toil has not been wholly unsuccessful."

If Dr. Tregelles had lived a few years longer, or even had spent out the term of his threescore years and ten, he would, as we think, have been greatly rejoiced at witnessing the wonderful approximation of the Greek text towards perfection : a perfection to which he himself has not a little contributed. But he is gone, and not long before him his worthy German compeer, Tischendorf, rested from his severe labours. These two were, on the whole, the foremost textual critics of the age ; and it is very remarkable, and as satisfactory as remarkable, that the leading critics of the text were both in the front rank of Christian orthodoxy and evangelical devotion. This is a striking instance of the fact that curious investigation of the letter has no tendency to blunt sensibility to the spirit of the Word of God. Of course, no pursuits will interfere with true piety where it exists. But, more than that, the affectionate solicitude about the text of the Word of God is in itself of great price. It tends to impress on the student the fact of the wonderful supervision of Providence over His Word. He is brought as it were into contact, and that continually, with the minuteness of that providential care ; and sees as few others see how firm are the human and documentary foundations on which the faith of the Church rests.

EWALD.

ONE of the most industrious, learned, and belligerent of the German labourers in Biblical literature has also ceased from his labours during the quarter. Ewald was one of some three or four men whose names had become household words in England ; though it cannot be said that the general notion of him corresponded with the reality. He was a gigantic man ; but he was too thoroughly independent and isolated to be the idol or favourite of any party. He was claimed by none as a leader ; he offended almost all with whom he had to do. Moreover, his opinions were his own ; he was, strange to say, a vehement antagonist of the school of Hebraists which is most opposed to the authority of the Old Testament text ; but he was himself a very destructive expositor of Old Testament history. He was an opponent of the Tübingen school ; orthodox Christianity, nevertheless, owed him but little. His works will be wondered at for a long time ; more wondered at when they are seen in their completeness and

unity than they are now. But it is very probable that their contributions to Biblical literature will be absorbed into the labours of more popular men, and he himself will be in due time a great name and memory alone.

Heinrich Ewald was born at Göttingen, and displayed great ability as a young student. Before he had reached maturity he was a teacher in the Wolfenbüttel Gymnasium. In 1837 he went to Würtemberg, and taught for ten years in Tübingen, when he made himself a name and became the centre of a large number of enthusiastic disciples. He returned to Göttingen in 1848, and spent the remaining twenty-seven years of his life there, intermingling philosophy, theology, and politics in a more fantastic way than any other prominent character of the times.

The students of Hebrew owe a great deal to Ewald. As early as 1827 he published a critical Hebrew Grammar, in which he applied philosophic principles to the language, and struck out a path which many since have entered with good results. His grammar has gone through many forms and many editions, and is now one of the most ponderous books of the kind. Still, though his writing made an epoch in Hebrew grammar, and in Semitic philology generally, they will never take a permanent place among text books. His *History of the Hebrew People* is an immense work, which occupied him more than thirty years. We have had occasion more than once to do justice to the vigour and originality and vividness of Ewald's pictures of Hebrew history; and at the same time to exhibit the utter looseness and indeterminateness of his historical principles. In him the creative or inventive faculty, shown in the fertility of hypothesis, is simply ruinous to historical precision. With his commentaries on the Old Testament we are not acquainted sufficiently to pass judgment upon them.

His exposition of the Book of Job contains some noble vindications of the ancient doctrine of immortality; and generally it may be said that the tone of his mind qualified him to appreciate the higher and grander elements of religion in the Scriptures. In this respect he was immeasurably above most of his freethinking compeers. His heart was almost always right. His commentaries on the New Testament we have read with more or less care, especially those on St. Paul. Though he diverged very widely from the true view of the unity of St. Paul's writings, he nevertheless did much to resist the course of the destructive criticism of Baur and his followers, to whom the name of Ewald was a name of fear. His contribution to the settlement of the Johannean question, though not decisive in itself, and subject to many deductions, has laid Christian literature under a great obligation. Besides the works to which we have alluded, Ewald wrote an enormous quantity of miscellaneous articles, reviews, and disser-

tations on topics connected with Oriental languages and literature, in many departments besides Hebrew, and ranging over almost every subject of interest to either varied or profane learning.

If a fair opportunity occurs, we should be glad to say something more about this great and indefatigable critic. Meanwhile, it is not without a very mingled feeling that we recall his memory, and pay it our tribute. Ewald was a perfect specimen of the hardworking German student, whom no amount of labour appals, and whose seventh decade is as industrious as the third. The amount of material he collected in some half-dozen languages was enormous. The number of his own books was great, amounting to a little library. The mental work of his life, estimated in any way whatever, was something almost unparalleled. And Ewald did not pay the penalty which most of these multifarious and polyglot writers pay,—that of diluting their influence by spreading it over too wide a surface. He has left his broad, deep, and clear mark on many departments of learning. The knowledge of Hebrew is a very different thing from what it would have been had not Ewald lived. However much he owed to Gesenius and others, he proved himself a pure original. For ourselves, we value more than anything else we have of his, the writings on St. John, and think them a monument of ability and true learning which will not soon sink into the earth. But, after all, no work that Ewald did in the theological field will ever really advance the cause of truth: that is, they will not add anything not contributed by others. The value of his theology is negative: that of showing how much may be said in a latitudinarian spirit against the destructive. If all the voluminous writings of Ewald are sifted, there will be found no clear and pure theology; nor any such defences of the faith as will serve the cause of that stricter orthodoxy which we consider to be the hope of the Christian Church.

DR. FAIRBAIRN.

Pastoral Theology: A Treatise on the Office and Duties of the Christian Pastor. By the late Patrick Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of the Free Church College, Glasgow. With a Biographical Sketch of the Author by the Rev. James Dodds. Durham: Clark. 1875.

A VERY noble man, true Christian and useful writer, has been taken from the Free Church of Scotland and from the Christian world. Too soon, alas! after noticing his *Pastoral Epistles*, we are called upon to notice the *Pastoral Theology* as a posthumous work. Most of our ministerial readers will be likely to have access to this small and inexpensive volume, the value of which is great as prompting to earnest and conscientious attention to every detail of ministerial duty. The topics brought before us in it

cannot, however, be treated in a short notice: they will be referred to at another time. For the present it will be only a due tribute to this honoured name if we give—especially for the sake of some readers whom the volume is not likely, on account of its professional character, to reach—a few particulars of Dr. Fairbairn's life, mainly drawn from the interesting sketch in this volume.

He was born at Hallyburton, Berwickshire, in 1805, and proceeded to the University of Edinburgh in 1818, much too early for his subsequent scholarship. His progress was slow and sure. But Edinburgh was not the place of discipline which it has since become: it was before the days of Chalmers and Welsh. He was appointed to an Orkney parish in 1830, where it was thought by his friends that he would be practically buried; but it was there he laid the foundation of that sound and extensive learning to which the Church owes so much. "It may be truly said that the studies which laid the foundation of Mr. Fairbairn's theological eminence began only after he had left the Divinity Hall. About the time when he was licensed as a preacher, or looked forward to ordination as a minister in Orkney, he formed a regular plan of professional study of no slight or superficial character, but solid, laborious, and systematic; and that plan he carried out with unflinching perseverance. He determined to make himself thoroughly master of the Hebrew and German languages, in order more effectually to equip himself as a scientific theologian; and having become in good time an excellent Hebrew and German scholar, he entered on a course of theological reading and inquiry which lead to important results. When he was about to be ordained at North Ronaldshay, where some of his friends thought he was in danger of being buried, his brother asked him how long he would like to remain in Orkney. 'Just six years,' he instantly and decidedly replied; for, on full consideration, he had calculated on such a period for the completion of the studies he had projected for himself in his remote island home. And it so happened that, after he had spent about six years at North Ronaldshay, he was appointed minister of the new 'Extension' Church of Bridgeton, in the City of Glasgow."

It was a good thought, and, when conceived, a precocious one, to undertake a course of German reading. At that time the number was comparatively few of those who had the key to the treasures of German theological science. Translations were few and not always good. Mr. Fairbairn turned his German to very useful account. He translated works from the German for Messrs. Clark: showing, however, the 'prentice hand on some of the earlier of them. But he was doing better work than translating. He was laying up the material for the work on which his theological reputation will mainly rest: that kind of material which cannot be found in translations; for the best treatises to which

his *Typology* and other works are indebted are not in the English tongue. As things are now, it is hardly necessary to a young man to add German to his other studies: unless indeed he has had in all other respects the advantage of early and sound training. In that case German can be easily acquired. If not, the young student may be assured that all the German theology he is now likely to want will be at his disposal in the vernacular English sooner or later. Let us hear Mr. Döds.

"His knowledge of German, thus early and well exercised, was undoubtedly of good service to him as an earnest theological student. It introduced him to a vast and varied field of theology which must be traversed by everyone in these days who would truly earn the name of theologian. But, while he prized the excellences, he was well aware of the defects and dangers of German theology, even of that large section of it which cannot be fairly called rationalistic. Few of his countrymen have equalled him in making good use of German learning and its solid results, while rejecting what is inconsistent with sound doctrine or that reverence which is due to the word of God. In his *Typology*, and in most of his other publications, we find an excellent combination of German erudition with Scottish orthodoxy."

These are sound words; temperate and well balanced, like Mr. Dodds' memoir generally, which is a model of dignified simplicity. Those who meddle much with German theology in the original ought to be well guarded. Even the best theologians—there is scarcely an exception—have peculiarities that are very offensive to the sober taste and evangelical sentiment of those to whom we write. Some are so intensely sacramentarian that the whole gospel is impregnated with the sacramental symbols, and the two sacraments are literally the basis of the administration of the economy of grace. Others are so free in their theory of inspiration that we never feel ourselves safe in their hands. Others have a most licentious fertility in speculation and hypothesis: with some favourite crotchets which intrude at every open door. Others again—and they are not a few—are so desperately orthodox that they allow no scope or latitude for independent thought at all. Some are mystical, on the other hand, to a most fascinating and dangerous excess. Some are lacking in that tone and taste and exquisite sense of propriety the absence of which is so soon felt and resented by the genuine English theologian. While most of them, finally, betray a spirit of isolation and indifference, not to say contempt, towards theologians not German, which is, to say the least, far from pleasant.

"Having from the very commencement of his ministry belonged to the 'Evangelical party' in the Church of Scotland, Mr. Fairbairn manfully supported his views in the Church courts, though he did not aspire to the position of an ecclesiastical leader.

At the disruption of 1843, he had no hesitation in joining the Free Church, and, indeed, was the first of his brethren in the Presbytery to leave his manse and face the hardships of the trying time. He found shelter for himself and his family, first in the neighbouring parish of Bolton, and afterwards in the town of Haddington; but in spite of distance from his people, he visited them regularly, and fulfilled every duty of a diligent pastor, while he still carried on his loved theological studies. Of the Presbytery of Haddington, to which he belonged, nine out of sixteen ministers had joined the Free Church; and he took a leading part in helping to form a new Free Church Presbytery, and generally to advance the interests of religion in the district. But at that period of sharp contention between rival Churches, there was no unworthy bitterness of spirit. With the late Dr. Cook of Haddington, and some other of his former co-presbyters, he continued on terms of friendship, though he differed widely from them on certain points of theory and practice."

Mr. Dodds shall give his account of the principal work of Dr. Fairbairn. We have expressed our judgment of it more than once in past years, which will be found quite in harmony with what we now quote. The biographer's generous estimate will be accepted as correct on all hands. "In 1845 he published, in one thick duodecimo volume, his *Typology of Scripture*, a work which had occupied a great part of his leisure for a number of years. It was subsequently published in two volumes, and reached some time ago a fifth edition. In its enlarged and improved form, it is as free from imperfections as any work of the kind can well be, and it is now universally regarded as a standard theological treatise. The subject of the Old Testament types had never been handled before in a philosophical and satisfactory manner by our British or American theologians. It was reserved for the Free Church minister of Salton to produce a work upon it, which, for critical insight, grasp of principle, and solid though unostentatious learning, was not surpassed, if even equalled, by any similar theological performance of the day."

We would advise every theological student, and young minister especially, to study this valuable work. There is hardly any branch of Biblical knowledge where looseness and inaccuracy are more often detected than in this; nor is there any in which precision is more desirable. A month or two dedicated to the thorough study of this subject would be of great service to any young divine; and he can have no better guide in the regions of the types and symbols than Dr. Fairbairn.

In 1847 Dr. Fairbairn delivered a course of theological lectures in London, and gave token of that special ability which afterwards was found serviceable in the Principalship. His books came out in steady succession: all of them sound and good, some-

times prolix and redundant, but always with the close study they required. We quite agree—as our pages have shown—with the biographer when he says of the work on Ezekiel, “We do not know if a sounder and more profitable book on Ezekiel has been published in our time, and it is likely to keep its place in our modern theological literature.” He did not disdain his old craft of translation; but turned into English Hengstenberg’s Commentary on the Revelation of St. John. He wrote on Jonah; and a “very complete list of his works would likewise include various lectures, pamphlets, and contributions to magazines which proceeded from his pen, chiefly about this period.” Dr. Fairbairn in 1852 was appointed assistant to Dr. MacLagan, Professor of Divinity in Aberdeen; afterwards he became professor. The University of Glasgow conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor in Divinity. “The University of Edinburgh, where he had commenced and completed his literary and theological studies, thus missed the opportunity of being the first to recognize in a special way the merits of her distinguished alumnus.”

To the Free Church College in Glasgow he was appointed professor of theology by the General Assembly of 1856, and in the following year was elected Principal. He was now in the meridian of his influence and usefulness. “While as Professor and Principal of the College he commanded the respect of all his colleagues, and endeared himself to the students as their accomplished instructor and zealous friend; he took a high position in Glasgow as a public man, ready to give his countenance and assistance to every religious or benevolent enterprise that engaged the attention of that great commercial city. His majestic presence and dignified bearing, coupled with readiness of speech and unaffected suavity of manner, were sufficient to win favour in any company, to grace any platform, and to aid the advocacy of any Christian cause.” Of his work on *Prophecy*, his *Hermeneutical Manual*, his *Revelation of Law in Scripture*, and his *Pastoral Epistles* we have already spoken. A deeper acquaintance with this last volume enables us to say of it that it is one of the most useful editions of these epistles in our language. It will probably be the most used, next to the *Typology*, of Dr. Fairbairn’s writings.

Dr. Fairbairn was a most diligent and indefatigable worker. It might be thought that he engaged in too many literary enterprises. But it must be remembered that his constant toil was faithful to the Scriptures: it was in their service and defence and exposition that he toiled; and we think no such honest Christian labour as his can be spared. No man can be better employed than in giving to the press, in any form, sound Christian truth. There will never fail to issue abundance of heresy and error and evil. Blessed are these labourers—though they are comparatively few—who employ sound learning on the right side. Let them

write on, and pour their antidote into every kind of channel whithersoever the poison may find its way. These remarks are occasioned by the following notice of Dr. Fairbairn's connection with the great Biblical Repertory of Messrs. Blackie :

"During many years of his residence at Glasgow, Dr. Fairbairn acted as editor of the *Imperial Bible Dictionary*, an important work published by Messrs. Blackie and Son. Even before he went to Glasgow as professor, it had been virtually arranged that he should occupy that responsible literary post. But some years elapsed before he had actually to enter on his editorial duties. The labour and anxiety he underwent for many years in connection with this great undertaking severely taxed both his intellectual and his physical energies. He was assisted, of course, by a staff of able contributors ; but not a few of them failed at the last moment to send articles they had promised, and he had of necessity to supply by a great effort their lack of service. Soon after this great work was off his hands, Dr. Fairbairn was appointed to deliver in Edinburgh the third series of the *Cunningham Lectures*.

There is an episode in the short memoir which accompanies the Professor to Germany. One incident we are almost sorry to see recorded, as we think it tends to produce a wrong impression of a truly great man. "From Halle they went to Berlin, where they had an interview with Hengstenberg. This distinguished theologian, whose works Professor Fairbairn had helped to make known in Great Britain, did not favourably impress his visitors. Indeed, his appearance, manner, and spirit greatly disappointed them both. He looked more like an awkward and rather morose student than an accomplished theological professor, acquainted with the world as well as with his great science. The questions put to him by his English translator he answered curtly and imperfectly, while he had no question whatever to put in regard to the state of religion and the churches of Great Britain. But Hengstenberg had by this time surrendered himself to those high Lutheran views which greatly impaired his Christian usefulness, and lost him the confidence of the Evangelical party in Prussia."

It is rather hard to judge a German professor by his externalities, or by the impressions produced in a single visit. The temperament of a man should be allowed for, the awkwardness of converse in language not mutually understood, and a thousand other things. Dr. Hengstenberg was not the kind of man this quotation would represent. He was in his heart deeply affectionate, and a warm lover of all true Christians. Moreover, his high Lutheranism was honest conviction, and did not render him intolerant to other communities. Nor did he cease to be evangelical, and, generally speaking, trusted by Evangelicals. He made some attempts, it is true, to harmonise

St. James and St. John by an expedient that seemed to threaten the Pauline doctrine of Justification by faith alone. But it only seemed to threaten it. However, he is gone, and the great bulk of his work was like Dr. Fairbairn's own, thoroughly honest, and faithful to Christ.

In 1864 he was elected Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly. "His dignified conduct in the chair was universally admitted, while his opening and closing addresses as Moderator were admirable in tone and sentiment. In the great Union controversy, which lasted from 1863 to 1873, he found himself always in the same ranks with his revered friend, Dr. Buchanan; but temperate in the advocacy of his own opinions, he did everything in his power to mitigate and allay those unhappy contentions which for a time estranged so many of his brethren from one another." In 1867 he was one of a deputation from the Free Church to visit the assemblies of certain Presbyterian Churches in America.

Dr. Fairbairn was a member of the Old Testament Revision Committee, and attended the meetings to the last. He maintained his watchful and warm interest in every good movement. "When in the course of last year were held in Glasgow the remarkable series of evangelistic meetings, which have been associated with the names of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, he took a deep interest in the religious movement that ensued, and publicly gave it his support." This, of course, brings us down to the last. On August 6th last, "without a note of warning, his spirit, in the solemn silence of midnight, suddenly passed away." He was buried in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh, "not far from the graves of Thomas Chalmers, William Cunningham, Thomas Guthrie, and many other eminent Christian workers."

We need not apologise for this comparatively long tribute to the personal history and character of a writer whose works have so often been recommended in our journal.

NICHOLS' ARMINIUS.

The Works of James Arminius, D.D., formerly Professor of Divinity in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Latin. In Three Volumes. Volume III. translated by William Nichols. London: T. Baker. 1875.

It is with unfeigned satisfaction that we congratulate the son of JAMES NICHOLS on the accomplishment of his task. "The chief motive which led me," he says, "to begin this translation many years ago, was the desire that my father's name should not

be associated with an unfinished work. He was then far advanced in life, yet seemed never to give up the idea of doing complete justice to the great Dutch divine, with whose reputation his own had long been closely joined, and for whose memory he entertained a tender affection. The little scrap of secret literary history given in the Preface is very interesting, with the exception, that is, of one painful allusion. It is well for the son that he shares his father's enthusiasm for our old divine: there is no nobler sentiment of the kind, no more venial hero-worship. It is not absolutely an unexampled circumstance in literature that the son should finish his father's work; but we do not know another instance of the son inheriting so faithful a reproduction of the father's tastes, and carrying out with such rigid integrity the father's idea.

Mr. Nichols has accomplished his task exceedingly well. We have read many a page of his translation, and only in a few instances have marked a phraseology that might be amended: those very instances, in fact, simply betray an over anxiety to give a literal rendering, and are therefore valuable pledges of general fidelity. The translator's notes and additions are few; only too few. Though the former volumes may have erred in the profuseness and variety of notes, we are inclined to think that few readers would wish to strike them out: in fact, there is something fascinating in their very garrulity. At several points a few additional notes might have been desirable. One thing is certain: they would have been vigorous and racy; indeed, judging from the *abandon* of some expressions in the Preface, we expect they would have been quite racy enough for the gravity of the subject. For instance: "But it would be a mistake to suppose that it is no longer necessary for us to study carefully the grounds of our faith in these matters, simply because there may be an occasional lull in the controversy. From time to time the old spirit of Pharisaic pride which is engendered in persons of a certain temperament by the doctrine of election, will break forth into bitterness of speech, and airs of supercilious superiority, which are very trying to the man of even Mosaic meekness or Job-like patience, who will be pounded unmercifully with a mass of misapplied Scriptures, unless he be prepared to dispute the interpretation which puts dishonour on God's own words." This style disporting among the amenities of the Gomaric controversy, would be lively enough at any rate to be in keeping with the temper of the disputants.

"But, while chiefly interested in the spread of sound Arminian opinions in our own land, we turn with curiosity to the dyke-girt shores of the country which gave them birth. What is the prevailing theology of the Netherlands at the present day? Nearly fifty years ago a learned professor in the Seminary of the Re-

monstrants at Amsterdam, Dr. A. des Amorie Van der Hoeven, in a letter to my father, assured him that 'the moderate sentiments of the early Remonstrants are those which at present obtain the most general acceptance, being embraced by the best enlightened portion of the Protestants in the Low Countries. That bright light which was kindled by Arminius, and by the immortal Hugo de Groot (Grotius) is now universally acknowledged and highly prized; and everyone rejoices that the partition-walls, which have been built up to separate the different sections of the Protestant Church from each other, are at length beginning to fall down.' No doubt this report still holds good to a certain extent: but it is to be feared that a large fraction of the ecclesiastical Holland of our own day derives its theology, or rather atheology, from that German school of divines which is so 'advanced' as to have cast to the winds all reverence for revelation. Students of this class, after running a wild career at some university, affect a high style of romantic oratory, untrammelled by any desire to communicate the truths of the Gospel. Professedly Contra-Remonstrants, they yet ignore the living verities which flowed from the lips alike of Luther, Calvin, and Arminius. Their forefathers may have been too sternly sincere in their dogmatic belief: they pin their faith to the new-fangled theories of a science which shifts its ground at short intervals, and which periodically reverses its own 'indisputable' *dicta*. At least one great divine, however, stands out as a pleasing exception to the general rule; and we may venture to hope that his eloquence and learning will influence for good many rising theologians in his own Church. I allude to the excellent and much esteemed Dr. J. Van Oosterzee, some of whose works have been translated and published in England. In his *Christian Dogmatics*, as a competent critic observes, he 'grants very much, if not all, that an evangelical Arminian would care strenuously to contend for; and it is a matter of regret that he is so bound and hampered with the fetters of the theology of his Church, which 'maintains symbols of a rigidly Calvinistic character.'"

Mr. Nichols is not more enthusiastic than he should be as to the interest of the little ecclesiastical domain of Holland. In religious matters it has ever since the Reformation been marked out for a certain pre-eminence. The Reformed doctrines of Calvin found a warmer welcome there than elsewhere; some of the quaintest efforts at compromise and conciliation were put forth there; and there also some of the worst excesses of Calvinism were formulated. There sprang up, in the very bosom of Reformed Calvinism, the strongest and most effective adversary it has ever had to encounter; protests that were vain in France and elsewhere were there successful. The Dutch divines have been illustrious in whatever department they have occupied.

The present century has witnessed among them very strange developments. Some of the most learned, thoroughgoing and readable Rationalistic works have been produced, and are still in course of production, in the universities of Holland. Names might be mentioned—such as Oort, Kuenen, Scholten, and others—who lead the van in the attack on the integrity of Holy Scripture, while some of them, such as Scholten, are warm and even enthusiastic devotees of Calvinistic theology. Mr. Nichols has indicated one peculiarity of the Calvinism of the more orthodox: the vacillation with which it holds its views, and the sidelong glances it seems to cast on the broader and more generous doctrines of its opponents. Oosterzee is a specimen of a writer who knows not how to keep faithful to his formularies. He and others like him have to pay the penalty of their hybridism when they appear in an English dress. English theologians love a decided type, especially in matters that concern the Calvinistic controversy. But for this some modern Dutch writers would be exceedingly popular. They unite—so it seems to ourselves—to a great extent the learning and the thoroughness of the German with the clearness and simplicity of style and analytic precision of the French. Not that they combine these perfectly, that would be too near perfection. In fact that is attained only by some Englishmen. However, we must return from this digression.

Passing from the translator to his work, we must take the opportunity of recommending our readers to make themselves familiar with the writings of Arminius, at least; even if they do not go on with the remainder of the circle of early Remonstrants. Whatever errors disfigured the theology of his successors, some of whom certainly degenerated woefully, Arminius was sound; and in his pages we have the fountain-head, or at least the first modern reservoir, of the glorious theology which is suffused with the light of the Gospel of the free grace of God. If Mr. Nichols' publications shall have the effect of rekindling interest in these works, and of circulating the three volumes, now at length complete, among our public and private libraries, and especially of inducing our young ministers to study this chapter of Historical Theology, he will have done good service. Having a page to spare, and a hearty desire to recommend in the most effectual manner this valuable work, we shall give a page or two which will be, to those who need it, a specimen of the Dutch divine, and at the same time show into what idiomatic English his translator has rendered him. Reading these sentences, however, the student must remember that they have lost much of their force as being detached from the context. He must also remember that theology was taught and written in those days in a style of pure logical form which is seldom adopted in the present day. Arminius was a skilful logician. We have no doubt, ourselves, that very much of

his success as a lecturer, preacher, and writer was due to the circumstance that he inherited logical methods which he used with remarkable skill. In fact, though he was far distant both in time and in spirit from the schoolmen, he had very much of the mediæval scholasticism in his theological construction, sharing this with many of his most illustrious compeers on both sides of the line drawn by the great controversy of the age. This is from the admirable reply to our English Perkins :—

“That is false which you assert,—that ‘a man not regenerate is wholly flesh ;’ that is that there is in him nothing but flesh. For by what name shall that ‘truth’ be called, which the wicked are said to ‘hold in unrighteousness’? What is the ‘conscience accusing’ and ‘excusing’? What is the ‘knowledge of the law’ by which they are ‘convinced of their sins’? All those things cannot come under the name of ‘flesh :’ for they are good and opposed to the flesh. I allow, however, that the Holy Spirit does not dwell in the unregenerate man. The description is imperfect because the explanation is omitted of the proportion which exists between the flesh and the Spirit in a regenerate man ; which should have been added, because the Spirit may predominate in a regenerate man, and because a regenerate man may acquire the name of a ‘spiritual man’ from the predominating part, so that he may not come under the name of ‘carnal.’ But mark, however, that the conclusion is respecting concupiscence, which is in the predicament of a quality, when the question should have been about actual sin, whether ‘actual sin can consist with the grace of the Holy Spirit.’”

Among the writings of Arminius may be found some admirable comments on those parts of the Apostle Paul's Epistle to the Romans which contain some of his *things hard to be understood*. The ninth chapter is here expounded somewhat fully. Here is an extract from his remarks on Rom. vii. : not indeed the best that his writings might furnish, but well worthy of transcription. It is, moreover, a very good specimen of translation.

“But the Scripture, in Rom. vii., says that the regenerate man ‘wills good, and does it not ; and wills not evil, and yet does it.’ I answer that that place does not deal with regenerate man, but with him that is under the Law. However, even if that were granted, I maintain that it cannot be that volition and nolition are employed together about the same act : wherefore that volition upon which the act follows is pure and efficacious volition ; the other must be called not so much volition as velleity, which is effected not by the Holy Spirit lusting against the flesh, but by the conscience, or law of the mind existing in man, which ceases not to strive against the flesh, until at length it also has become seared, and deprived of all feeling. But that striving of the conscience does not bring it to pass that the man does not sin

with full consent, but rather aggravates his sin, and declares how vehement is the consent of the will to the sin offered by the lust of the flesh, since not even conscience protesting against it can hinder the will from this consent. That opinion is, therefore, hurtful and most dangerous, which maintains that a regenerate man does not sin with full consent, since he feels anguish of the conscience, protesting against the sin which the will is proceeding to perpetrate. Because that very thing happens to all who are touched with any feeling of just and unjust, they will be very prone to persuade themselves that when they do not sin with full consent of the will, they have a certain mark of their regeneration. If, therefore, the full consent of the will to sin cannot consist with the grace of the Holy Spirit, it is certain that the regenerate sometimes lose the grace of the Holy Spirit, because they sin with full consent of the will, when they sin against conscience."

But one or two other sentences we must exclude; and end by again thanking Mr. Nichols for the results of his industry and perseverance; for his honest care of his father's memory, which is among us a precious heritage; and for this very valuable contribution to historical and controversial theology.

Autobiography of Thomas Guthrie, D.D., and Memoir. By his Sons, Rev. David K. Guthrie and Charles J. Guthrie, M.A. Vol. II. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1875.

THE second and concluding volume of Dr. Guthrie's life begins with the period of the Disruption. The ecclesiastical and spiritual conflict of ten years' duration culminated on the 18th of May, 1843, when nearly five hundred ministers followed Chalmers through the doors of St. Andrew's, and forsook the Establishment to form the Free Church of Scotland. In its immediate and in its remoter consequences the Disruption was the greatest event in modern Scottish history. It is somewhat difficult for Englishmen to realise the national significance of such a conflict, crowned by such a conclusion; but none who know the temper of the Scottish people, or are familiar with the history of the country, will fail to recognise the magnitude of the occasion. With the rise and progress of the Free Church of Scotland Dr. Guthrie's name is intimately bound up. He threw himself with characteristic enthusiasm into the strife which preceded the Disruption, and into the arduous task of consolidating the communion then formed. The part which he sustained throughout was one for which he was exceptionally qualified. He was not an ecclesiastical leader. He took comparatively little share in the deliberations and debates of Church Courts, and none at all in the

negotiations with Whig and Tory Governments successively on behalf of Church independence and reform. In these matters Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish were the acknowledged leaders of the party. Guthrie's powers were of another sort, and his work lay in a different direction from theirs. Through the length and breadth of Scotland Guthrie was the most popular champion and exponent of the principles for which five hundred ministers disestablished and disendowed themselves at a stroke. His fervid strength of conviction, his inexhaustible energy of spirit, his racy, kindling, genial eloquence gave him unequalled power in appealing to the masses of his countrymen. To quote the testimony of Dr. Candlish :—"Guthrie was a power, unique in himself, and rising in uniqueness above other powers. He did not, indeed, venture much on the uncongenial domain, to him, of ecclesiastical polemics, or the wear and tear of ordinary Church administration; leaving that to others, whose superiority in their department he was always the first to acknowledge. But in his own sphere, and in his own way, he was, to us and to the principles on which we acted, a tower of strength. His eloquence alone—so expressive of himself, so thoroughly inspired by his personal idiosyncrasy, so full always of genial humour, so apt to flash into darts of wit, and yet withal so profoundly emotional and ready for passionate and affectionate appeals—that gift or endowment alone made him an invaluable boon to our Church in the times of her ten years' conflict, and afterwards."

During the first year of her existence the sum of £363,871 was raised by the Free Church. Everything had to be provided. Not only did the sustentation of the ministry now depend upon the contributions of the people, but churches, manse, and divinity-halls had to be built, while all the missionary and charitable organizations of the Church must still be maintained. Before the second year of the Free Church's existence closed, her adherents had raised £697,000. One more great effort was needed, and its external framework would be complete. It was resolved in May, 1845, to raise a central fund for the purpose of building manse. The one essential requisite for the success of the Manse Fund scheme was a man who could work it; who, with a large and tender heart, could plead the cause with the people in such a way as to rouse their enthusiasm, and, by a winning manner in private, draw forth their generosity. That man was found in Mr. Guthrie. The choice was due to the sagacity of Dr. Chalmers. "It was no office I sought myself," he said at Glasgow when addressing the first public meeting on the scheme. "I would much rather have stayed at home with my own flock and my own family. I have had enough of speaking; and travelling, and fighting, and I am tired of it; and were it not that I have reason to believe that I am the last 'big beggarman' you will ever see, and were it not

that the cause has all my sympathy and deepest interest, I would not have undertaken this work. I would have been happy had the Church chosen one better fitted for it than myself; but I am sure that in one respect no man could be better fitted, for if I have not a head I have, at least, a heart for the work." For twelve months, day by day, and week by week, Mr. Guthrie travelled, preached, spoke and begged with unflagging energy, good temper, and success. When the General Assembly met in Edinburgh on the 1st of June, 1846, he had the satisfaction of announcing as the result of his year's labour that £116,370 had been subscribed. For this great service Mr. Guthrie secured, as he deserved, the undying gratitude of his brethren; a gratitude that found expression, a little later on, in a tribute of affection honourable alike to those who made it, and to him who received it. When, in 1848, his health gave way, a movement was set on foot to provide him with a dwelling-house, to be raised by the contributions of ministers of the Free Church. His own generous objections were with some difficulty removed, and his friends were allowed to have their generous way. For the last seventeen years of his life he occupied a villa in a suburb of Edinburgh, one of whose attractions in his eyes was, that part of the purchase-money was a thank-offering to him from his country brethren.

Dr. Guthrie's next great undertaking was the Ragged School movement. Though not the first promoter of Ragged Schools, Dr. Guthrie did more than any other man in England or Scotland to popularise them, and by voice and pen to draw towards them the attention of the whole country. His well-known *Plea for Ragged Schools* was published in 1847 and at once made a profound impression. Amongst the letters that poured in upon him was a striking one from Lord Jeffery, in which the following passage occurs: "In all these respects, this last effort of yours is perhaps the most remarkable and important; and among the many thousand hearts that have swelled and melted over these awakening pages, I think I may say that none has been more deeply touched than my own. If I were young enough to have the chance of tracing his passage to manhood, I believe I should have taken a boy on your recommendation; but as it is I can only desire you to take one for me, and to find him a better superintendent; and for this purpose I enclose a draft for £50, which I request you to apply in the way you think best."

From 1843 to 1864, Dr. Guthrie spent the greater part of his time and strength as a preacher and pastor in Edinburgh. The character of his preaching is well known, though not adequately represented by his writings. Although he was one of the readiest of speakers his sermons were invariably written throughout. Even the illustrations with which his vast congregations were so often stirred or melted were all written out beforehand. Yet his

sermons had always the character of spoken rather than written addresses. As his colleague Dr. Hanna says: "He had a power of writing as if a large audience were around him. He wrote as if speaking, realising the presence of a crowd before him, and having that presence as a continual stimulus to thought and constant moulder of expression." Many are the anecdotes illustrative of his pulpit power that might be quoted had we space. Dr. Guthrie was not an intellectual preacher, nor a theological preacher in the usual sense of the term; but he was a preacher of the Gospel with a marvellous power over men's hearts. His own nature was deeply sympathetic; his heart was tender towards all suffering, quickly roused by sense of wrong, hopeful, ardent, impassioned. In illustration he was perhaps unrivalled. Doctrine and exhortation never went long without being reinforced or pointed with an illustration springing from his own exhaustless fancy or drawn from his experience of human life. His hearers were of all classes, rich and poor, simple and learned, and all alike delighted in his ministry and came beneath the sway of his personal influence. Again, to quote the words of his colleague, Dr. Hanna: "I believe there is not on record another instance of a popularity continued without sign or token of diminution for the length of an entire generation. Nor is there upon record the account of any such *kinds* of crowds as those which constituted continuously, for years and years, Dr. Guthrie's audiences in Free St. John's. Look around while all are settling themselves; you have before you as mixed and motley a collection of human beings as ever assembled within a church. Peers and peasants, citizens and strangers; millionaires and mechanics, the judge from the bench, the carter from the roadside, the high-born dame, the serving-maid of low degree—all for once close together."

We are unable in this brief notice to follow in detail the course of Dr. Guthrie's life and labours. As years passed on he became one of the best-known and best-loved men in the land. Among his friends were the foremost men of the times in almost every sphere of life. His journals and letters reveal his large heart, his broad sympathies, his genial regard for other men's powers and worth, along with sturdy adherence to his own faith, and to his own beloved Presbyterianism. His philanthropic labours and his writings made him known to thousands in this and other countries who know nothing of the great Disruption conflict, or of the toils and sacrifices of the early years of the Free Church.

In May, 1864, he was compelled by failing health to resign the ministry of Free St. John's, and about the same time accepted proposals from Mr. Strahan to become the editor of a religious periodical of the first class, for which it was believed there was then an opening, to be entitled the *Sunday Magazine*. Shut out now from his pulpit he rejoiced in the opportunity of addressing

with his pen an audience a hundred times as large as that to which he had preached at St. John's. His retirement was the occasion for a magnificent tribute of love and respect, in which his friends and admirers of every denomination took part. At a meeting held in Edinburgh on 25th February, 1865, he was presented with a cheque for £5,000.

The closing scenes of Dr. Guthrie's life are very touching. His characteristic reluctance to speak much of his spiritual experience passed in a great measure away as the end drew near. He clung simply and tenderly to the Saviour, and dwelt much upon the Fatherly love of God. He looked forward with tranquil calmness to his departure. On one occasion, looking round on the family group that surrounded his bed, he recalled the happy family gatherings of former days, and added, "These were pleasant times; but ah! my dear folk, how much happier will it be when we meet in our Father's house up yonder, where there are no death-beds and no partings." He would often ask for a psalm or hymn sung in soft chorus to the piano in the adjoining room, and in reply to the question what he would like, he would say, "Just give me a bairn's hymn." He died on the 23rd February, 1873.

The reader of this biography will not hesitate to say that if its subject came short of being a great man, he was a man whose noble spirit, large heart, and striking powers were through life devoted to the best of causes, to the glory of God, and the well-being of his fellow-men. As his sympathies were never confined within the bounds of his own communion, neither is his memory cherished there alone. It is dear to all the evangelical churches of the land. It is held in honour by numbers who, with little sympathy for the religion by which his whole life was inspired, esteemed him for his benevolence, or loved him for the charm of his character. In relation to what he attempted Dr. Guthrie may be called a successful man. He succeeded in accomplishing what he intended to do far more nearly than is usually the case. He was also a happy man. His fine nature had no morbid elements in it, and in his work, amongst his friends and in his home, he had every blessing that a good man can ask. His sons have now completed their filial task, and must be thanked as well as congratulated for the manner in which they have discharged it. These volumes close with words from the lips of Dr. Candlish, himself soon to follow: "Friend and brother, comrade in the fight! companion in tribulation! farewell! But not for ever. May my soul, when my hour comes, be with thine!"

Christ and the People : Sermons chiefly on the Obligation of the Church to the State and to Humanity. By Thomas Hancock, late Curate of St. Stephen's, Lewisham. Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1875.

It is something for a writer to know what he does not mean ; but it is desirable in addition that he should know what he does mean. The author of the above volume seems tolerably clear on the former point ; he denounces equally, and in no measured terms, Ultramontanism, Cæsarism, Ritualism, Puritanism, and other "isms" no less diverse than these. He considers Presbyterianism "impudent," but on the other hand, the Church Defence Society is only "a trades-union of patrons and incumbents." He has no minced phrases for the "ghastly pseudo-Peters of the Vatican school," but he has seemingly as little sympathy for the "Methodist sects who cry 'you must love your own individual soul above everything and everybody.'" He tells us truly that "ecclesiastical tailors cannot make us successors of St. Alphege or Stephen Langton ;" hardly tries to conceal who are intended in his denunciation of "play-actors" (p. 133) with their "vulgar and novel Roman usages, and the dehumanising Jesuit system of 'direction'"; but his wrath is no less excited by Evangelical prayer-meetings and special intercessions—"those intermittent spasms of daily prayer which the religious world institutes every few years," &c. (p. 406). That "the sects," as he continually calls those who in England do not belong to the Established Church, should have their faults, and yet the Established Church in its various sections be found not blameless by any writer, is quite intelligible ; but one who finds fault freely and all round, is supposed to have some substantive basis for his belief and action, on which he stands as a point from which he may move the world. Whether our author has such, and whether he knows as well what he does mean as he is clear about what he does not mean, we consider doubtful. It is true there is no lack of high-sounding phrases on which he insists a great deal,—“the people,” “humanity,” “National Church,” “Catholic society,” and the like. We hear from time to time unmistakable echoes of the accents of the late Professor Maurice, and sometimes tones which remind us more of Lamennais and Lacordaire ; but we doubt whether Mr. Hancock understands how to conjure with the wands of such magicians as these.

He complains in the first sermon of this volume that the common people who heard Christ gladly, and the publicans and sinners who drew near to hear Him, do not come so readily to hear Christ's messengers in the present day. "Pity 'tis, 'tis true." We read of the "shame and misery which overflow the heart of the priest of Jesus Christ as he goes into the pulpit,"

and sees "a well-dressed, respectable, decent crowd;" and if we cannot exactly sympathise with him in this "shame and misery," we as bitterly regret as he can do that the class of persons described in his text, who flocked round Jesus Christ, are not, "as a class, in any church in England." But when we come to a remedy for this, Mr. Hancock seems as far at sea as others whose methods he decries. He does not think "pastoral visitation," "missionary agencies," are required. He finds them indicated in the description of the Pharisaic "compassing sea and land to make one proselyte." He tells us truly enough that "the drawing near of sinners to Christ depends upon some true sight of Jesus by them, the revelation of Jesus to them as He is." But in explaining this phrase, after insisting on the importance of the sacraments which God has instituted "for the endless comfort of souls, for the protection of His Church, for the perpetual self-correction of His clergy—not only Baptism and the Eucharist, but Absolution, Confirmation, and Ordination are something in themselves by God's gift; they are not conditioned by our views of them," and the supreme importance of a "*sacerdotal ministry*" (p. 11),—the one point which is considered necessary to bring Christ's doctrine home to the people, is thus described:—

"The present way to the intellect, the conscience, and the heart of the great mass of the English people lies, I believe, through political and social truth and equity. . . . I do not shrink from saying that in the ordinary politics and social doctrine of the thinking mass of the English artisans, I see something which is already far more Christian, far more Catholic, a far more faithful reflection of the mind and law of the crucified and risen King of the nation, and far more at one with the doctrine which we ourselves are teaching in the Church by the all-levelling and all-exalting sacraments, than I discern in the political and social doctrines of the majority of the English priests of Jesus Christ" (pp. 18, 19).

There is undoubtedly a truth in such paragraphs as this: "The apostle knew nothing of that modern heresy which regards all spiritual rulers as such as the Church, and all civil rulers as such as the world; which sees in every Caiaphas, or Hildebrand, or Bonner, a man of the Church, but in every Moses, or David, or Alfred, or Gustavus Adolphus a man of the world. . . . A worldly work is not made a godly work because bishops and priests support it; a godly work is not made a worldly work because statesmen and civil officers contend and labour almost alone for it" (p. 227). The principles of the kingdom of Christ should rule in us as Christians everywhere, and the bearing of the doctrine of Christ upon every part of our life should be made plain. It may be that a great deal of our preaching is too conventional, although we find a freedom of utterance in all sections of the Church of

Christ to-day which would have seemed strange a generation ago; but we must honestly say that such application of sacred principles to secular life as these sermons exhibit, does not seem to us likely to draw the publicans and sinners to church. There is a great deal in this book about what the Church has done for us in graciously providing such and such a "Holy Gospel" for the 0th Sunday after Trinity, and a good deal of wire-drawn explaining or explaining away of the Athanasian Creed, and, as we have already said, a great deal of talk about "humanity" and "citizenship," and "the sacredness of nations." But we miss the pointed, earnest reference to that which really makes us one in our human needs, the consciousness of sin common to us all, the sense of weakness and inability to save ourselves, the longing (conscious or unconscious) for help, the deep inward need of a deliverer, a Saviour. This surely it was which first drew the publicans and sinners around Christ, His rich and free provision for their wants was that which made them follow Him, and wherever such a Saviour is simply, earnestly preached, publicans and sinners will hear gladly still. That, in the existing state of society, we must often go to them instead of waiting till they come to us, we need not be surprised or discouraged to find; that we need continually to have the barriers of conventionalism broken down, both in worship and utterance, and everything made secondary to the setting forth of the Saviour to the people, we are from time to time reminded. We thank Mr. Hancock for urging once more the universal mission and the universal applicability of Christ's doctrine; we thank him for his protest against all perversion and narrowing of that doctrine on the part of Romanist, Anglican, or Dissenter; but we trust to find the power which Christ still has to draw all men unto Him in a more direct and earnest application of the truth as it is in Jesus to the heart and conscience, in the uplifting of the cross, "by manifestation of the truth commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God." If preachers will thus preach, Christ will be proved to be now, as heretofore, much more surely than by the setting forth of Mr. Hancock's semi-political message, the "attractor of the people."

The Divine Origin of Christianity; Ryan Prize Essay. By Isaac Ashe, A.B., M.D., &c. Dublin: Hodges, Foster, & Co. 1875.

THE "Ryan prize" is offered "to the graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who shall produce from the Bible itself the best argument for the truth or Divine origin of Christianity." Mr. Ashe, to whom it has been awarded, is already known as having twice won the Carmichael prize of the same University, with Essays upon topics connected with his profession. He now, with considerable diffidence, enters upon the field of Apologetic Theology,

claiming to approach the subject with the interest of a Christian layman who is familiar with and accepts the large generalisations of modern science, which to some persons appear inconsistent with Revealed Truth. The Essay opens rather unpromisingly, for the heavy and unskilful style does not relieve the somewhat commonplace character of the matter. But having passed his "introduction" and begun to develop his argument, Mr. Ashe becomes more natural, and the book grows in interest till toward the end we meet with one or two original thoughts of great value. The main argument from the Bible itself is that the character of God as set forth in Scripture is such as men could not have conceived by themselves, and especially such as could not have arisen by development among a people so grossly idolatrous as the Jews are shown to have been during the greater part of the Old Testament history. Here, it seems to us, Mr. Ashe exaggerates the prevalence of heathenism among the Jews, taking little note of such periods as the reign of David, and at the same time underestimates the power of ancient truth to survive amid much corruption, and by its own vitality to bring about brief times of revival. This argument by the method of exhaustion is too inconclusive to be made a chief bulwark of our Faith.

After insisting on the doctrine of human corruption as unlikely to have been the conception of man, Mr. Ashe proceeds to argue that the declared purpose of our Lord's manifestation, and the method by which He worked it out would enable us *a priori* to conclude that the origination of such a plan must have been on the side of God Himself, while it could not have been carried into effect except by a Being one in person with the supreme Deity. This is maintained with considerable force and suggestiveness. The more obvious arguments in favour of the credibility of the Gospel history from internal evidence are fairly well stated, but with a little too much ignoring of the adverse interpretation put upon many of the proof-texts.

But the strangest, yet to our mind the most valuable idea of the Essay, is one so crude and obscurely expressed that it is hard to be sure we have caught it. Taking "the Conservation of Energy" as the fundamental law of the universe, so far as yet opened by discovery, and "Force" as the one substance underlying all phenomena, Mr. Ashe invokes this to explain theological difficulties. He vigorously protests against the definition of a miracle as a suspension or breach of Natural Law, and maintains that it is not anything at variance with the law which requires for the production of any phenomenon "the expenditure of an equivalent amount of mechanical force." The Son, he suggests, as the first manifestation of the creative energy—"the beginning of the creation of God," possessed unlimited control over this essential force which he could command in a manner analogous to that in which we

within our limited spheres can command a certain portion of the power of nature. We can direct, but not originate force by our will. Christ with His divine power does not suspend natural sequences, nor by His word call up physical effects without antecedent physical causes, but accelerates, retards, or recombines existing forces, and thus works his wonder in perfect accord with the law of the universe He created; and thus demonstrates His possession of deity. Altogether we welcome Mr. Ashe's essay as throwing light on the great problem of our time, how to state the matter of revelation in such a way as to disclose its latent harmony with the discoveries of modern science. If he will take time to ripen his as yet undigested thoughts, to acquire a larger acquaintance with theological literature, and greater facility of expression, we shall be glad to meet him again in a field where, as he says, the scientific layman has in some respects the advantage of the professional theologian.

The Bible Educator. Edited by the Rev. E. H. Plumptre, M.A. Four Volumes. London: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

THE editor and publishers of *The Bible Educator* are to be congratulated upon the successful completion of their undertaking. As we pointed out on the appearance of the first volume, this work, which is neither dictionary nor commentary, aims at supplying, in some measure, the place of both, and, as far as its limits allow, it has, upon the whole, admirably fulfilled its promise. The plan of the work, which necessitates the breaking up of each article or treatise into parts, continued, it may be, through all the four volumes, is not an agreeable one when once the work is complete and put upon the students' shelves, though it has advantages in the case of a serial publication, which are well understood by its experienced publishers.

In the various departments of Biblical scholarship the editor has had the assistance not only of competent hands, but we may say, of the very best scholars of the day. The Dean of Canterbury furnishes a valuable series of papers on the study of the Pentateuch and the Prophets, which of themselves constitute a manual of great value to a young student. Canon Rawlinson takes a subject which he has made peculiarly his own, namely, the Archaeology of Egypt, Babylon, and Assyria. The geography of the Bible is dealt with by the Rev. H. W. Phillott, and Major Wilson of the Palestine Exploration Society, and the photographs of that Society have been freely used in the illustrations of Sinai and Palestine. The Rev. J. B. Heard writes on Biblical Psychology, and Dr. Moulton is the author of a History of the English versions of the Bible, "which" in the language of the editor, "may well bear comparison with any previous treatment

of the same subject." Among the other contributors are Dr. Vaughan, Canon Barry, Dr. Wm. Lee of Glasgow, Dr. Ginsburg, Dr. Stainer, and Dr. Milligan.

Among writers belonging to different sections of the Christian Church, minute doctrinal and ecclesiastical agreement cannot be looked for ; but it is not least among the recommendations of an undertaking like that which Professor Plumptre has successfully completed, that it is one more witness to profound agreement underlying our diversities, and to the fact that co-operation is not only possible, but immensely effective in this, as in other departments of Christian work.

We believe that *The Bible Educator* will, for a long time to come, meet the wants of a class of students most deserving of consideration, for whom more costly and voluminous works are not available. The cause of Biblical learning, and of Christian civilization is advanced, not only when new ground is broken by the pioneers of learning, or investigation successfully carried into some previously unknown quarter, but when the best results of scholarship are made generally accessible, and ordinary readers share some, at least, of the fruit of learned labour. We sincerely hope that a large circulation in this country and in America will at the same time reward the promoters of *The Bible Educator*, and help to advance the cause of sound Biblical knowledge.

Voices of the Prophets. Twelve Lectures preached in the Chapel of Lincoln's Inn in the years 1870-74, on the Foundation of Bishop Warburton, by Edwin Hamilton Gifford, D.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Head Master of King Edward's School, Birmingham ; Rector of Walgrave ; Honorary Canon of Worcester ; Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of London. Edinburgh : T. and T. Clark. 1874.

THIS is a volume of twelve lectures on Prophetic Revelation: It is not an exhaustive treatise, but it embraces a wide range of topics of an essential character. Commencing with the nature of prophecy and dealing with some of the antecedent objections to its possibility ; it treats of prophecy in its relation to the history of Israel, the moral qualifications for the prophetic gift ; it traces the natural outgrowth of prophecy from the germs laid in the primitive religion of the patriarchs, and the progressive light of the Messianic predictions from the time of Abraham to that of Isaiah. The later lectures embrace some very interesting topics.

The work, as a whole, is characterized by moderation, clearness of exposition of the writer's views, and fairness towards those from whom he differs. It is reverent in tone, scholarly and orthodox ; and though a small book will be welcomed as a useful addition to the literature of this important subject.

II. GENERAL LITERATURE.

Social Life in Greece, from Homer to Menander. By the Rev. J. P. Mahaffy, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin. Macmillan, London. 1874.

IN spite of a few remarkable exceptions, Trinity College, Dublin, still deserves its title of "the silent sister." The place to which we owe theologians like Salmon and Archer Butler, medical geniuses like Dr. Stokes, archæologists like Whitley Stokes and the late Dr. Henthorn Todd, cannot, in strict fairness, be called wholly voiceless; but still silence is the rule; there does not greet us from Dublin that continuous cry of men anxious to do something, which shall at once profit their day and generation, and win for themselves a niche in Fame's temple,—that rises from the English, and even from the Scotch universities. To put it plainly, Trinity College is generally accused of not doing enough for the public in return for its rich endowments. No doubt it is a great educational centre—not for Irishmen alone; perhaps a tenth of the clergy of the Establishment have received their degree at what is at once a cheap and, in its own line, an efficient theological school. Then, again, it trains young men for the Indian Civil Service, and for those literary careers in which Irishmen abound. Its manuals, prepared by Professors Galbraith and Houghton, its classical translations (those of Dr. Owgan, for instance) are worthy of all praise; but scholarship and science it has for a long time been content to leave to others. Irishmen have determined to be practical; and they have certainly succeeded. Nor is Mr. Mahaffy's book an attempt to meet on their own ground the Englishmen (and still more the Scotchmen—witness Monro's glorious edition of *Lucretius*) who are wiping off the reproach of British scholarship—that it is merely an adaptation of (sometimes exploded) German views. Pure scholarship is outside his limits; he aims at painting the subjective side of Greek life, the feelings of the people in their temples, their assemblies, their homes. Such a book can only be well written by a ripe scholar; and incidentally our author gives proofs of his scholarship which make us wish that he would take Theognis and the lyric poets, or half-a-dozen plays of Euripides, or those *Economics* of Xenophon which he so deservedly praises, and give us a really good edition of them. But he is much more than a scholar, in the old sense of the word. He is keenly alive to the contrasts and resemblances between ancient and modern times, between his old Greeks and

the different European races of the present day. He deals thoroughly with his subject, and he also deals with it most freely. Indeed it would savour of wilful iconoclasm, were his case less fully made out than it is, to find him speaking of Homer—Mr. Gladstone's sacred Homer, every word of whom is to be weighed as of priceless value in estimating the condition of the early Greeks—much as an Englishman might speak of the hereditary bard of the O'Briens, as "a smooth court poet, singing to an audience of loose morals and of doubtful honesty, and naturally attributing to the gods motives similar to those current among his own hearers, and transferring to the immortals the foibles and the doubtful amusements of human princes and princesses" (p. 325). This making Homer "the idle singer of an empty day" is a sad heresy; and yet Mr. Mahaffy's readers will, unless strongly prejudiced in the other direction, come away with the feeling that he is right. Even more heretical is his undervaluing of Thucydides, whom not Mr. Grote only but nearly every scholar has assumed to be faultless. Yet we think Mr. Mahaffy proves conclusively that in several matters Thucydides gives us not the general Attic feeling of his day, but simply the views of a small set of advanced thinkers—Pericles, Anaxagoras, Damon, Phidias, and himself, who, like their chief, rather prided themselves on keeping coldly apart from popular sentiment. This is specially the case in regard to religion. From Thucydides we should judge that the Periclean was a wholly sceptical age; yet that age saw the burning of Protagoras' books, and the prosecution of Damon and Anaxagoras for impiety; in the next generation Socrates was put to death; and, centuries after, St. Paul's testimony is that the Athenians, far from being a people of sceptics, were "in all things too superstitious." Our author's third heresy is his exaltation of Euripides. Here, however, he certainly has a great deal of the most competent English feeling on his side. Euripides used to be the old favourite, for he was the favourite of the French, and English scholarship borrowed from France before the Germans had come to the front. Aristotle's dictum, too, that he was "of the three great tragic poets the most tragic," no doubt had weight in that university where Aristotle was till lately held to be almost inspired. But for the last sixty years the influence of Germany has been increasing, especially at Oxford; and those who know how unfair, how almost personally bitter, Ottfried Müller and the Schlegels are against Euripides, and how indiscriminating in their preference for the other two, will not wonder that Euripides has fallen into discredit, while Sophocles has been extolled as a model dramatist. The reaction has come; Mr. Browning's *Balaustion*—an adaptation in his peculiar style of Euripides' masterpiece—is only one instance of it.

Euripides was a realist, and therefore he is exceedingly valuable

to our author in discussing the Greeks of the Attic age. His female characters, especially, help us to settle the position of woman in the Athenian polity. We fully agree with Mr. Mahaffy's estimate of this great poet; and we feel sure that his common-sense remarks will go far to aid in the fulfilment of his wish, "that the good sense of English scholars may lead them to judge Euripides through his own works, and not through those of either ancient buffoons or modern pedants" (p. 175).

Such are his principal "heresies." Connected with the first of them is his protest against the theory that the moral tone in the heroic age was higher than in historic times. The very reverse was true: "a deeper sense of moral obligation, and a sounder and stronger conviction of the duties which each man owes to society—these counterbalancing forces saved the higher and purer minds. . . . And this development would have shown us the lyric age far superior to Homer's, instead of only not inferior to it, but for the universal and chronic wars which sowed the growing mind of Greece with hate and revenge" (p. 93).

The Homeric poems, moreover, describe for the amusement of a caste a state of things which certainly did not exist when they were composed. They sing of "the good old times;" "to please their patrons they describe the glorious days when the assembled people would not question the superior wisdom of their betters, but merely assembled to be taught and to applaud" (p. 13). "It was not a nascent, but a decaying order of things; the original monarchies had not been patriarchal but despotic—Greeks, or semi-Greeks, succeeding to the wealth stored up by the Semitic merchant princes of whom the legends tell us. But they had got to be limited in all directions by the rise of petty chieftains, and by the growth of the spirit of independence" (p. 18). This and all that our author says on the subject should be carefully compared with the views of Mr. Grote and Mr. Gladstone. In still ruder contrast with the ideas of the latter is Mr. Mahaffy's estimate of "the Homeric ideal." "Are Homer's heroes gentlemen?" is a prelude to the inquiry: "Were the Greeks ever gentlemen in our sense of the word?"

It is certainly remarkable that for *honour* there is no Greek equivalent; Mr. Mahaffy therefore breaks it up into its component ideas, *courage, truth, compassion, loyalty*. These are all included in the medieval ideal; and our author *proves* that Homer's heroes (types herein of their historical descendants) were only second-rate in the matter of courage—all, except Achilles and Diomedes, even the stubborn Ajax, were subject to panics. In later days no Greeks, except the Spartans, succeeded in curing their national defect; and that Spartan discipline was very oppressive is proved by the fact that not even the certainty of victory could induce other Greek politicians to recommend, or citizens to adopt it. This cowardice our

author explains as the natural concomitant of their mental sensitiveness,* and as strengthened by their hopeless views about a future life. Strict *truth* is certainly not a Greek characteristic. The gods lie, the oath by the Styx's waters being their only bond; the heroes lie, Menelaus being the sole partial exception (as he will tell truth *if you press him*). The Greeks of history lie as unblushingly as did their forefathers; Juvenal's *Græculus esuriens* is not based on a wrong estimate of the nation." In no respect does Mr. Mahaffy prove more completely the *sameness* of the Greek character through all periods of their history. Compassion, again, was never a Greek virtue. Our author may well contrast the conduct of Irish peasants:—"where the neighbours divide among them without complaint the children left destitute by the death or emigration of their parents, and extend their scanty fare and their wretched homestead to the orphan as freely as to their own flesh and blood"—with the picture of an orphan's lot in the *Iliad* (x. 482). Of course there are also the horrible cruelties in war—such as the massacres at Melos, Plataeæ, Mitylene, and of 3,000 Athenians after Ægospotami; and there is, besides, as a "note of hardness," the treatment of old age—universal in all times except at Sparta. In loyalty, too, our author finds them equally deficient. Achilles is loyal to his friend, Penelope to her husband, but they are solitary exceptions; in general no Greek, whether on earth or in Olympus, is loyal to anything but his *party*. The evils of this are, naturally, insisted on with peculiar force by one who has seen in Ireland the evils caused by undue attachment to party.

On the whole the Greek ideal is a low one; it could not be otherwise among a people whose gods are such that even Pallas-Athene, Homer's embodiment of all excellence, is (as our author shows—quoting the able remarks of Mr. Hayman) rather *infra-human* than *superhuman*.

So much for general points; had we time to go into particulars we should still find Mr. Mahaffy a safe, as he is always a most suggestive guide. His discussion, for instance, of the problem, "why women were undoubtedly kept more in seclusion in Attica during the Periclean age than in the rest of Greece then and in Attica itself in earlier days," is most masterly, and makes due allowance for what is so often forgotten, the reflex action of the colonies on the mother country.

The medical practice of the Greeks, their cookery, their social life, their religious feeling, and their business habits are all carefully discussed. The difficult question (inseparable from a complete view of Greek society) which comes in in Xenophon's

* Of sensitiveness to smell he quotes a curious instance from the *Odyssey*, iv. 440, "Menelaus and the sealskins."

Symposium, is treated of by our author with singular delicacy. He admits the coarseness of Athenian relaxations, explaining thus the gross flavour of the Old Comedy: "Men who live lives of excitement and exceeding fatigue, whether it be professional or political or commercial, cannot afford time and attention for gentle and soothing recreation, for the so-called Attic salt of mere leisure conversations and philosophical disquisitions. They will generally plunge from one excitement to another, and will not rest their minds save with such grosser bodily pleasures as expel all thought of serious things. No one who has observed our great centres of life and business at the present day can have missed this prominent feature. I think this may be the reason why the Athenians of the first epoch, men of far more seriousness in many respects than their successors, delighted in public exhibitions which became unseemly in the eyes of their gentler but weaker successors. There was no time for Platonic Dialogues; the ribald scenes in Aristophanes were meant to satisfy far different wants" (p. 127).

This is true to human nature; and there is a great deal of truth in the following explanation of the "romantic affection for boys," which (probably adopted from the East) is such a feature of historical, as opposed to Homeric, Greek society. "I can imagine a modern Irishman transplanted to an old Greek symposium, and there observing that, in spite of the romantic feelings existing between the men present, nothing was done or even hinted at inconsistent with the strictest taste and propriety. I will not deny that this sentiment in the Greek mind did ally itself with passion, and lead to strange and odious consequences; but we should not forget the modern parallel that in the midst of all the romantic and chivalrous respect with which ladies are treated in society there are also cases where sentiment allies itself with passion and leads to consequences socially more serious, though less revolting (of course) to *our* taste. . . . We know quite well that (in spite of Mr. Darwin) a great proportion of the passing attachments among our young people have no conscious physical cause, nor does such a notion present itself to the purer minds among us. But, when we come to consider the parallel case of Greek society and the attachments there formed, we are by no means so generous or so just" (pp. 306—308).

These extracts show our author's delicate skill in dealing with a difficult subject; they will also serve as samples of his style, which is throughout attractive—as different as possible from that of books like Bekker's *Charicles*, translations and adaptations of which have hitherto been our chief guide in forming a notion of Greek manners and customs.

The book we can heartily recommend. Its "heresies" are, we believe, on the way to be recognised as truths. Pindar, for

instance, we have always held to be what Mr. Mahaffy styles him, "frigid and bombastic;" Horace's praise more than his own merits have given him high position: "the best parts of him are those where he shows contact with the Orphic mysteries or whatever theosophy had brought into life the reward of the good and the punishment of sinners hereafter." Again, of the relative inferiority of Attic legal harangues—which were often not legal at all, but appeals *ad homines* or *ad misericordiam*, we had long ago formed much the same notion as our author: "the nature of the jury degraded the eloquence of the bar at Athens." We regret, indeed, that Mr. Mahaffy should have taken occasion more than once to exclaim against Irish juries, and to call his countrymen "one of the non-political races who are best under a despotism;" this is the one defect of the book, and the cure for it would be a study of the old Brehon law of Ireland, as compared with Greek codes, and with the laws of the Twelve Tables. With this exception we go along with our author throughout, and hope he will soon give us his promised work on *Greek Art*, as well as similar works on Roman life and manners. The need for such books is increasing now that "classics for English readers" bring the masterpieces of antiquity within the range of any man or woman of ordinary culture.

Quintii Horati Flacci Opera. With English Notes and Introduction. By J. M. Marshall, M.A. Vol. I., "The Odes," "Carmen Seculare" and "Epodes." London: Rivingtons. 1874.

THE latest addition to the *Catena Classicorum*, Mr. Marshall's edition of the *Odes of Horace*, is marked by the features which distinguish most of the works in this series. "Reference is substituted for quotation," and help is given but sparingly. Those teachers who approve of the principles of annotation, will probably give a hearty welcome to Mr. Marshall's *Horace*. The notes, while very brief, are to the point, and often highly suggestive: they show a competent knowledge of previous commentators, and, as a rule, sound judgment, though sometimes, in our opinion, unduly conservative. The note in *Od. III. iv. 9, 10*, certainly underrates the difficulty presented by the ordinary reading; and no one would gather from Mr. Marshall's words the weak authority on which it rests. In the interpretation of the 27th Ode of the same book, we might fairly turn the editor's own words against himself, and say that he is "clearly and obviously" wrong in rejecting the reading of Bentley, which has been admirably defended and explained by Mr. Munro. In *Od. I. xxxvii. 14*, his translation of *Lymphatam* "under the influence of panic

terror" is surely misleading, if not a blunder. In *Od.* II. xiii. 14, Lachmann's conjecture was not *Thymus* but *Thoenus*. But these are but exceptions to the generally sound and instructive character of Mr. Marshall's commentary. Our only regrets are that he should have followed so faithfully the general plan of the series, one which, we are persuaded, has greatly diminished the practical value of much excellent scholarship. The two best editions in the *Catena*, Mr. Jebb's *Sophocles* and Mr. Sandys' *Isocrates*, are constructed very differently, and do not refrain from supplying the student with information, even though due diligence on his part might have discovered some of it for himself. But what can be the use to an average schoolboy of a note which simply refers him to a passage in Pindar, Æschylus, or in Bergh's *Poetæ Lyrici*? It is ten to one if the book is accessible to him, twenty to one if he will have the curiosity to look up the reference, and fifty to one if he can make it out when he has done so. Time is more valuable than space, in the great majority of cases; and as to the expense of printing fuller notes, the smaller edition of Orelli, published at something like half the cost of Mr. Marshall's volume, will be almost always found to give double or three times the information. To some teachers this will seem an objection; and those who prefer a brief and suggestive commentary to a full and helpful one, will probably find Mr. Marshall's edition better suited to their needs than any which has yet been published.

We may notice one odd misprint, which has escaped correction in the errata: there is a quotation on *Od.* I. iii. 30 from Gray's *Ode on Eton College*.

Etymological Geography. By C. Blackie. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1875.

It is unfortunate that the compiler of this little work does not state the authorities which she has used. In a science like philology, where so much that is loose and inaccurate is current side by side with the well-established results of the most competent inquirers, it is above all necessary that a book of exposition rather than inquiry should make it clear from what sources its statements have been drawn. Mr. Paterson's name is a sufficient guarantee for accuracy in dealing with Magyar names. Mr. Skene and Dr. Joyce are unimpeachable authorities on Celtic forms; but beyond these names, we are left to a sufficiently vague expression of confidence, which closes the introduction by Prof. Blackie. Mr. Isaac Taylor, in his *Words and Places*, sometimes follows untrustworthy authorities; but he always gives us the advantage of knowing who it is who is responsible for his statements. But the authoress of *Etymological Geography* contents herself with grouping, in the form of a dictionary, those names of places

which appear to her to contain a common element. This makes it a difficult matter to arrive at the principles on which the work has been compiled, and the success with which these have been carried out could only be estimated by long familiarity and frequent reference, unless, indeed, the book were committed for review to the *Scotchman* who is said to have read steadily through the greater part of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary, with the one criticism that his remarks, though "varra seensible," were "a little unconnected." So far as we have been able to examine it, the derivations appear to be generally sound, though misprints are more frequent than they should be. There is a curious omission of the interesting field of Greek and Italian local names, on which so much light has been thrown of late. And we fear that the arrangement of the work will stand in the way of its wide acceptance in schools, for which it is mainly designed. In attractiveness it is much inferior to Mr. Taylor's work, and this defect is hardly atoned for by its greater completeness in some of the less important branches of the subject.

We ought to add that Prof. Blackie's introduction, while written with characteristic vigour and sprightliness, abounds in etymologies which are probably the peculiar possessions of their propounder. The assertion that *aqua*, which has its normal equivalent in almost every Indo-European language, is "an abraded form" of the Gaelic *uisge* is only one example out of many of what we might fairly call a Keltomania. And is there any other living scholar of repute who would find the Hebrew *beth* reappearing in the Scandinavian *by*, and the English *booth*?

Elements of Greek Accidence. With Philological Notes.
By Evelyn Abbott. London: Rivingtons. 1874.

THE appearance of Mr. Abbott's *Greek Accidence* is another welcome sign of the extent to which the results of modern philology are beginning to find their way into our school-books. It is based upon the works of Prof. George Curtius, one of whose minor treatises Mr. Abbott was the first to introduce to the English public. But it has some points of advantage over Curtius's school grammar, as might have been expected, when the task of adaptation has fallen into the hands of an accomplished and experienced master in an English public school. The pronunciation is more clearly explained, and the sound-laws are stated in a manner better suited to beginners. More philological explanation is added after each paradigm; and in several minor points the classification is improved. On the whole we have great confidence in recommending this as by far the best elementary Greek Accidence which has yet been published for the use of English schools.

A Synoptical History of England. With the Contemporaneous Sovereigns and Events of General History, from the Earliest Records to the Present Time. By Llewelyn C. Burt, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition: London: Lockwood and Co., 7, Stationers'-hall-court, Ludgate-hill. 1874.

MR. LLEWELYN BURT'S synoptical history stands alone; and the isolated position that it occupies is so eminently useful, that we are glad to welcome a second edition of the work. It is now six years and more since the book made its first appearance; and it has been so well received, that the author has prepared this new edition, bringing his history down to the foundation of Mr. Disraeli's ministry and the first Acts of the present Parliament. The principle on which Mr. Burt has based his labours is that of aiding the intelligence by the eye, and tabulating the entire history of our country in such a manner as to bring the events and dates of English history under the eye in the same page with the events and dates of contemporary history in other countries. There are numbers of extremely useful tables of dynasties, genealogies, &c.; but the bulk of the volume is arranged in three columns, printed in a handy oblong quarto form. The first column gives the "principal events under their respective dates," as briefly as possible, and in bold type, so as to catch the eye; in the second column, which is much wider, and printed in small but clear type, are "observations,"—being an interpretation and comment on the bare facts of column 1, with collateral facts brought in more fully; and in column 3, the narrowest, also in small type, are given with the greatest brevity the "contemporary events" of other countries. Each reign forms a separate table in this form,—the dates of accession and death being stated at the head, and the marriages and issue being specified at the foot. At the end of the volume are some admirable tables, giving briefly in chronological order accounts of important battles, important treaties and alliances, and important charters and statutes; and the index is a model of fulness and accuracy, compressed into a comparatively small space.

In stating that this book stands alone, we have not forgotten that excellent work, Prince's *Parallel History*, whereof the plan is analogous; but, as the degree of similarity between the two works does not amount to more than an analogy, it is unnecessary to do more than remark that Prince's work is much more extensive and much less perspicuous in arrangement,—does not, in fact, make that appeal to the sense of sight which is the distinctive feature of Mr. Burt's Synopsis. The two books might well be used together; but we are under the impression that Prince's

has passed out of use,—probably because a little fuller than was found convenient by students and teachers. With Mr. Burt's book no such fault could possibly be found: it is a triumph in utilisation of space; and while it gives to young students and their instructors the history of England in a nutshell, with all that is necessary for a first grounding in the elements of foreign history, it forms a handy book of reference of the greatest value to any man of studious pursuits, who has left school long enough to get rusty in his facts. This book should certainly be used in every school of any pretensions; and it will be found a valuable addition to any library in which it does not already find a place.

History of the Roman Empire from the Death of Theodosius the Great to the Coronation of Charles the Great, A.D. 395—800. By Arthur M. Curtis, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; Assistant Master in Sherborne School. Rivingtons.

THIS is one of the first of the series of historical handbooks which is being published under the direction of Mr. Oscar Browning. There is no pretence to original research; it is a simple narrative, always clear and generally well arranged, of the long familiar events of the epoch taken almost entirely from the pages of Gibbon and Milman. The earlier part of the period is dealt with at much greater length than the later, only one-third of the book being devoted to the last three out of the four centuries treated of. This disproportion mars to a considerable extent the symmetry and usefulness of the work, and in spite of the vigorous realisation of the commanding position and character of Chrysostom which they contain, we cannot but regret that upwards of forty pages should be devoted to the intrigues of the Empress Eudoxia in the East, while the great Frank empire of the Merovings, to which the Mediæval Roman Empire owes its origin, is dismissed with a notice of one page, and the heroic and successful efforts of the early Iconoclast emperors to revive the life of the Byzantine empire are scarcely alluded to.

Mr. Curtis has a great subject before him. His book conducts us out of the ancient world, with its ideas of universality and centralisation, into the Mediæval world of feudal isolation. Everything was new and untried; there were strange and diverse nationalities continually appearing, new systems of government, new religions. Mr. Curtis, although his style is almost ostentatiously careless, and though he is studious to give us nothing that has not received the unanimous sanction of historical critics, is sometimes carried away by the interest and importance of his topics, and particularly in his delineation of the great historic

characters of the time,—Chrysostom, Gregory the Great, Mohammed, Charlemagne ;—if he has nothing new to say, he certainly is not dull. The account of the migrations of the different barbarian nations, and of the foundation of their kingdoms, is clear and good, if not very full, and the chapter on Attila and his legendary fame is perhaps the best in the book. There is a sensible chapter on the progress of Christianity in the first four centuries, and another still better on the rise of Mohammedanism and the causes of its success. The great position of Leo the Iconoclast—long ago insisted upon by Mr. Freeman—and of Charles Martel, and their services in saving Christianity from the Saracens, are dwelt upon with effect.

Although hardly equal to what we should expect in Mr. Oscar Browning's very promising series, the book is reliable, in parts well arranged, and generally written in a clear and lively style. It would no doubt be useful to schoolboys, should they be studying the epoch ; but we think that few others would make use of it in preference to the longer text-books from which it is compiled, or even to that very excellent abbreviation, the Student's Gibbon.

Epochs of Modern History. Edward III. By the Rev. W. Warburton, M.A., Her Majesty's Senior Inspector of Schools. London : Longman, Green and Co. 1875.

THE idea of this admirable series is well carried out in the volume before us. It presents a view, fuller and fresher than can be found in any but expensive books, of a period of English history remarkable for interest and instructiveness. To those schools in which Chaucer is a subject of study, Mr. Warburton's little work will be very welcome, while in itself it will give to learners a conception of history very different from the dry and meagre abridgments commonly in use. The story of the English wars in France can never be thought dull, and the terrible lesson it teaches on the instability of military enterprises should be impressed on every successive generation. The maps and genealogical tables add greatly to the value of the volume.

The Works of George Chapman. (1) "Plays." Edited, with Notes, by Richard Herne Shepherd. (2) "Homer's Iliad and Odyssey." Edited, with Notes, by Richard Herne Shepherd. (3) "Poems and Minor Translations." With an Introduction by Algernon Charles Swinburne. Three Volumes. London : Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. 1874-5.

IT is so short a time since we dealt at length with Chapman's Plays as issued for the first time in a complete form by Mr. John

Pearson, that we have but little of general or particular remark to add to what we then said of the translator of Homer considered as a dramatist. Of the useful and cheap volume into which these plays have now been compressed by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, we have to say that the revised text is far more satisfactory than could possibly have been anticipated by those who suspected, as we did, that the very Mr. Shepherd who edited this volume was the anonymous, blundering, and fussy editor of Mr. Pearson's three pretty volumes. It is further to be said that the addition of the plays written by Chapman in conjunction with Ben Jonson, Marston, and Shirley adds very considerably to the value of the collection, and that one of the two "doubtful plays," *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*, added to the volume of Minor Translations and Poems, must be deemed well worthy of preservation, whether it be by Chapman, or, as Mr. Swinburne seems inclined to suspect, by Middleton. Certainly there is scarcely any mark at all of Chapman in it; and in the other doubtful play, *Two Wise Men and all the Rest Fools*, there is no mark whatever of Chapman, or indeed of any other "cognizable fatherhood." *The Ball* (one of the professedly two-fathered plays) has much of Shirley and little of Chapman in it, as far as we can discern; while *Chabot, Admiral of France*, would seem to be almost the unbroken work of Chapman, and in his best and most equable manner.

The re-edition of Chapman's *Homer*, and in a volume accessible as to price to all who buy books at all, is a real boon to the reading public. There is no translation of the world's greatest epic that is so much of a poem as this imperfect, often grotesque, but constantly splendid and imaginative rendering. The polished prettiness of Pope, further off the original than even Chapman with his rank splendours and gorgeous individualities, shrinks into something like insignificance beside the older version; and of no other version can it be said that it is a poem of the first, or even of a very high order. Of Chapman's this can be truly said; and though it be not the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer rendered in the spirit and tone of Hellas, the transfer into grand barbaric English is so full of might and poetic beauty, that it is not likely we shall ever have anything better to represent to us the glory of ancient Greece, the epic poem as yet unrivalled in any other tongue.

The miscellaneous poems now collected and printed in a third volume, together with the minor translations of Chapman, are truly a remarkable series of works—often enough, be it confessed, more remarkable than beautiful: still, for the patient and loving student of the greatest epoch of English poetry, the march through a dreary land of inflated style, loose construction, turgidity, verbosity, and contorted obscurity of thought, is constantly rewarded by a sudden oasis of noble thought set nobly in faultless verse;

and we cannot say that any but those whose reading is of the railway order need scruple to hazard an incursion on these rank, rich fields of verse, mingled inextricably the good with the bad, and hardly ever wholly admirable or wholly condemnable. It is somewhat hard on Chapman (and yet the fate is self sought, as that of Marsyas) that among his poems appears, from the hand of a greater far than he, one faultless and serene fragment that dwarfs all around it. That Chapman should have finished the *Hero and Leander* begun by no less a poet than the incomparable Christopher Marlowe was his own fault; but he can scarcely have contemplated the implacable wrath of the fate ruling over things poetic, which should set his name and his work for ever to be judged by such a standard as the name of Marlowe and the work of Marlowe's hand. Beside those first two glorious "sestiaads" of *Hero and Leander* which alone Marlowe lived to finish there is hardly any poem of that great period which does not seem barbarous; the exquisite perfection of the work betrays Apollo disguised among the herdsmen of Admetus; and although Chapman put some of his best work into the completion—a herdsman caught up for once into something like dignity by the effluent godhead of his unknown companion (for even Chapman knew not Marlowe for what he was)—still, to compare any work of Chapman's with these two perfect sestiaads is like trying crystals by the standard of a diamond. None the less Chapman was a poet, through and through, and his works, whether dramatic or didactic, are fruitful of a high order of pleasure to those who can read them aright.

The fine and discriminative essay prefixed by Mr. Swinburne to this final volume of Chapman's works, though dealing exhaustively enough with the whole series of dramatic and poetic writings, deals also with many other things not strictly belonging to an essay on Chapman; but here the public is a gainer by the constant habit of an impulsive but admirable critic, of seizing whatso opportunity he may, to deal with any question of importance that may chance to be pressing on his mind. Here, at all events, the cultivated reader can hardly complain of the digressions from the main subject; and the studious admirers of our greatest contemporary thinker (among poets), our keenest and most absolute analyst of human motive and character, should be specially grateful to the poet-critic for his demonstration that the writings of Browning are not obscure in the proper and opprobrious sense. In dealing with the genuine and inscrutable obscurity of Chapman's worst work and much of it that is good at root, Mr. Swinburne takes occasion to show that the like charge brought against Browning by thoughtless "anonymous critics who go scribbling about," is wholly untenable; that what is thought by dark minds to be darkness is in fact excess of light; and that the rapidity of Browning's thought receives adequate expression in

his verse, but requires a corresponsive rapidity of appreciation to follow. The noble passages on the genius and place of Marlowe are, if not more acceptable, at least more appropriate, both by reason of the internal relations between the several members of the great Elizabethan group, and in virtue of that Nemesis of antithesis to which we have already referred as waiting on the fate of Chapman. Mr. Swinburne shows in enthusiastic terms, once for all, what Marlowe did for English poetry before his lamentable death at the age of twenty-nine; and everyone who has at heart the glory of our national literature should read this essay, both for Marlowe's sake and for Browning's, and for the sake of most of the leading men of the great age of drama, on whom light is cast in scattered passages of keenest appreciation.

On one point in this essay—and that a much discussed point—we cannot bring ourselves to agree wholly with Mr. Swinburne. There is a tradition that the creative hand of Marlowe was not arrested at the exact completion of those two most noble sestiams of *Hero and Leander*,—that he left a further fragment for Chapman to work on. This fragment, it were fruitless indeed to search for, as one would naturally incline to do, at the opening of the third sestiam; there all is obviously and incontrovertibly the work of the lesser man, who undertook as hard a task as it would have been, say, for Walter Savage Landor to complete the Promethean trilogy. Chapman at his clearest and best, it is true, we have there; but no hint of Marlowe can we find elsewhere than in the fifth sestiam, where more than one student has seemed to discern the hand of the master. The tale told by Teras in that sestiam is altogether a fine tale, and written in fine verse, but not mainly finer than Chapman could do, and has proved himself equal to. We cannot, however, think him equal to the exquisite few lines descriptive of the stolen virgins in the “barbarous rovers’” cave, and including the passage—

“ But when the virgin lights thus dimly burned
Oh, what a hell was heaven in! how they mourned,
And wrung their hands and wound their gentle forms
Into the shapes of sorrow! golden storms
Fell from their eyes; as when the sun appears
And yet it rains, so showed their eyes their tears.”

And when the black nymph Teras, who tells this tale, suddenly rises to depart, we catch another glimpse of a stronger hand than Chapman's:—

“ Herewith the amorous spirit that was so kind
To Teras' hair, and comb'd it down with wind,
Still as it, comet-like, brake from her brain,
Would needs have Teras gone, and did refrain
To blow it down; which, staring up, dismay'd
The timorous feast; and she no longer stay'd,

But, bowing to the bridegroom and the bride,
 Did like a shooting exhalation glide
 Out of their sights: the turning of her back
 Made them all shriek, it looked so ghastly black."

Sound and fancy are alike here of a most fine harmony; and if we are to look for Marlowe out of the first two sestiads, it is in these passages that we should look. If Chapman wrote them he did his powers and perceptions grievous wrong throughout his career, and robbed posterity of much high and unalloyed pleasure that it would have been open to him to confer on them.

The Complete Works in Prose and Verse of Charles Lamb.
 From the Original Editions, with the Cancelled Passages Restored, and many Pieces now first Collected.
 Edited and Prefaced by R. H. Shepherd, with Portraits and Fac-simile of a page of the "Dissertation upon Roast Pig." London: Chatto and Windus, Piccadilly. 1875.

THE numerous admirers of Charles Lamb owe much to Messrs. Chatto and Windus for the edition of which the title is given above. If there is one division of literature in which the author of *The Essays of Elia* is more distinguished than elsewhere, it is that of high criticism; and as an assemblage of his critical works, this is not equalled by any other collected edition;—indeed it is only possible to rival it by carefully and laboriously collecting the original editions. Several valuable though short criticisms have been disinterred from the pages of *The Examiner*, to which they were contributed by Lamb during the editorship of Leigh Hunt: these are now reprinted for the first time; and the critical value of the *Essays of Elia* is greatly enhanced by the restoration of the cancelled passages, consequent on the general plan of the work,—that of reproducing the writings as they were first put forth by their author. In the same way the priceless notes on the Elizabethan dramatists benefit largely. It is true they are to be had, separately from Lamb's collected works, together with the extracts they were originally written to accompany; but in the current collections of Lamb's works, these notes are given in an abbreviated form, while in the present edition, they are given precisely as issued in the year 1808. On the whole, the bulk and price render this by far the most desirable edition for "general readers;" and for critical readers, who may prefer one of the costlier editions, it would certainly be well to have this also as a corrective and accompaniment. There is always an interest attaching to the first form in which good and careful work makes its appearance; and not seldom such work fails to gain anything by successive alterations.

We are not sure that Lamb's work did not gain frequently by revision; but it is certainly well worth the student's while to compare for himself the first and last states. We cannot say that the portraits add greatly to the value of Messrs. Chatto and Windus's edition, though that from a chalk drawing by Robert Hancock is pleasing enough. The other is a most hideous caricature.

Sorrow and Song; Studies of Literary Struggle. By Henry Curwen. Two Vols. H. King and Co. 1875.

"LITERATURE," says the proverb, "is a very good walking-stick, but a very bad crutch." If you depend on it entirely, it will, ten to one,—a hundred to one, if you please,—"enter into your hand and pierce you." So far, we quite go along with Mr. Curwen. No doubt there are plenty of literary men as badly off now as the Grub-street poets were in Pope's day; but the reason is just that which fills the columns of the *Gazette*. Bankrupts there always will be in every walk of life, men who have undertaken what they are not fitted for. Tradesmen who cannot keep accounts, others who care more for their "free and easy" than for their shop, others who can't tell good wares from bad, and so make mistakes in buying stock, are pretty sure to come to grief; and so are "literary men" who, writing what the public declines, for the present at least, to accept, obstinately refuse to keep themselves afloat by any of the thousand and one expedients which the present time abundantly offers to all who can write decently; and go on heaping up volume after volume of unsaleable stuff, which may be as precious as *Paradise Lost*, but may, on the other hand, be utterly worthless. Of course, if men talk of "a mission," there is nothing more to be said; and one at least of Mr. Curwen's "representative men," Petöfi, the Hungarian Körner, had a "mission" which he may well have found overpowering. But with most writers the case is wholly different; they would surely be showing stronger faith in what is called their inspiration, by holding to it in spite of temporary hindrances, by making "circumstances" work with them and open a way for them at the last, than by groaning over the unappreciativeness of mankind, and determining to die straight off for their ideal, instead of living to carry it out by-and-by. These two types of men are set forth in Haydon the painter and Carlyle. The former had his theory (which is that of most real art-lovers) that the great increase of "patronage" is not leading to a commensurate improvement in painting. Portraits and *genre*-pictures are the ruin of high art, it is true, yet some of our best painters paint portraits; so did Titian and Vandyck, and thereby they raised portrait-painting

without in the least falling away from their own ideal. But Haydon would not give in to such weakness; he would paint huge pictures fit for town halls or churches, and because "the public" thronged to see *General Tom Thumb*, and would scarcely cast a glance at "Curtius leaping into the gulf," therefore, sick at heart, he passed out of a world which generally demands patience in those who would be its teachers. Carlyle, on the other hand, did not all at once take the public by storm; for years he was known only as a painful translator from the German; for years he condescended to make life possible by the drudgery of teaching. If Carlyle had started with his "Latter-day pamphlets," and had determined to give the world that or nothing, refusing meanwhile to help himself in any other way, the waves would probably have closed over him, and one of the great teachers of the age would have been lost. If Haydon, without bating one jot of his ideal, had set himself to paint for bread at what would bring bread, while he was in every work, no matter how trivial, labouring to raise the tone of painting and to educate men in a feeling for "high art," he would have lived to rank with our Eastlakes and Holman Hunts. These remarks are our answer to Mr. Curwen's preface. We decline to call a man "a huckster and not an artist;" to say that he barter his individuality and his pure ideals for money; because, without ever giving up his ideal, he so shapes his first efforts as to win the success which is necessary to enable him to make other efforts. It is not everyone who can take the literary world by storm; and in the necessarily gradual process, something of value is doubtless lost now and then; but on the other hand, a vast amount of rubbish drops away which might otherwise be carried on to the front with great blare of trumpets, as if it really was of priceless worth. On the whole, we believe in the men of genius "who through long days of labour, and nights devoid of ease, still hear in their soul the music of wonderful melodies." All cannot submit to work in a groove, even for a time; the peculiar (shall we say morbid?) temperament of the *genus irritabile* makes it hopeless for a Burns to be a good steady-going gauger, or for a Keats to let horses for hire like his worthy father, while the world is learning to love his Endymion. "Pegasus in harness" is no doubt a contradiction in terms. But, for all that, if the "literary man" "dies in the struggle," it is mostly his own fault. He is stubborn, and mistakes stubbornness for genius, and thinks that his not being appreciated is a sure sign of rare excellence. Because Goldsmith and Savage lived from hand to mouth, it does not follow that I, who am compelled to live in a like uncomfortable way, am a Goldsmith or a Savage. Yet there are hundreds who persist in "converting their syllogism" after this unauthorised manner. Our wrong system of education, too, helps on the mischief. Here is

a boy, a creature with arms and legs, and muscles, and mechanical aptitudes, as well as with brain; yet we persist in feeding only the latter, leaving him to feed the former in such irregular way as he can, by gymnastics and so forth, often to the injury of his moral character. When we come seriously to train bodies as well as minds, many things will be better done than they are now,—drainage, for instance, and a water supply, and there will be far fewer literary *ne'er-do-weels*, men who have mistaken their vocation, drifting into the shallows of literature because their physical incapacity prevents their doing anything else. We have thorough respect for the writer who has something to say; but we feel that nowadays too many write to avoid being called on to do something else, and these, if they once get conceited, are just the people to insist on the world taking what they give, and sinking back in dudgeon if the world (perhaps wisely) declines to do so.

Thus much to protest against Mr. Curwen's title and purpose. Goethe is right that deep thoughts and sorrow are inseparable; the bread of tears is the only true ambrosia; yet that is very different from assuming it to be necessary for the "representative literary man to die—for invariably there is need—in the struggle." Such over-statements can only do mischief. Men of all kinds do fail; and if literary men are sometimes "howled at as loafers," surely some of them do their best to deserve the title.

Apart, however, from its purpose and its misleading title, the book is one which cannot fail to be interesting. Mürger, for instance, the French novelist, the "representative of Bohemia," is not a model man, but his life is a very pleasant one to read, and his songs (of which Mr. Curwen does not give the best, to our thinking—that about the recruit who kills his captain in a duel) are very touching, that to *ma cousine Angèle* inexpressibly so. Life in "Bohemia" has passed away with the many changes which Paris has seen since Mürger, son of the Paris *concierge* of German extraction, was born in 1822. His life was a strange medley of work and play and long illnesses, chiefly spent after the fashion of poor Parisians (a fashion which we are told is coming into vogue in London) in hospital. "Live regularly, abstain from coffee, and go to bed early," the doctors told him when he had partially recovered one very severe attack; but Mürger would do none of these things; his friends, who formed the Society of the *Buveurs d'eau*, were not bound by such rules; they wrote, but the value of a good deal of their writing may be guessed from the history of the *Castor*, a *journal de la mode*, which they so crammed with romantic "copy," that the subscribers gave it up in disgust. Never does Mürger seem to have had a spare ten-pound note; his life was spent (as he said) "in hunting that very shy wild beast the five-franc piece." Of his many loves, not one was found to watch by his dying bed. Marie, his first love, and

his last, told him frankly, when he showed her one of those poems which have made him famous: "I'd rather have a new dress and a pair of boots than half-a-dozen poems." He died in a hospital; all Paris was excited at the news of his illness. "I can't dance any more to-night, Mürger is dying," said a young lady at a grand ball. Three thousand notabilities and a hundred carriages followed him to the grave, and then they set him up a handsome monument. All this is deeply interesting as a study of human nature, but we cannot accept Mr. Curwen's remark: "He had asked for bread, and they gave him a stone of the costliest." Mürger deliberately preferred to ordinary bread that stony stuff which he knew was the fare of Bohemia.

Novalis is another of our author's representative men; we are very glad to learn some facts about the life of one who is known to most of us only by mysterious and very German extracts from his "Fragments." "Sleep is for the inhabitants of planets only. In the future man will sleep and wake continually at once. Our life is not a dream, but it may, and will, perhaps, become one"—riddles like that are pleasant to amuse oneself with now and then; but the history of this man, and of his sweet girl-love, Sophie Kuhn (she died at fifteen), is much pleasanter; and this our author tells well. Still more interesting is the account of Petöfi, patriot and poet, who fell pierced with Russian lances in the carnage of Segeswar. Balzac (another victim to strong coffee), Edgar Allan Poe, and André Chénier make up the tale of Mr. Curwen's "representative men." Of Poe he says: "I began with a thorough determination to vindicate Poe from Dr. Griswold's aspersions . . . still, after sifting every item of evidence I could lay hands on, for Poe and against him, my monograph has turned out very differently from what I had hoped the facts would have justified me in putting forth." On this we make no comment, except that Poe's misery was so clearly self-induced, that to charge it to any extent on society is simply absurd. We repeat what we have said; the book is very interesting and well put together, but it does not prove the author's point.

Govindá Samanta, or the History of a Bengal Ráiyat. By the Rev. Lál Behári Day, Chinsurah, Bengal. Macmillan, 1874.

SIR H. S. MAINE, in his recent book on the points in common between Hindoo, old Irish, and Roman law, says that even some Governors-General have left India without recognising the fact, that in the population there they have not (as in England) a "mixed multitude," a "mob" only sundered or united by differences of wealth or accidental position, but a continuation of the tribal system, family living beside family in the same village

with as little intercourse as if one was German, the other French. This vitality of "the tribe" makes patriotism, as we interpret the word, impossible; it also makes Hindoo society very hard for an outsider to understand. If the difficulty is great for Europeans living in the country, *a fortiori*, it must be far greater for us at home; and therefore any book is welcome which throws real light on the habits and ways of thought of so many millions of our fellow-subjects. Hence the value of the book before us. It is the history by one of themselves of that *ryot* about whom we have all heard something, but concerning whom the best instructed among us really know very little. In the form of a most un-novel-like novel our author follows the Bengal peasant from his cradle to his grave, grouping round his life every circumstance which can throw light on manners, religion, or culture. The book is, as Mr. Lal Day describes it, a series of photographs—wanting, as photographs always are, in pictorial effect, but for that very reason all the more valuable to the student of Bengal life. We could wish that many native converts would similarly photograph the tribes to which they belong. The labour would be one of love; for, though truth is impressed on every page of these two volumes, and though the general impression left on the reader is one of unutterable sadness, yet Mr. Day plainly loves his people, and (while not shirking facts) is careful to put them in a good light. The effect, too, of such a series of works would be to do away with a good deal of that "beating the air," that "uncertain fighting," with men whose idiosyncrasies are very imperfectly, if at all, appreciated, which so paralyses missionary effort. Moreover, for the general reader, it is well that sometimes the lions should have a chance of being painters. Of the plot of Mr. Day's book we will not attempt to give an analysis. Such analyses are always unsatisfactory. Moreover, we wish our readers to go to the work itself. It is a contribution to *real history* which the world cannot afford to lose. There are a few faults of style; and the wonder is that there are so few of them, that Mr. Day has stood so firmly against the temptation to write that degenerate Johnsonese dashed with slang which young Bengal thinks is "fine English;" but the reader soon forgets these in admiration at the manifest earnestness which breathes through the work. Mr. Day has something to tell, and he tells it—tells it as Erckmann-Chatrian tell their story, simply and effectively.

The story is a very sad one; after many idyllic pictures of happy Bengal peasant life (happiness on so little!); after chapters throwing new light on religion, on superstitions (the chapter on ghosts, for instance), on the power of women in the family, on the love of education which characterises the *ryot* and the efforts of the zemindars to repress it (as squires and farmers used to try

in England), comes the gloomy record of repeated family troubles. A young widow of the house (it is a "joint-family" held together by the strong common-sense of the old grandmother and her son), becomes a *Vaishnavi*, i.e. leaves home and follows the fortunes of a mendicant priest of Vishnu. Then the old grandmother, having seen her grandson well married, goes on pilgrimage to Jaggernath and shares the fate of so many thousands, dying miserably of cholera as she returns. Fever then visits the village, and Badan, the head of our joint family, is mortally stricken. Govinda takes his place; his uncle, a Bengal Hercules, and as good-tempered as he is strong, acquiescing in being put aside because he is not so clever as his nephew. Then comes debt, the curse of the *ryot*. Badan had left a small debt; Govinda, having to perform the necessary funeral rites for father and grandmother, increases it. The money-lender is a kindly man; but the ordinary rate of interest being 36 per cent., the sum grows rapidly. Then, too, the zemindar ("a Bengal tiger in human form") sends to claim feudal cess on his son's marriage. Govinda says he cannot pay the five rupees; before the zemindar he protests that the cess is contrary to the rule of *Kompani Bahadur* (the Great East India Company). He pays, however; and is beaten by the zemindar in open cutchery, his landlord vowing to take vengeance on him. By-and-by this "Bengal tiger" gets Govinda's huts burnt down and his receipts burnt, and then comes down on him for ninety rupees arrears of rent. But the poor peasant survives such crushing calamities; actually rights himself again, proving thereby that he is no common character, even among his much-enduring fellows. He survives only to die during the recent famine; an epidemic had prepared him (as it had many more) to succumb; he finds no hope of anything but starvation at home, and therefore goes to Burdwan, where the good Maharajah Mahtap Chand was giving work to two thousand labourers a day; but the thought that he, who had always tilled his paternal acres, was now forced to be a coolie, broke his heart. His health gave way, and one morning he was found dead in his hut. Happily some of the oppressions under which Govinda suffered have passed away for ever; the act passed in 1859, by Sir Frederick Halliday and Mr. Edward Currie, abolished the cess and curtailed the infamous despotism of the zemindars; nor will public opinion now permit indigo-planters to behave in the high-handed way in which a certain Mr. Murray does. But, as we said, we want our readers to go to the book itself; it deserves to be not only read but studied.

The Duke and the Scholar, and other Essays. By T. L. Kingston Oliphant, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford. London: Macmillan and Co. 1875.

THE book to which Mr. Oliphant has chosen to give the name of *The Duke and the Scholar* is, in the main, a work of compilation and translation. The first essay in the volume, the life of the Duke de Luynes, is confessedly "taken (at least nine-tenths of it) from the 'Notice sur M. le Duc de Luynes, par J. L. A. Huillard-Bréholles ;' and Mr. Oliphant professes to have added but little of his own, though he has "made bold to criticise a certain part of the Duke's political career." The life of the Duke's biographer, Huillard-Bréholles, which is the next essay in the book, is compiled from what are called "original sources," the materials having been furnished to Mr. Oliphant by the widow of Huillard-Bréholles. These two biographical sketches are brought together as relating to two contemporary Frenchmen of repute who were friends, and whose careers afford, in Mr. Oliphant's opinion, an example greatly needed by his own countrymen,—the Duke's that of a patriot, scholar, and gentleman, munificent in his relations with art, science, and literature,—the Duke's biographer's that of a studious and earnest man of letters, who lived simply and shamed the world of clap-trap and humbug by embodying in his own doings all that's opposite to that evil realm. Mr. Oliphant might have added more than he has to the intrinsic interest of these two lives ; but, as they here stand, they are at least readable ; and no one who reads them can fail to benefit by them. The third component part of the book is a translation of a part of the life of Fra Salimhene, written in Latin by himself. It is intensely interesting ; and we can scarcely deprecate its insertion here ; but we do not admit that it is any more appropriately placed because, as Mr. Oliphant says, "it throws so brilliant a light upon the great Thirteenth Century, of which the Duke and the Scholar were most earnest students." The remaining two essays that make up the volume have no such excuse for their companionship ; nor are they particularly able or interesting. One is on the question, "Was the old English Aristocracy destroyed by the wars of the Roses ?" The other is on the "Long Union between the English Lords and Commons." Altogether the book would have been a trifle better without them,—and twenty-one pages shorter.

Musical Composers and their Works, for the use of Schools and Students in Music. By Sarah Tytler, author of *Papers for Thoughtful Girls, &c.* Daldy, Isbister and Co. London, 1875.

THIS work is very similar in character to Miss Tytler's *Old Masters and their Pictures, and Modern Painters and their Paintings,*

which we have recently noticed. Mainly biographical, partly critical, founded for the most part on such books as Mr. Haweis's *Music and Morals*, the *Imperial Biographical Dictionary*, M. Fétis' *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, and on the published reminiscences of Moscheles and Hiller, and the letters of Mendelssohn, it lays no claim to originality of research, or independence of artistic judgment. The author scarcely possesses, and indeed makes no pretension of possessing, the necessary knowledge to enable her to control her authorities. Her step is evidently rather uncertain, and she is gracefully thankful to any friendly hand that assists her and makes it firmer.

In noticing the two books on the painters, we had occasion to speak of certain inaccuracies; and in the book before us such statements as that Marie Antoinette married Louis *le Désiré*—who was of course Louis XVIII.—do not convey an impression of care in compilation. But after all, this is not perhaps a very serious matter, for few memories are so good as to be long affected by mistakes of this kind. What we should be more disposed to quarrel with is Miss Tytler's depreciatory estimate of those musicians with whose character she happens to have no sympathy. One must take art as one finds it. M. Taine once tried to prove—in a passage that has always seemed to us quite uncritical and almost unmanly—that Pope could not be a poet because he was a cripple. Rossini's musical genius, and the beauty of his accomplished work, must be taken as established. Let us enjoy them. It is very much open to question whether he could have done better if endeavouring to conform—the idea of his trying to do so almost raising a smile—to rules of earnestness and serious purpose entirely foreign to his humorous southern nature. In matters of art one must occasionally live and let live, and be thankful when one gets a masterpiece, however produced, nay, even be thankful that masterpieces are not all of the same kind. Mendelssohn's was a singularly beautiful character. Persons otherwise constituted have also written good music.

There is another point on which we should like to raise a mild voice of protest, and this is Miss Tytler's treatment of Mozart's wife. The private life and private character of any man who has made for himself a name belong by common consent to the public. M. Sainte-Beuve went so far as to say that except in the case of a mathematician a knowledge of them was indispensable to a due appreciation of the man's work. Right or wrong, the "many-headed beast" has made his claim to such knowledge good. But the wives of great men, it has always seemed to us, have a peculiar title to reverence and gentle treatment. Let the light of the publicity which they mostly did not court, which is in a manner reflected on them independently of any act of theirs, be made as

gentle as is consistent with fact and truth. Theirs above all are cases for refraining from "setting down aught in malice." Now as regards Mozart's wife, what are the facts? Miss Tytler is constrained to admit that "if we look at her with Mozart's loving eyes from first to last we shall find no fault in her." Surely this is something. He was the person most interested, and the best judge. If he was satisfied, who are we to find fault? The union lasted nine years, and was tried by constant ill-health, the birth of many children, and by pecuniary difficulties, yet his every reference to her breathes the utmost tenderness and love. What evidence is there to support the indictment that she cared only for his genius in so far as it produced money, that she was engrossed in her own ailments, and let the burden of them fall heavily upon her husband—as if indeed the sickness and pain of the woman a man loves could ever fall lightly upon him—and the sarcasm implied in the statement that her grief for his death was "violent at first"? If there be such evidence Miss Tytler does not produce it. Her conclusions are no more than surmise, and the matter is one in which surmise ought to be quite inadmissible. There are few things which people are fonder of doing than criticising the married life of others. There are few exercises of the critical art more difficult and delicate. And the imperfect records of a century ago do not add certainty to the result. Nor does it seem a very satisfactory mode of honouring a great composer to adopt a tone of high moral depreciation in speaking of the wife whom he loved very tenderly.

But enough of this, and more than enough. Miss Tytler's book will probably interest "schools and students in music" in the history of the composers whose works they are studying, and that is a very desirable result. And so far, setting aside all captiousness, we wish it success.

Restormel: A Legend of Piers Gaveston, the Patriot Priest, and other Verses. By the Author of "The Vale of Lauherne," &c. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1875.

THIS volume, by Mr. H. Sewall Stokes, has all the pleasant qualities of the last volume of his which we had under notice,—the *Poems of Later Years*: it is sprightly, scholarly, and elegant, almost throughout. It does not usually rise, or attempt to rise, to the high keys of vatic utterance or gaonic observation, but, for the most part, meanders gaily through varied fields of higher thought, and strikes out many pleasant paths of musical speech and amusing remark. In one notable instance, that of "The Patriot Priest," the theme is one on which the author of *Thrasos* was certain to be wholly in earnest; and the brief, compact account

of the life and death of Enrico Tassoli is given without any momentary fall below the key of dignified, self-contained thoughtfulness in which the poem is necessarily pitched. Enrico Tassoli was one of the noblest of the victims grimly offered up on the bloody altar of Italian liberty and unity; and his memory claims the respect and sympathy of all who have the cause of light and justice at heart. Of this limited number Mr. Stokes is certainly one; and it is not surprising that the Patriot should have furnished him with a subject for one of his more thoughtful poems.

Restormel is at once quaint in conception, and buoyant in execution. In it the poet follows the fortunes of Piers Gaveston through a dream region, which is peculiarly alluring to him,—to judge from his having adopted it twice lately in poems of old reminiscence: this method of becoming a participator in the actions of past centuries, by simply going to sleep and dreaming it all, also suits well the light touch and graceful style of the eminent West-countryman; and *Restormel* is a very pleasant afternoon's reading.

Between the two poems we have named, Mr. Stokes has printed, under the general title of *Interleaves*, a series of short poems, some in the quasi-lyrical style usually associated with the name of Winthrop Mackworth Praed, some of a solidier stamp, and some narrative. There is nothing in this section which would not well repay perusal; and to a West-countryman (especially a Cornishman) this section of the book has a great deal of the local interest that adds another charm (for such a reader) to *Restormel*. One or two of the quasi-lyrical *Interleaves* are extremely good; but on the whole, the best lyrical work in the volume is to be found in *Restormel*.

Transits of Venus: a Popular Account of Past and Coming Transits from the first observed by Horrocks, A.D. 1680, to the Transit of A.D. 2012. By R. A. Proctor, B.A. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1874.

THIS is a complete and masterly book. Mr. Proctor now stands in the front rank of English men of science. He writes— if we did not constantly read what he writes we should say too much,—but certainly enough to make inaccurate or undigested statements on such severe subjects as generally occupy his pen, in the highest degree probable. But he always avoids this; and his lightest magazine articles have a precision as to astronomical data which is much more to be relied on than those given us by some of the most generally used manuals. *Transits of Venus*, as a book, must have a permanent value, if only from the precise character of its facts and data; but it is besides this so pleasantly written

and comprehensive a treatise, that it stands alone in the literature of the subject. It is entitled "A Popular Account" of the subject: and so far as it can be popularised, Mr. Proctor has certainly not failed; but it can never be so in the common acceptation of the word. It is too abstruse a theme, even in its most popularised form, to secure a large audience.

In discussing the transits of the seventeenth century, Mr. Proctor follows Sir Edmund Beckett in considering that Grant is in error in supposing Gregory to have any real claim to be the first to perceive the value of transits as a means of discovering the solar parallax; and there can be but little question that for all practical purposes the glory of the discovery belongs wholly to Halley. We nevertheless strongly believe that Halley had read Gregory's *Optica Promota* before he announced his method of finding parallax by transits. But we heartily acquit him of all unfairness in not alluding to Gregory's suggestion, from his clear perception that his own method was what Gregory's suggestion was not—a practicable one.

The transits of 1761 and 1769 are very carefully and elaborately discussed, and the admirable illustrations will greatly aid the studious reader to a mastery of the details.

But it is in the discussion of "Transits and their Conditions" that Mr. Proctor's great excellence, as a master of his subject, and a popular teacher, is most manifest. His facility in presenting abstruse mathematical facts in diagram is seen here to perfection. The real meaning and value of "acceleration" and "retardation" are put with great clearness, while the principle on which transits occur in the order they do, is admirably shown. Indeed, this part of the work deserves the highest praise, and deserves a careful reading.

In dealing with "Coming Transits," we are not surprised to find that Mr. Proctor gives a *résumé* of the controversy between the Astronomer Royal and himself. It is given fairly, and although strongly, yet without bias. It shows clearly, what we pointed out in our article on the subject in the October number of this journal in 1874, that as a country, we are greatly indebted to Mr. Proctor for the great courage, purpose, and clearness of perception which he displayed in the controversy. We are prepared indeed to go farther than we did in the article alluded to, and, from a consideration of all the facts at this time, can see no justification of Sir G. Airy's statement that Halley's method "failed totally" for the transit of 1874; for the successful employment of this method by the several expeditions, the English included, is its best refutation. It was undoubtedly a hasty statement, and its withdrawal when Mr. Proctor pointed out its errors would have been no loss of dignity, but the reverse, to its learned and distinguished author.

The results of the expeditions on the whole are extremely gratifying; and the combination of those results will doubtless lead to a very close approximation to the sun's real distance.

The Protoplasmic Theory of Life. By John Drysdale, M.D., F.R.M.S. Baillière, Tindall, and Cox. London. 1874.

THIS is a laborious, conscientious, and clever book upon a subject of much interest both to the man of science and the theologian. Primarily it seeks to demonstrate that every vital action throughout the animal and vegetable kingdoms results wholly from changes occurring in a structureless, semi-fluid, nitrogenous matter now called protoplasm. The author is one of the joint editors of Fletcher's masterly treatise on "Pathology;" and that acute physiologist as long ago as 1835 contended, on theoretical grounds only, that the property of vitality does not reside equally in the various organic structures requiring such different physical properties, but is restricted solely to a universally-diffused, pulpy, structureless matter. At that time this hypothesis was absolutely new and original, but it lacked the support of fact. But in 1860 Dr. Lionel Beale, after the most laborious research with the finest powers of the microscope demonstrated that all vital phenomena, from that manifest in the earliest speck of germ, up to the latest moment of life, in every living thing—plant, animal and protist—is restricted to, and inheres in, one anatomical element alone, this being homogeneous, and to our powers of research at least, structureless, and that all the vast variety of structure and composition, solid and fluid, which make up living beings beside this is merely passive, lifeless, "formed material." To give due honour to the great physiological genius of Fletcher as the author of the theory, and to point out the real merits of Beale as the independent discoverer and demonstrator of the *fact* is a large part of the author's purpose. But beyond this the entire bearings of this new physiological factor upon the whole realm of life are considered in detail, and with a knowledge of the whole literature, as well as of the difficulties of the subject, which makes it really complete: an invaluable book to any student desiring to see clearly, concisely, and accurately the latest facts and inferences in the domain of physiology. We recommend its perusal to the theological student who would grapple fairly with the facts opened up by modern research, touching all the important phenomena of life; that he may see in a thoroughly trustworthy and impartial form what *are* the foundations on which the immateriality of our nature is denied, and "the life that now is" is declared to be the totality of individual human existence. And here it must be noted that this author gives in his adherence to a belief in the

absolute materiality of every act of human life—mental, moral, or physical. He does so evidently from conviction, and we think we can gather from these pages, even reluctantly. But he does so on the same terms as he rejects a "vital force;" because he believes the facts are against it. He declares life to be neither an entity nor a force, but an action; and thought and moral power are only some of its phenomena. In all this Dr. Drysdale is clear; there is no mistaking his meaning. Nevertheless, the author is extremely reverent, and has a profound belief not only in the supernatural, but in the supernatural as revealed to us in Scripture; and, consequently, in the immortality of man. The explanation is, that we have an immortal part, but its existence and all that appertains to it is a matter of absolute faith, and not of physics or demonstration. There is a God who is a personal and benevolent being; but we can know this only by supernatural revelation and by faith. In other words, natural theology is impossible. Modern biological science is supposed to have reduced teleological reasoning to very little short of absurdity. We are reminded that the peculiar power possessed by water of expanding just before freezing was for a very long time held to be a special and beneficent exception to the law of cooling bodies, which constantly increase in weight by diminishing in bulk. But water by expanding at that peculiar point causes the ice to float; and if this were not the case it would sink to the bottom of seas and lakes where it could not be wholly melted, if at all, during summer, and eventually such masses of water would be permanent blocks of ice. But we are reminded that the peculiar significance of this is now gone; for it has been found that bismuth, iron and other substances expand on solidifying. So that such expansion cannot have been a "final cause" in ice.

Again, there are two species of tape-worm which cannot run through their cycles of generation except by abiding for one phase of them in the human body, which is the only one in creation fitted for them. Dr. Cobbold inquires whether we are to infer that, on account of this exceptional adaptation, man was contrived for the sake of the worm. Now these two illustrations, as far as they go, are very good arguments against the doctrine of final causes; but are certainly not so against the doctrine of design and purpose in the universe. It is no serious weakness in the science of natural theology that it has for want of more complete knowledge overstrained a fact or misinterpreted a truth. This is a characteristic which it shares with all science. It is not, for instance, fatal to the science of chemistry that it not so long since believed in *phlogiston*, or that it even now has not wholly rejected Dalton's atoms. Yet the former is now known to be a monstrous myth, and the latter is, at best, a mere convenience. The sciences

of Natural Theology is only human, and the fact that at one time it was held competent to explain the "final causes" of phenomena, but has been subsequently shown to be in error in several instances in so doing, is surely not fatal to its existence. Because it can be shown that the *ultimate* purpose of a thing is indefinitely beyond the reach of our knowledge, this is no barrier to the perception of the beautiful adaptation of means to ends—"final" or not—which are palpable in every realm of nature. Inability to discover the *ultimate* purpose of an organ, or a phenomenon, or a vital form, is not necessary to the discovery of design.

The expansion of water when near its freezing point may not be finally to prevent our colder lakes and oceans from becoming blocks of ice; but it *does* so prevent them, and it is impossible not to see the adaptation. In the same way, Dr. Cobbold's question is not a blow at the doctrine of design at all; it strikes only the theory that "final causes" can be discovered. It would be monstrous to suppose that man was specially adapted for the tapeworm. The tapeworm has adapted itself to new conditions. It has in the course of ages, amid the struggle for existence, survived best in the human organism, and now that is its permanent, *perhaps* its only, nursing ground. But the very power to vary with new conditions, everywhere so palpable in organic nature, is a sublimer evidence of design in the universe than the discovery of a thousand "final causes" would be. Power of adaptation and felicitous survival, in spite of all vicissitudes to which the most complex organisms can be subject, is, we venture to think, a grander resource for Natural Theology than any ever possessed before. Of course the philosophy of parasitism and pain are quite different questions, not involved, and with which we are not now dealing. But we are bold to contend that what the natural theologian may have lost in "final causes," he has gained in constant and ever-recurring adaptative design; and therefore we are not prepared to admit this author's conclusion. But we are prepared to go so far as to say that Natural Theology, *without* a supernatural revelation, could be of no practical avail. It is only as its facts are illuminated by God's revelation of Himself and His works, that theological inference from nature can be of value. For example, push the argument from design to its very ultimate, and you cannot from it infer a CREATOR—that which you discover is an adapter and designer who is master of existing forces. But we dare not infer that a mere universe maker, such as the theology of science could show, was the Uncreated Jehovah. Indeed, for all that the argument from design, taken by itself, can prove to the contrary, there might have been more designers than one. But once know the Infinite God otherwise than by discovery; once receive the revelation from Himself of His own moral and intellectual splendours, and of His infinite and unoriginated

being—once by faith receive the sublime declaration: "By the Word of the Lord were the heavens made, and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth;" then Natural Theology has a meaning, and its facts, as evidence of beneficent and wise design, are irresistible.

Dr. Drysdale accepts, and argues to the last, in favour of almost all that the materialist demands. But he is not a materialist. The soul, he contends, is to be considered absolutely distinct from the physical life in each and all of its phenomena; indeed, he seeks to show that all its phenomena can be explained without such a soul. But our confidence in its existence is, like our knowledge of the existence and nature of God, founded wholly on the truth of revelation, and the teaching of Christianity. This is of course a short, and apparently an effectual, way out of bristling difficulties. But it is a surrender which theology cannot make. Nature may "half reveal and half conceal" the infinite intelligence that through all the ages has been producing it; but the mind of man, in perfect sympathy with nature on the one hand, and capable of *apprehending* God on the other, must see the finger of inscrutable wisdom—shaded often it may be with apparent contrasts and contradictions—but still affluent in beneficence, throughout the universe.

Protection from Fire and Thieves, including the Construction of Locks, Safes, Strong Rooms, and Fire-proof Buildings; Burglary, and the Means of Preventing It; Fire, its Detection, Prevention, and Extinction. By George Hayter Chubb, Assoc. Inst. C.E. P. 162. London: Longmans, Green and Co. 1875.

MR. CHUBB has written a book from which all householders may take some valuable hints; but it will be of special service to the owners of that kind of property which is at once precious and portable. Reviewers too often belong to the *vacuus viator* class, and are not much troubled by fears as to the safety of their plate or jewellery. There is, however, a large and rapidly increasing section of the community to whom such a question is of extreme importance, and we recommend this very handy book to the attention of such persons. Though Mr. Chubb's topic does not of itself suggest very pleasant ideas, he has collected around it many interesting details, and produced a thoroughly readable book, the value of which is increased by numerous clear illustrations. The old proverb about unwise people and their money is often very curiously made good; it appears that men will buy a first-class safe, put their valuables into it, and *leave the key about*, or place it in some drawer which is only provided with a most trumpery lock! As to the selection of a safe, Mr. Chubb gives some good advice, the

necessity for which may be proved by the following anecdote concerning a neatly-painted but most flimsy imposture:—"At an auction in Scotland, whilst a safe of this description was being 'put up' as one of the best ever made, it suddenly fell to the ground, broke open in the fall, and out came the fire-proofing in the shape of fresh garden turf, with live worms in it." Other imitations of the best manufactures are mentioned; one had its outer plates less than the eighth of an inch thick; upon being touched it rocked like a jelly." Nice kind of "safe" that! *Caveat emptor*, indeed. According to Mr. Chubb "The London police have now on their register 117,000 names of habitual criminals, and the list is said to be increasing at the rate of 30,000 a year. Yet a return furnished by Colonel Fraser of the City police shows that in 1873 the number of premises found open, or otherwise insecure, by the police in the City of London, was 2,957. On putting these two facts together the reader will have a fair criterion for estimating the value of such a book as Mr. Chubb's, and the necessity for various precautions of the kind he has suggested. This practical little volume will, doubtless, obtain the extensive circulation which it so well deserves.

On British Wild Flowers considered in relation to Insects.

By Sir John Lubbock, F.R.S., M.P. London: Macmillan and Co. 1875.

THIS charming little book is one of the best of the reprints from *Nature*, published by Messrs. Macmillan as the "Nature Series." It is not presented as an exhaustive treatise on the subject; but it is a book which none can read without abundant pleasure and great profit. The teleological idea is of course utterly wanting in its pages. Evolution is the method employed to explain the facts; but rarely has the theologian received more valuable aid from science than is afforded by the slowly accumulated evidences of purpose and adaptation, recorded and explained in this book. It gives the strongest proof yet offered of the fallacy of inferring "final causes," or of declaring that *any* condition of an organ or organism is the ultimate one, and that it was created for this, for it proves that modifications are constantly taking place within certain limits; but it also shows that all such modifications are in exquisite harmony—that nature's power to modify when circumstances require it, or the surroundings of the organism compel, is as perfect to bring about the desired end as the Creator's power was at the first to embody His own ideal. And what is this but a majestic proof that, if the universe had an omnipotent and intelligent source, that source must still be operating? The interdependence of plants and insects must have existed from the

beginning, and the adaptation of either to the other must have been the result of intelligence. But how much more manifest the intelligence which endows them with a power of maintaining their mutual relations in spite of all the modifications consequent on incessant change of environment; for with every modification the new adaptations are as perfect and delicate as the old.

The first who perceived the intimate relations between plants and insects was Sprengel; who seeing a number of hairs on *Geranium sylvaticum*, concluded that "the wise author of nature would not have created even a hair in vain," and was thus led by investigation to the facts. The visits of insects are often of the highest importance to flowers, in transferring the pollen from the stamens to the pistil, that fertilization may be accomplished. In some plants these different elements exist in separate flowers; and in others they are not so placed as to be open to each other at the same time. In some instances these difficulties are obviated by the transport of the pollen by the wind: but in the majority of cases it is accomplished by the aid of insects. Insects visit flowers for the honey: and Sir John Lubbock shows how elaborate are the contrivances amongst flowers to attract insects, and to cause the pollen to be transferred as the result of their visits from the anther of one flower to the pistil of another. And this specially that cross-fertilization—an indispensable necessity to plant life—should be secured. In plants which depend upon the wind for the distribution of their pollen, the flower is obscure and never gaily coloured: birches, poplars, firs, grasses, &c., are sufficient illustration; and these flowers generally have their stigma branched and hairy, facilitating the catching of the wind-scattered pollen.

In flowers fertilized by insect agency, the attraction is not always brilliant appearance; aroma plays a powerful part: and thus insects are attracted by scent and colour in their search for honey, and their organs become adapted to the flowers they specially affect. While flowers dependent for the continuance of species on insect agency in fertilization, become modified under the influence of chance variation, which may render them the more attractive to the insects on which they depend. The details are beautifully given and illustrated in Sir J. Lubbock's little treatise, to the study of which we commend our readers. With Mr. Jackson's *Philosophy of Natural Theology*, that remarkable book so recently published, *The Unseen Universe*, and the modest little volume before us, the student may construct for himself a "Natural Theology" entirely independent of the much-hated "final causes," and yet absolutely impregnable.

The Ocean; its Tides and Currents, and their Causes. By William Leighton Jordan. London: Longmans.

THIS work is an ambitious one; it deals with Cosmogony as well as Oceanic Circulation, and the principles applied are part of a great system of the universe. Its chief object seems to be to disprove and alter certain notions about the properties of bodies as regards motion which have been accepted as axioms from the time of Newton. But we are not convinced by this volume. In the first place there is too much attempted; also it is obvious that the author is deficient in mathematical knowledge; and the style of some parts of the book, especially those describing the ocean currents, is far from clear. When, however, the author attacks the laws of motion, we seem to grasp him more distinctly. No doubt those laws may be called assumptions; but this is a term which can only be appropriately applied at first. If these laws stand the test of experience; if calculations based upon their truth have been verified again and again, even in such a delicate test as the discovery of Neptune, we certainly must argue for them a high degree of probability. The first law of motion seems to be the great object of attack. Newton defines inertia as the "innate power of resisting possessed by matter whereby it endeavours to persevere in its present state, whether that be one of rest or of moving uniformly in a right line." But the author thinks that inertia is a force which tends to stop motion. To take the hackneyed case of the ball thrown along ice—it goes much further than along a rougher surface; the first law of motion says this is because if there were no resistance to the ball it would go on moving for ever in a straight line, and the less resistance the more does the motion approach that ideal motion; Mr. Jordan says the ball is brought to rest by the *vis inertiae*. Here is a manifest divergence of opinion. It is difficult to see, on this theory, why a ball will go further and straighter on a smooth surface than on a rough one.

Then, again, Mr. Jordan says if the force which set a body in motion continues to act on it the motion will be continued: but this statement appears either ambiguous, or else it contradicts the fundamental notion of a uniform accelerating or retarding force. A body attracted by the earth falls towards it in a straight line: the attraction continues to act constantly, but the motion is not uniform; the body will fall sixteen feet in the first second, forty-eight in the next, eighty in the third, and so on: where is the inertia now which always resists motion? The theory of Dynamics is that if by supposition the force of the earth's attraction should cease to act, say at the end of the third second in the above example, the body would go on moving through space at

the rate of eighty feet per second for ever unless it came within the sphere of some other attraction. Newton's law asserts that matter has no power to resist motion if it is already in motion, and no power to move if it is at rest; force is the mysterious something which changes motion and destroys rest. We do not think we are doing Mr. Jordan an injustice when we say that we judge that he has not studied dynamics to much purpose. His book certainly shows great industry and pains on his part; energy which would have been better directed had it been better trained. The diagrams too are fairly done, but we presume they represent the ocean currents as they ought to be according to the theory of "Inertion," rather than the results of observation. Mr. Jordan is very summary too with Dr. Carpenter and the theories of warm and cold circulating ocean currents: which cannot be dismissed in a cavalier fashion; as they are backed up by careful and repeated observations. We believe Captain Kater weighed the earth in a room, but we do not recommend Mr. Jordan to construct a cosmogony in his study.

The New Curiosum Urbis: A Guide to Ancient and Modern Rome. By Shakspeare Wood. . London: Thomas Cook and Son. 1875.

A VERY useful Travellers' Companion. The practical genius of the publishers is apparent in the production of this cheap and comprehensive guide-book, and the writer, if he will revise a few unnecessarily plain-spoken passages in his Introduction, may congratulate himself on deserving well from the ever-increasing tribe of tourists.

Shakspeare Diversions. A Medley of Motley Wear. By Francis Jacox. London: Daldy, Isbister, and Co. 1875.

MR. JACOX is both indefatigable and inexhaustible. In the present volume he follows the method with which his readers are now familiar. Give him a text, it matters not what, and he will ply it with parallels, and diversify it with variations in every possible key. Nothing can exceed his readiness and aptness of quotation. Either Mr. Jacox's memory is a marvel, or his note-books have been filled in a way that suggests equal patience and ingenuity. If in the Preface to his next work, for we count upon another within six months, Mr. Jacox will explain his method of working, he will confer a boon upon literary students, without running the least danger of losing supremacy in his particular line.

We are inclined to prefer this volume to any of its predecessors. His cues from Shakspeare are just those to rouse the echoes, and call forth reverberation and response from every quarter. From poets, philosophers, novelists, divines, the apt quotations come trooping in to enrich the margin of the chosen text. Mr. Jacob marshals his obedient hosts with the manner of one who has but to stamp his foot, and new armies will spring from the earth forthwith. He leaves off, not because he is at the end of his resources, but because his time is up. With Molière's Lysidas, he says, "*Je laisse cent mille autres choses, de peur d'être ennuyeux.*"

Bossuet and His Contemporaries. By the Author of "*A Dominican Artist,*" "*Life of S. Francis De Sales,*" &c., &c. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. 1874.

ONE of a series of volumes, chiefly biographical, which are written evidently with a view to familiarise the English reading public with the best examples of saintly life within the Romish Church. The present volume is of the pure and elevated style of writing which characterises the series. It shows a familiarity with the memoirs and the writings of Bossuet, and an appreciation of the importance and significance of his times. The book has its points of special interest at this period of the Church's history. The personal character, the attainments, and labours of "*the Eagle of Meaux,*" are amply delineated. No one can rise from the perusal of this volume without having gained considerable insight into the private life and public toils of this great preacher, or without being able to view them amidst the scenes and circumstances in which they were enacted.

The writer, who is *incognito*, loses not his opportunities of speaking in depreciation of Protestantism, sufficiently indicating the bias of his sympathies. It is forgotten that the Romish Church alone is responsible for the existence of Protestantism; that it is not a protest against the Church, or the institutions of the Church, or the truth of which the Church is the guardian, but against human errors and assumptions which are shielded by the august name to which they are so great a disgrace.

Some Passages of the Life and Death of the Right Honourable John Earl of Rochester. Reprinted in facsimile from the Edition of 1680. With an Introductory Preface by Lord Ronald Gower. London: Elliot Stock. 1875.

BISHOP BURNET's brief memoir of the Earl of Rochester, though now for a long time past little known, has always been prized by the more thoughtful sort of readers for its literary and historic interest. It was at one time also in high esteem as a religious work.

The main object of its writer was by a description of the repentance and humble turning to God of one of the wittiest and most profligate men of his day, "to do what he could towards the reforming of a loose and lewd age." The present editor, Lord Ronald Gower, hopes that the account of Rochester's last days may be the means of opening the eyes of some who read it to the reckless folly of leading a life of selfish and wicked indulgence. It is to be feared that the idle and dissipated to whom he refers are little likely to read this sober book; but if a quiet hour spent in perusing it does not awaken a sense of the utter folly and wretchedness of "fast life," it will not be for want of one of the most pathetic warnings contained in our literature.

By this beautiful facsimile reprint Mr. Stock will add to the reputation he has gained by his choice reprint of the first Edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Noble Workers. A Book of Example for Young Men. By H. A. Page. London: Daldy, Isbister and Co. 1875.

A THOROUGHLY wholesome, useful book. Mr. Page shows great insight into character, sympathy with widely differing types of excellence, and a strong sense of the value of biography for teaching the best moral lessons. In this latter respect we entirely agree with him. Not only do the best biographies of necessity take high literary rank, but for calling forth right feelings, for creating sympathy with goodness in its many forms, for bringing about something like friendship between the reader and the best members of the race, the moral and religious value of biographies can hardly be exaggerated.

In this volume Mr. Page has condensed some well-known biographies, and produced a series of effective portraits of men who, in various departments of life, and with very different resources, have fought a good fight and left a worthy and encouraging example. Among the "Workers" selected are Bishop Patteson, Dean Alford, Sir Henry Lawrence, Sir James Simpson, Charles Knight, and Robert Chambers.

Andrew Marvell and his Friends. A Story of the Siege of Hull. By Marie Hall. London: James Clarke and Co. 1875.

SINCE the publication of Mrs. Hall's first work, *Sermons from the Studio*, her pen has not been idle; but we do not hesitate to say that for the faithful reflection of the spirit of the times referred to, for the illustration of high-principled patriotism, and as pleasant and profitable reading, this, her latest production, is the best.

Publications of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

THIS most venerable of religious societies,—dating from 1698, three years before the formation of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel—continues to show zeal and enterprise worthy of its past history. As a distinctively Church of England Society, its publications represent very fairly the *via media* of doctrine and devotion, with which many of the best names in that Church have been associated. In addition to religious publications strictly so called, the society contributes largely to the supply of wholesome literature in almost every department. Its catalogues show a good selection of works in history, geography, and antiquities, and in various branches of science and art, as well as reward books, and the literature of the nursery and schoolroom. Among its recent publications we notice the following :—

Beauty in Common Things. Illustrated by Twelve Drawings from Nature. By Mrs. J. W. Whympers.

THE drawings are exact and admirable studies in colour of such common things as the wild strawberry, apple blossom, and blackthorn. For faithfulness to nature and for artistic beauty they could hardly be excelled. The letter-press descriptions are pleasantly written, and enriched with appropriate passages from the English poets.

Studies Among the Painters. By J. Beavington Atkinson.

AN intelligent well-written account of the principal schools and epochs of art. Mr. Atkinson is an earnest, sympathetic and discriminating art student, possessing ample knowledge of art history and considerable critical insight. The book is well illustrated with engravings of celebrated or characteristic pictures. It is an attractive and interesting volume.

The Siege of Colchester ; or, an Event of the Civil War, A.D. 1648. By the Rev. G. F. Townsend, M.A.

THE story of one of the memorable sieges of the Civil War in England. The writer's sympathies and prepossessions are strongly with the Royalist defenders of Colchester, though he strives to do justice to the motives and conduct of the other side. After the surrender of the city Lord Arthur Capel was imprisoned, first for three months in Windsor Castle, and afterwards in the Tower, from which he contrived to escape, only to be recaptured within a few hours. Mr. Townsend ascribes to him, on the authority of *The Gentleman's Magazine* for 1751, a poem which in some stanzas singularly resembles the verses written by Lovelace

to his "Althea" from the Gatehouse of Westminster. Written about the same time, it is difficult to believe in the independent origin of the verses following. Compare

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage."—LOVELACE.

with

"That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me,
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchorite."—CAPEL.

or,

"When, like committed linnets, I
With thriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
And glories of my King;" &c.

with

"I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corps confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And though immured, yet can I chirp and sing."

Archbishop Trench, in his *Household Book of English Poetry*, does not ascribe the verses to Capel, but to an anonymous writer. To us they have every appearance of being an elaboration of Lovelace's spirited and tender little poem by an inferior hand, though one by no means unskilled.

The gallant but unfortunate Capel was executed in front of Westminster Hall, together with the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Holland, on the 9th of March, 1649. He was a brave, upright, high-souled Englishman, one of the many victims of a strife that had martyrs on each side.

Ancient History from the Monuments. "Egypt," by S. Birch, LL.D. "Assyria," by George Smith. "Persia," by W. S. W. Vaux, M.A., F.R.S.

THE names of the writers will be a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy and general trustworthiness of these short histories. They are well adapted to introduce young readers to the curious and suggestive records of the past, which scholars are, even now, only beginning to interpret.

We can also speak favourably of a new series of shilling books, chiefly stories from history, carefully written, well illustrated, and in every way suitable for children.

Publications of the Religious Tract Society. Among the recent publications of this Society we notice the following :—

Those Holy Fields. Palestine, Illustrated by Pen and Pencil. By the Rev. Samuel Manning, LL.D. London : The Religious Tract Society.

We have had occasion once or twice to speak in very high terms of the series of illustrated works to which this volume belongs. So far as the illustrations are concerned, "Swiss Pictures" still continues at the head of the list, thanks to Mr. Whymper's admirable skill. "In the present volume," says the writer, "fidelity rather than artistic effect has been aimed at." The majority of the illustrations are from photographs; amongst which, those of the Palestine Exploration Fund, of Messrs. Bergheim and Nicodemus, of Jerusalem, and Madame Bonfils, of Beyrout, deserve special mention.

The writer visited Palestine in the spring of 1873. His object was one which has a very powerful fascination for Christian minds,—to read the Bible in its own land. He combines, in a very pleasant way, the incidents of modern travel with Biblical antiquities and illustrations of Scripture. The work is thoroughly well done, and the result is a very interesting and elegant book.

The Temple; its Ministry and Services as they were at the Time of Jesus Christ. By the Rev. Dr. Edersheim.

A LEARNED, though popularly written, account of the religious life of the Jews during the period in which our Lord lived upon earth, the circumstances under which He taught, and the religious rites by which He was surrounded.

Plea for Mercy to Animals. By Dr. Macaulay.

To most readers it will be matter of painful surprise to hear how many different kinds of needless suffering are inflicted by man upon the lower animals. Some of these result from wanton and wicked cruelty, and others from carelessness, neglect, and a low tone of intelligence and feeling. Dr. Macaulay's chapter on vivisection is particularly valuable just now, when, for the first time, the public is awakening to its monstrous abuses. With regard to the whole question of cruelty to animals, it may be confidently said that legislation has already removed many intolerable evils, and is capable of dealing effectually with others that still exist. But it is to education and to the growth of humane and Christian feeling among us that we must ultimately look for the suppression of cruelty to animals. In its grosser

forms, it may be prevented or punished by law ; but for the most part the happiness of animals will always depend upon the mercy of man, and hence it is a duty springing directly from the Christian religion to assist by all means in one's power in raising the tone of public opinion upon the subject, and particularly in educating the conscience and affections of the young. We hope this *Plea for Mercy* will be widely read.

Elijah the Tishbite. From the German of Dr. F. W. Krummacher.

A NEW and cheaper edition of this well-known and deservedly popular work. It would be late in the day to say anything in commendation of the writer's eloquence, earnestness, and religious power.

The Pilgrim's Progress. New Edition.

AN edition in large type, suitable either for children, or for persons of feeble sight.

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